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American Reformers

Edited by Carlos Marty

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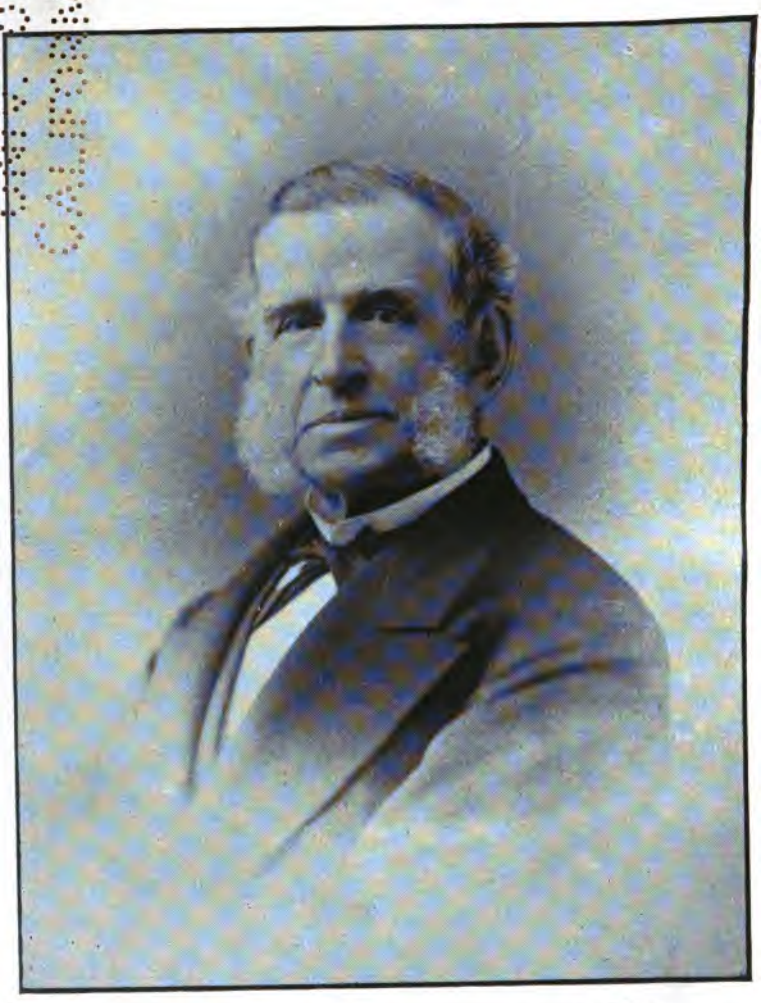

Wm E Dodge

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WILLIAM E. DODGE:

The Christian Merchant.

BY

CARLOS MARTYN,

Author of "A Life of John Milton," "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England," "A History of the Huguenots," "Wendell Phillips: The Agitator," etc.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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PREFACE.

THERE are, in the community, many men of one-sided force—men with a jut. They make their way to success by concentration and intensity. Their power lies in their narrowness. Most men are human fragments. As Emerson puts it: "One is a mouth for talking, another is an arm for striking, a third is a stomach for digesting, and a fourth is a leg for walking; this one is a pocket for retaining, and that one is a brain for planning—there are few complete men."

This is especially true in business, which is commonly conceived of as founded in selfishness and carried on in greed. Examples of business success abound, which are studied and copied, but which are as demoralizing as the piracies of Captain Kyd—and are based on much the same principles.

William E. Dodge was a prince of trade. He was always and justly proud of his calling. Yet he was not subdued to what he worked in. He was a merchant; but he was more. Standing on the dizzy heights of prosperity, his head was never turned so that he lost his balance. One of the busiest of men, manipulating gigantic affairs, he found time for a thousand interests outside of his counting-room; and these, instead of interfering with his commercial enterprises, worked into them, tempered them, and, in turn, caught from them something of the method and exactitude of the business habit. He is the best example in this generation of the business man in

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religion, and the religious man in business. His career proves that success in commerce is not inconsistent with success in character. Such a lesson it is a pleasure to teach and an honor to practice.

Michael Angelo entered a Roman palace which Raphael was decorating. The keen eye of the artist-poet instantly saw that the figures on the ceiling were too small for the room. Picking up a piece of charcoal, he sketched on the wall an immense head proportioned to the chamber, and said, as he did so: "I criticise by creation." The best criticism upon a narrow and selfish mercantile spirit, is the exhibition of a broad and generous business character—Angelo's criticism, by doing better.

Like that Khan in the Eastern story, whose gates stood ever open, night as well as day, so that when no traveller passed, the wind sang in his door way; but whether king came or beggar, God was a constant guest—Mr. Dodge carried an ear wide open to catch every tone of human interest, a hand outstretched in constant but discriminating benefaction, and did not "remember to forget" that at what time he least expected the Son of God might come to test his heart's hospitality.

Of such a man, who would not say, as Leigh Hunt does of "Abou Ben Adhem."

"May his tribe increase!"

In this book, whenever it was possible, biography has become autobiography, and Mr. Dodge has been asked to tell his own story. Happily, such passages abound.

New York City, 1890.

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"....who valliantly served towards the public good and encouraged their heirs and successors to follow in like virtue and noble conduct."—*Ancient Patent of the Dodge Family, dated April 8th, 1306.*

"I know not the man, at this period of time, who occupies a position more exalted above the valor of the soldier or the arts of the politician, with opportunities more auspicious in their bearing on the well-being of society, than a merchant, intelligent in mind, honest in principle, cultivated in tastes, simple in manners, generous in sympathies, liberal in conception, bountiful in gifts—the accredited friend of letters, science, art, charity and religion, standing on the summit of commercial success, the honored almoner of a benignant Providence."—*Rev. William Adams, D.D.*

"I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto."—*Bacon, "Maxims of the Law." Preface.*

"A Christian is the highest style of man."—*Young, "Night Thoughts. Night IV.*

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FIRST DECADE.

(1805–15. ÆT 1–10.)

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WILLIAM E. DODGE.

CHAPTER I.

FAMILY REMINISCENCES.

"OTHER things being equal," remarks Oliver Wendell Holmes, "give me the man who has a long line of family portraits hanging on his walls." Certain it is that blood will tell, both for good and evil. The life that has been soaked in animalism for generations, will repeat itself in the stunted form, the shallow pate, the sensual desire of countless descendants. It is likewise true that noble character begets after its own image, and is reproduced in continuous and gracious personalities. The law of heredity sweeps through nature and human nature.

Ask the physicians if our ancestors decide nothing for us, or if there be anything they do not decide. "Read the description in medical books of the four temperaments," says Emerson, "and you will think you are reading your own thoughts which you had not yet told. Find the part which black eyes, and which blue eyes, play severally in the company. How shall a man escape from his progenitors? It often appears in a family as if all the qualities of the

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ancestors were potted in several jars—some ruling quality in each son or daughter of the house. Sometimes the unmixed temperament, the unmitigated elixir, the family vice or virtue, is drawn off in a separate individual, and the others are proportionally relieved or impoverished, as the case may be, by the excess in this one. We often see a change of expression in our companion, and say his father or his mother comes to the windows of his eyes—and frequently a remote relative. In different hours a man represents each of several of his progenitors as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each man's skin; and they constitute the variety of notes for that new piece of music which his life is."

William E. Dodge illustrates this. His family is ancient. Their original home was not far from bustling Liverpool (then a fishing hamlet), and under the walls of England's oldest city, venerable Chester. Away back in the chivalric days of the Edwards and the Henrys the family comes into historic notice, and marches honorably across the pages of the musty records of the Herald's College. Stout knights and lusty men-at-arms were they, battling valiantly for their country and conscience,—proclivities vividly re-appearing in their Yankee descendant.

The first American Dodge was an Englishman, who landed at Salem in 1629—one of the founders of empire in the new world. He was a "gentleman" (the title in those days signified social position), and a promoter of schools and churches—qualities again exemplified further down and all along the Yankee line, and most illustriously of all in our merchant-prince.

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This first Dodge was named William. Later he was joined in New England by his brother Richard. From them have sprung descendants now settled in almost every State in the Union; men and women who have noticeably reproduced the personal worth of their ancestors; who have figured prominently in the colonial and national annals, in the old Indian battles, in the Revolutionary struggle, and in the war for the Union; and who, remembering, with Milton, that

> ". . . . . Peace hath her victories
> No less renown'd than war,"

have served God and their fellows in church and state.

The more immediate ancestors of William E. Dodge swarmed out of the old family hive in Salem, but remained in New England. His grandfather, David Dodge, was a manufacturer of army wagons in the War for Independence, and a friend of General Israel Putnam. At the close of the war he became a farmer in Connecticut. He married a widow, a Mrs. Earl (whence comes Mr. Dodge's middle name), a woman of strong religious character, and an adherent of the famous Whitefield, that tongue of fire, whose preaching Whittier thus describes:

> "And the hearts of the people when he passed
> Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
> Under the spell of a voice which took
> In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,
> And the mystical chimes of the bells of gold
> On the Ephod's hem of the priest of old;
> Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe
> Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law."

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The son of this couple was David Low Dodge. He was a man alert, sagacious, enterprising—a self-taught scholar, who in earlier life was a successful teacher, but who, later, gave himself to business, in which he was equally successful. His religious nature was pronounced, and when grace fertilized it, brought forth a bountiful harvest of good works. Like his illustrious son, he carried his piety into his life, and enthroned it in his Ledger. Serious impressions marked his boyhood, and sometimes deepened, sometimes lightened, as he grew toward manhood. But it was not until he was an adult that he united with the church. Those were the days which immediately followed the Revolutionary war. The whole country was demoralized. Men who had learned to be familiar with bloodshed and spoliation in the camp brought the military habit into peace. Profanity was gentlemanly. Duelling was honorable. Force was lawful—the lesson of strife. Most young men imbibed this spirit, and paraded with rattling firelock or jingling spurs, a rollicking set, playing at war when the battle-flags were furled and the cannon unlimbered. In such a scene, what wonder if religion were difficult?

Those were the days, too, in which the time of the children belonged to the parents. If a boy wished to be his own master, he had to buy his time. On this point the average father was inexorable. What would Young America say to that nowadays? Before he could leave the farm and set up as a school-master, young Dodge was obliged, following this now unfashionable custom, to pay his father for a release.

It was while teaching school in Norwich, Conn.,

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that David Dodge met his fate (a gracious and enviable fate) in the charming person of Miss Sarah Cleveland. She was the daughter of Aaron Cleveland, a cultivated and reputable merchant — an ancestor of ex-President Grover Cleveland, who afterwards became a Congregational minister. They were married in 1798. Both were at this time earnest and devout Christians. Soon after Mr. Dodge exchanged school teaching for business, in which his career was long and honorable. The exigences of trade called him hither and thither. At the outset he resided in Hartford, Conn. Thence he came to New York, only, however, a few years later to return to Yankee land, where he continued to reside until his final removal to Gotham, in 1825. Mr. Dodge was a dealer in dry goods. To this business he added the manufacture of cotton cloth, being at the head of the first cotton mill ever erected in Connecticut, where now every nimble little river is busy in turning a great water wheel, and every hamlet is devoted to that fabrication.

Side by side with his business interests David Low Dodge gave himself to a wide and diversified round of collateral pursuits. He was the patron of churches, in one or another of which he was an officer for many years. He was the friend and co-laborer of ministers, with a well-used prophet's chamber always in his house. He formed and became President of the New York Peace Society, the first ever publicly organized—a reaction from the intense militarism of his boyhood. He was one of the founders of the New York Bible and Tract Societies ; children which still survive in increasing vigor and usefulness, and

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afford him a monument more illustrious and enduring than bronze or marble. And it was in his parlors, down there at the corner of William and Platt streets, that Christian clerks of his own and other stores formed the Young Men's Missionary Society—the John the Baptist of City Missions—and the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. A benevolence so diversified and fertile could not fail to bear good fruit in his own home. Who can doubt that the world is indebted to this example for the yet larger commercial operations and philanthropic efforts of the son, blended like the father's in equal and harmonious measure? [1]

The glory of the fathers is the children—children not what they were, but what they would be with present opportunities.

---

[1] The chronology of the family of David Low Dodge is as follows :

Julia Stuart,
Sarah Cleveland,
David Stuart,
WILLIAM EARL,
Mary Abiah,
Elizabeth Clement,
Susan Pratt.

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CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD.

WILLIAM E. DODGE was born on the 4th of September, 1805, in Hartford, Connecticut, which was then a town of a few thousand inhabitants. The population was homogeneous. Life was simple, almost Arcadian. The tone was grave. Industry and economy were king and queen—the only sovereigns recognized and obeyed in that fiercely republican locality. The battle with nature, rough and surly, had left its marks. These Yankees carried brains in their fingers. The qualities of invention and enterprise were highly valued. Everything conspired to develop self-reliance. Faculty was the good genius of the place. The importance of environment is now more widely realized than it was then, but it was as influential then as it is now. Who can doubt that the character of his birthplace marked and moulded this boy?

Modern Hartford has obliterated the spot where young Dodge first saw the light. Improvement is a Frankenstein which lives by devouring the traditions and sentiments of the past. No matter. The world moves on. And in this case, he moved on with it; nay, helped lustily to move it on—and up.

Mr. David Low Dodge had two dry goods stores, which he carried on upon a pay-as-you-go basis—one in Hartford, the other in Litchfield, not far away, and

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at that date the seat of a law school and an aristocratic center. Thus from his tenderest years, William breathed a business atmosphere, and was accustomed to hear questions of profit and loss, of dividends and no dividends, of ways and means, discussed.

In the spring of 1807, at the earnest solicitation of Messrs. S. and H. Higginson, who were related to Mrs. Dodge, eminent and wealthy importers and jobbers, of Boston, Mr. Dodge entered into a copartnership, and opened a branch house in New York. The store in Hartford was placed in charge of the senior clerk, that in Litchfield was intrusted to a Mr. Stephen Dodge, a worthy man, who had been conducting it, but not a relative.

The residence where William had been born was retained and occupied by Mrs. Dodge's father, Mr. Cleveland. The next summer the yellow fever invaded New York, and the Dodge family took refuge in the Connecticut mansion. Avoiding the yellow fever, they fell in with a disease even more formidable—the spotted fever. First the husband and father was prostrated. He was barely convalescent when William, a child of three years, was stricken down with scarlet fever. In the midst of these experiences the wife again became a mother, and was, of course, shut up and in. The father watched day and night at the bedside of his little son, who, after being given up, finally rallied. The yellow flag was happily run down, and what had been a hospital once more became a home.

William was a peculiarly active boy. He seemed to have solved the old problem of perpetual motion; a solution, for the matter of that, which is hit upon

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by most healthy boys. But if one were called upon to paint this lad in a word, the word would be *alert.* He kept his ears and eyes open, wide open. Nothing escaped him. With a big heart throbbing in his breast, a clear head topping his shoulders, a bright, dark eye lighting up his countenance, and a strong arm hanging at his side, he was always ready to help himself and to lend a hand. Like most honest and large natures, he loved animals. Horses, especially, were his delight, a partiality he never lost.

At the outset William went to school at his mother's knee. Is there any other and later school quite equal to that? More that is fundamental and a key to all the rest is learned from the lips and the example of the mother, than from any and all other sources. The child's heart is wax. His feelings are an aspen leaf. The mother sits on a throne and weal or woe are ministers to do her bidding. Like a goddess, she decrees the future, originates predestination, and tells Fate himself what to do. In this case the mother was a queen worthy of her prerogatives. She was a woman of rare balance, a devoted Christian, and possessed solid judgment and eminent fidelity. She wrote her truthfulness and love upon the open and receptive pages of the lad's character. The affection between these two was beautiful to see. It grew with his growth, survived the changes of early and later manhood, and blossomed under the snows of age. Lovely mother! Worthy son! We can see the little fellow as he toddles across the floor to learn the alphabet from her patient lips. We mark the teacher and the student; and observe how careful she is to add those other and higher lessons which may

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only be mastered in the nursery, that school of the heart—lessons of filial affection, of purity, of chivalrous regard for weakness, of helpful pity for the unfortunate, of martyr faithfulness to duty, of reverent love for God. Ah, here is the smithy in which noble character is forged and welded. It may be questioned whether history exhibits any strong-featured and splendid character which does not show this mother work. When Mrs. Dodge had done her part, and done it well, in the fabrication of his mental and moral nature, he went forth to other, but never to better schools. A sad day for both. Sad for the mother, because her creation is to take on different, perhaps less happy tuition. The baby is become a boy, necessitating the laying away other things beside those long dresses and tiny shoes. Sad for the lad, because now hands less gentle and a heart less loving must mould the yet nascent disposition and guide the still tottering steps. The sacred tie is not broken, but stretched. Rival influences begin to work. Pity the mother. Pity the child.

At this period the family, as we have seen, was migratory. Young Dodge's schools were equally so. He was taught first in New York, whither he had been taken in his infancy, then at Norwich, in the land of steady habits again, and then in Mendham, in New Jersey. But always his mother's prayers accompanied him. And his father, too, an able and experienced instructor, was of service to him at this time, in implanting habits of study and in pointing out courses of reading. He was a natural student, loved books, made friends of them, improved his opportunities, and eagerly transferred the contents of his text-

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books to his own brain. In this home there were other children—a nest of sisters with two brothers in it. An only child is to be pitied. Such an one misses the finest elements of culture. What becomes, in such a case, of the bearing and forbearing, of the social sympathies, of the generous rivalries, of the growth by friction with kindred natures, of the delightful *comaradarie?* An only child is apt to be a spoiled child. Where there are many, all demand so much that no one can easily get the whole. Especially happy is it when the family brood is mixed. The sexes learn much from each other. It is easy to discern boys and girls who have grown up apart.

William, we are told, was an unselfish and gallant lad, fond of play but not fond of strife, a peacemaker, a tender nurse in sickness, quick to do any kind act for his sisters, and their stalwart champion. Yes, this was a boy to love, to be proud of, to predict a high future for. So, in this place and in that, now in the streets of the roaring city, now in the quiet meadows and lanes of the country, one day on his mother's lap, and the next yonder on the benches and upon the play-ground of the school, passed

> ". . . . . Careless boyhood, living the free
> Unconscious life of bird and tree."

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

THE Rev. Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, father of the present Cleveland Cox, Bishop of Western New York, was one of the most quaint and striking figures of the by-gone generation. His head was large, his heart was warm, his eloquence was brilliant. He was a walking cyclopædia of fact *and fancy*. He had married a sister of Mrs. Dodge, and was therefore William's uncle. It was under his roof-tree in Mendham, New Jersey, that the lad resided while at school in that town.

In the year 1818 his school life abruptly terminated, with a suddenness that suggests the stoppage by air-brakes of a railroad train thundering along at the rate of forty miles an hour. He was not yet thirteen when a letter came from his father summoning him to New York. On reaching home, he learned that, in fulfillment of a promise made that he should serve as a clerk to the brothers Merrit, when they should go into business, he was to begin life at once in a wholesale dry goods house just opened by them. The little fellow took hold with a will, and trudged about for more than a year in a contented and serviceable spirit. At the end of twelve months he was delighted to receive a silver watch as a token of his

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employer's high regard. A boy's first watch! We can see him fondle it, place it to his ear, fasten it ostentatiously in his vest, show it to his parents, exhibit it to his associates. A watch and a reward of merit, both in one! Who would not prize it? It was an old-fashioned affair, big enough for a town clock, almost, with a heavy double case. He wore it for many years, and it is now preserved as an heir-loom in the family. No later time-piece, though fashioned by Geneva's most cunning artificers, could ever be to him what that massive ticker was, watch and clock in one.

Presently, *presto*, another change. Mr. Dodge, senior, was called to take charge of a cotton mill established by himself and his associates at Bozrahville, in Connecticut. It seems that the family was financially embarrassed. The self-reliant lad, resolved now, as always, to be independent, a help, not a clog, asked for and obtained a position in the country store connected with the factory. It was a good move for him and for the store; for him, because it widened his experience, enlarged his knowledge, and enabled him to master details in those lower grades of trade, without which a business man is not completely equipped; for the store, because the young clerk's beaming face, suavity of manner and gumption, captivated customers. Every old housewife within a circuit of ten miles riding in upon errands of barter, would rein up at the dismounting-block and remain on horseback until the popular lad was at liberty to help her off and chatter with her over the exchange of butter and eggs for dry goods and groceries. Yes, *he* must fetch in the saddle-bags,

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and *he* must stand behind the counter—no one else would serve.

Marking all this with great satisfaction, the father said one day: "William, it pleases me to see you making such headway. See here, boy, I have set apart this show case here at this end of the store for your very own. Stock it to suit yourself. Whatever you make here shall be yours alone."

It was a judicious encouragement, earned and appreciated. He did stock it with varieties, bought from peddlers, gewgaws which found a ready market. Then and there in that little corner was laid the nest-egg out of which was hatched the future millionaire.

Sooth to say, his industry and energy outran his strength, for, remember, he was not yet fifteen. Working early and late, and slighting his meals, he soon fell sick. A boy cannot nibble at crackers and cheese when he should be eating good roast beef, without physical peril. Still less may he overstrain his vitality by the neglect of sleep and recreation without a stern protest from nature. It was a wholesome lesson for the ambitious boy, early administered, but not too well learned, for he never spared himself enough. Considerate of others to a fault, personally he illustrated Goethe's line from first to last:

"Without haste, without rest."

Well, as he would not pause of his own volition, nature took him in hand and cried a halt. For weeks he was a compulsory idler. His regimen of convalescence consisted of two items: first, huckleberries, of which he was very fond, and the season for which chanced to fall upon these days of returning health;

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second, long drives about the country on such errands as offered, intermingled with desultory trading, in a wagon without springs—a method which might be warranted to kill or cure. In this case it cured, and he resumed work with new vim. A year or two later we find him regularly visiting New York (in those days no pleasant jaunt of a few hours, but a tedious journey by stage coach, or yet slower sailing vessel) to buy the entire stock handled in the store. Clearly, his early withdrawal from school was not injurious businesswise. The French have a saying: *Le monde est le livre* (the world is a book). With this book William became speedily acquainted—turned and thumbed every page. In so far as getting on in the world is concerned, it is far more essential to know men than to know letters. Happy is he who knows both.

If the merchant was growing, in these years, so also was the Christian. The development was simultaneous, like the later and illustrious manifestation. Those childish prayers, lisped before the altar of a mother's lap, the lessons learned out of the family Bible, the careful instructions in the catechism, even the visits to the cold church, with the thermometer below Zero, where the congregation, old and young, sat through the long sermon with tingling toes and finger tips, while water froze, but men and women grew; such were the seeds sown in the good ground of an honest heart, certain to spring up by-and-bye and bring forth a gracious harvest.

Religion was in the air. Bozrahville was completely evangelized. The very factory was a vast church. It was established at a prayer meeting.

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The contract took the form of a covenant, which pledged the proprietors "to maintain, as a primary object, a moral and religious establishment." Preference was given to operatives who were Christians, and although strict regulations were enforced, a superior body of working people could always be found there. A continuous revival went on. Thus the good were prayed in and the bad were prayed out.

From Bozrahville the generous contagion spread into the surrounding villages. The pastors were evangelists. The people were lay workers. Occasionally some luminary of the Gospel blazed athwart the local firmament, like the half-inspired Nettleton, who at this very moment was flashing the truth into the conscience of crowds yonder at Hartford.

> "It was as if an angel's voice
> Called the listeners up for their final choice;
> As if a strong hand rent apart
> The veils of sense from soul and heart,
> Showing in light ineffable
> The joys of heaven and woes of hell!"

Dwelling in such a home, residing in such a community, reared amid such influences, there was nothing for it but to yield or run. Young Dodge yielded. He had been preparing to yield from babyhood. His mother's character and persuasions, his father's conversations and example (the elder Dodge was himself instant and earnest in all this revival work), the infectious atmosphere which he breathed without as well as within, wrought mightily upon him. He had not yet seen his way to unite with the church. But his disposition was frank, cheerful, upright. He had

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no evil habits or associates. In his dealings he was honest and straightforward. He was a filial son. He listened attentively and appreciatively to the instruction of pulpit. He could not remember the time when he did not pray and read the Bible. In fact, he was already a Christian, and needed only to make a public confession in order to fix his state and put his influence on the side of God. It was necessary that he should stand up and be counted. There is something spirit stirring, even to a spectator, in the hour which brings a man face to face with the Infinite, when he is moved to debate in the arena of his soul the awful question of eternal destiny, and is awakened to the consciousness that he was made to companion with archangels. In such an hour how poor and trifling earth seems, of how little worth its paltry ambitions. The divine is felt in the human. The immortal in the mortal soars and sings. Life is recognized as real and earnest; but the routine of the household and the whirl of business are the battle fields on which to win heaven. Self-sacrifice is transfigured into privilege. Burdens, disappointments, tears, are changed by the magic of unquestioning faith into stepping stones to a house not made with hands and a diadem which shall never fade away. Daniel Webster, of whom it may be said, as Grattan said of Fox: "You must measure such a mind by parallels of latitude," when an inquisitive friend, wishing to explore the secret of that continental intellect, asked him: "What, Mr. Webster, is the greatest question you have ever considered?" stood for a moment in grave silence, and then, turning towards the speaker, said: "The greatest question I

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have ever considered, sir, is my personal relation to my God."

It was this tremendous question which now forced itself upon the attention of William E. Dodge.

Two events conspired to precipitate the crisis. Being engaged one day in loading a wagon backed up against the door, he was suddenly called away into the store. Another clerk replaced him. He had hardly gone, and his substitute had just commenced work, when a pulley dropped from above and struck the new comer senseless to the earth. A few days later he died, but not without William's tender ministry, bodily and spiritual. This providential escape made a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon him. He felt that he had been spared that he might serve God and man.

Soon after he went to spend a week in Hartford. The Rev. Dr. Nettleton was in the midst of his evangelical labors. The young man heard him repeatedly. He was greatly impressed. Before returning to his home, he called upon the Rev. Dr. Hawes, pastor of the Center Church, whom he knew, and who said as they parted:

"What, William! Going home, and taking that hard heart with you?"

That arrow hit the mark.

"I will exchange the hard heart for a heart of flesh," said he to himself. The opportunity soon came. In a night or two, a prayer meeting was held over which his father's assistant, Mr. Erastus Hyde, an excellent man, presided. Presently, a call was made upon those who would do so to rise for prayers. Instantly William was on his feet. His next younger

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sister, Mary, at once joined him. A dozen others did the same. It was the beginning of an interest which soon kindled the county. This was on Sunday evening, June 8th, 1821—a memorable date. On the first Sunday in May, 1822, William, with Mary at his side, made a public confession of faith; and the vow thus taken was kept to the end. Thus the cross marked on him by his mother's finger, was remarked by the Holy Ghost. He threw himself immediately and with characteristic ardor into Christian work—and this, too, he never afterwards intermitted, no, not for one day.

That he was a keen observer at this time is evident from the following criticism, which he wrote many years afterwards to a young friend, upon the manner of some of the preachers to whom he had listened:

"In our village there was no place save the school house for evening meetings; but here we met frequently and enjoyed several revivals. At times we would have, perhaps, a Methodist preacher with but little theological education, but good, natural talents and a fine, full voice, who, without notes, would deliver a plain Gospel sermon, fresh from the heart, and secure the attention of all present. And I was often ashamed when one of our men from New Haven or Andover would come along to preach, and I would have to take a bandbox and cover it with a towel, and place on the table candles, that he might read off his sermon—generally to a sleepy and inattentive audience."

We have been thus careful to detail the religious experiences of young Dodge, because it would be impossible to understand his after career without a comprehension of it. He was a born merchant. He was also a predestined Christian. Thus were two characters combined in one personality.

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CHAPTER I.

OLD NEW YORK.

In the year 1825 the Dodge family returned to New York—and, in so far as William was concerned, permanently. Here he found his arena, mercantile and religious. As he steps into it at the age of twenty, what was it like? How did it compare with the city of to-day? The question is very interesting and important. Let us stop for a little and get it answered. And who can give the answer so well as Mr. Dodge himself? He was familiar with it then. He had the experience of five or six decades of continued residence here when he died. The whole kaleidoscopic scene, every turn of the tube, he knew. And, referring to the entire record, he could say, as a distinguished Frenchman said of an eventful chapter in French history: "All of which I saw, and part of which I was."

In compliance with a very flattering invitation extended to him in 1880, by many of the most eminent citizens,[1] he gave a charming lecture on "Old New

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[1] *To the Honorable William E. Dodge:*

DEAR SIR—The great changes in our city, during your long and active business career, are but little understood and almost forgotten. With the details of these changes during the last sixty

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York," which contains the very details we wish to know, told by an eye witness and participant. He said :

" I am to speak of the New York of fifty to sixty years ago, and of some of the changes which have marked the half century and more.

" It was a very different thing in those days to be a boy in a

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years you are especially familiar. Many incidents and reminiscences are known to you which would be of great interest to us.

We learn with pleasure you have been induced to write out many of your recollections as a citizen and merchant during this eventful period. We beg you will name some evening at an early date when we can listen to a lecture from you upon the changes through which the New York of your boyhood has become the New York of to-day. We are, very truly,

Your friends and fellow-citizens,

E. D. MORGAN,	JAMES M. BROWN,
JOHN A. STEWART,	HOWARD POTTER,
H. C. POTTER,	ROYAL PHELPS,
SAMUEL D. BABCOCK,	F. S. WINSTON,
J. J. ASTOR,	A. A. LOW,
SAMUEL SLOAN,	H. B. CLAFLIN,
E. A. WASHBURN,	PETER COOPER,
W. H. VANDERBILT,	CHARLES H. RUSSELL,
HENRY HILTON,	W. WALTER PHELPS.

NEW YORK, April 17, 1880.

NEW YORK, April 19, 1880.

To Messrs. E. D. Morgan, John A. Stewart, J. J. Astor, Henry C. Potter, Samuel D. Babcock, and others:

GENTLEMEN—I beg to acknowledge your communication of the 17th inst., and in reply to your very kind request, it will afford me pleasure to meet you at the Association Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 27th inst., at 8 o'clock, and to deliver the lecture I have prepared on the New York of Fifty Years Ago. I am, gentlemen,

Very truly yours,

WM. E. DODGE.

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store from what it is now. I fear that many young men, anxious to get started, would hesitate long before facing such duties as had then to be performed. My father lived at that time at 98 William Street, now the corner of Platt. William Street was then the fashionable retail dry goods center; at No. 90 stood Peter Morton's large store, the fashionable family store of that day.

"I had to go every morning to Vandewater Street for the keys, as my employers must have them in case of fire in the night. There was much ambition among the young men as to who should have his store opened first, and I used to be up soon after light, walk to Vandewater Street and then to the store very early. It was to be sprinkled with water, which I brought the evening before from the old pump at the corner of Peck Slip and Pearl Street, then carefully swept and dusted. Then came sprinkling the sidewalk and street, and sweeping to the center a heap for the dirt cart to remove. This done, one of the older clerks would come, and I would be permitted to go home for breakfast. In winter the wood was to be carried and piled in the cellar, fires were to be made, and lamps trimmed. I mention these particulars to show that junior clerks in those days did the work now done by the porters. There were comparatively very few carts used by the dry goods dealers, most of the business being done by porters, with hand carts and large wheelbarrows, who stood at the different corners ready to take or go for a load. Each had a heavy leather strap over the shoulders, and a brass plate on the breast with his license number. Their charges for any distance below or above Chambers Street were twelve and one-half cents and eighteen and three-quarters cents respectively. There were very few carts, and those of the old-fashioned two-wheel kind; such heavy two horse trucks and large express wagons and other wagons as now fill our business portion of the city, were unknown in those days.

"The dry goods auction stores were mostly on the corners, and on the blocks from Wall to Pine streets. When our employer would purchase a lot of goods at auction, it was our

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business to go and compare them with the bill, and if two of us could carry them home, we did so, as it would save the shilling porterage. I remember while in this store I carried bundles of goods up Broadway to Greenwich Village, near what are now Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and Fourth to Tenth streets, crossing the old stone bridge at Canal Street. This had long square timbers on either side in place of railing, to prevent a fall into the sluggish stream—some fifteen feet below—which came from the low lands where Centre Street and the Tombs now are. It was called the Colic (though its true name was Collect, as it took the drainage of a large district), and was the great skating place in the winter. Turning in at the left of the bridge I took a path through the meadows, often crossing on two timbers laid over the ditches where the tide ebbed and flowed from the East River. At that time there was no system of sewerage, but the water which fell was carried off by the gutters and by surface draining.

"I remember well the old Fly Market, which commenced at Pearl Street where Maiden Lane crosses. There was a very large arched drain, over which the market was built, extending from Pearl Street to the dock. It was so high that in passing along Pearl Street on the south sidewalk, one had to ascend quite an elevation to get over the arch of the sewer. Maiden Lane then was as narrow at Pearl Street as Liberty is between William and its present junction with Maiden Lane—only about fifteen feet wide. In the winter, when the streets were running with the wash of melting snow and ice, the mouth of the sewer at Pearl Street would often clog up, and then the water would set back as far as Gold Street; the sidewalk being constructed some two feet above the roadway, to provide for the great flow of water that came down from Broadway, Nassau, William, and Liberty streets. The boys used to get old boots, and, placing them on a pole, would make in the slush of snow and ice foot prints all across Pearl Street, as if persons had been passing, and then would run around the corners to see some poor stranger step into the trap and sink above his knees in water and slush.

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"They tell a story of a young lady who was coming down Pearl Street, just as a heavy rain had filled the street back to Gold, and of a polite young sailor who saw her stand wondering how she could get over. He took her at once without asking, and, himself wading across, knee deep, placed her on the other side all safe. She at once demanded what the impudent fellow meant, when he replied, 'Hope no harm has been done!' and, catching her up again, placed her back on the other side.

"At this time the wholesale dry goods trade was confined almost entirely to Pearl Street, from Coenties Slip to Peck Slip, though there were a few firms further up, and any party intending to commence that business must first be sure that he could obtain a store in Pearl Street. We now talk of what Wall Street is doing; then, if we would speak of the dry goods trade, we would say 'things are active' (or 'dull') 'in Pearl Street.'

"The retail trade was mostly in William Street and Maiden Lane, except three fashionable houses that were the Stewarts of that day. These were all in Broadway. Vandevoort, near Liberty Street; 'the Heights,' near Dey Street, and Jotham Smith, who occupied the site of the Astor House. Stewart did not commence until 1824. The cheap retail dry goods stores were in upper Pearl and Chatham streets; the wholesale groceries were in Broad, Water and Front streets. At this time the trade was mostly divided by sections, some selling almost entirely to the South, others to the North and West, and others doing what was called an Eastern and Long Island trade. The capital and business of one who was then termed a jobber were very different from what are now suggested by that term. A firm with $15,000 to $20,000 capital commanded good credit, and its annual sales seldom exceeded a few hundred thousand. I doubt if there were half a dozen persons who sold over a million each. Now we have many who sell that amount every month, and some of them over a million a week.

"The styles of goods have also changed very much. Then nearly all dry goods were imported; our calicoes or prints came in square hair trunks, containing fifty pieces each; very few

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goods came in boxes—they were either in trunks or in bales. We had a few domestic cottons, but they were all woven by hand. Power-looms were not introduced till a few years later. Our common cottons were all from India, and called India 'hum-hums;' they had very strange names, such as 'Bafturs,' 'Gurros,' etc. Most of them were thin, sleazy goods, filled with a kind of starch to make them look heavy. At present, nearly all cotton goods sold are of American manufacture.

"Our clothes and cassimeres were all imported. Large quantities of silks from France and Italy, and beautiful crapes and satins, for ladies' wear, were brought from India and China. Business was periodical; we had our spring and fall trade. You will remember there were but few steamboats, and no railroads, and it was quite an event for the country merchants to visit the city. They generally came twice a year—spring and fall; those from the North and East by the Sound or North River, in sloops or schooners, often a week on their passage; those from the South and West by stage-coaches. It is very difficult to realize what it was to come from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri, when most of the long journey was by stage-riding night and day; and even from our Southern States it was a tedious trip to some point on the coast, where the vessel might make the long journey less trying. There were lines of schooners and ships running between Norfolk, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans and Mobile, but these trips were often very long and the accommodations poor.

"Over the stores in Pearl Street were a large number of boarding-houses expressly for country merchants; here they would remain a week or ten days, picking up a variety of goods, for most of them kept what were then called country stores. They had to purchase dry-goods, groceries, hardware, medicines, crockery, etc., etc. It was a great object with the jobbers to have one of their salesmen board at a large house for country merchants, so that they could induce them to come to their stores to trade. Most of the goods were shipped by sloops, bound up the North River or the Sound; those for the

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South, on schooners and brigs to ports whence they were taken into the interior. There were very few hotels, the principal ones being the City Hotel, which occupied the block in Broadway near Trinity Church; the Pearl Street House, between Old and Coenties Slips, and Bunker's, near the Bowling Green. These periodical seasons were active times, the bulk of the business being done in three months of spring and three months of fall. The winter and summer were comparatively idle. There was a limited district from which to draw customers, and as soon as the North River and the rivers and harbors of the Sound were closed by ice, Pearl Street was almost as quiet as Sunday.

"New York was then a comparatively small city, with a population of less than 120,000. One-fourth the present size of Chicago, it had extended very little above Canal Street. Most of the dwellings were below Chambers, on the North River, but on the East River there were many up as far as Market and Rutgers streets. The most of the merchants and families of wealth lived in the lower part of the town, in Greenwich below Chambers, and on the cross streets west of Broadway from the Park to the Battery. Many merchants in Pearl Street lived over their stores, and John, and Fulton, Beekman, Gold and Cliff, were filled with private residences. The most fashionable residences, perhaps, were around the Battery and up Broadway and Greenwich to Courtlandt. It is interesting and instructive to think of the noble merchants who occupied those dwellings, all of whom have passed away—such men as Robert Lenox, Stephen Whitney, James G. King, J. Phillips Phoenix, James Suydam, Cadwalader D. Colden, James De Peyster, Pierre Irving, Gideon Lee, the Howlands, Aspinwalls, and many others who have honored the name of New York merchants.

"The churches were then all down town—the old 'Wall Street,' 'Garden Street,' (now Exchange Place), 'Middle' and 'North Dutch,' 'Trinity,' and 'St. Paul's,' 'Grace,' 'Cedar Street,' the 'Old Brick,' (where now stands the *Times* Building), 'Liberty,' (which Thorburn so long occupied as a seed store), and 'Murray' and 'Rutgers,'—then far up town. I remember when young Philip Melancthon Whelpley was pastor of the Wall

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Street Church, of which my father was then an elder. He was settled when only about twenty-one, was a most eloquent man, but suffered from dyspepsia; he lived in Greenwich Street, back of Trinity Church. Some adventurous man had put up four small houses on White Street, then just opened, near Broadway, and as Mr. Whelpley felt the need of exercise, and the rent was very low, he ventured to hire one of these, but the excitement in the congregation at the idea of their pastor living out of the city was so great that it came nigh losing him his place. Speaking of churches, I often have thought there was more of real worship when, in place of our present quartette, there was in most of the churches a precentor standing under the pulpit, to give the key with his pitch-pipe, and all the congregation united in singing. The first Presbyterian Church built north of Canal Street was the 'Broome Street,' standing between Elm and Centre. My father-in-law, Mr. Phelps, who was on the Committee of Presbytery appointed to select a location, told me that at that time the entire triangle from Broome to Spring was for sale, and he advised the purchase of the whole, as the price was very low, and he felt that the building of the church would add to the value, so that the sale of the other lots would pay the cost of the church. But the rest of the committee felt it was so far up town that there would be no chance of selling.

"When the Bible House was to be removed from Nassau street, the committee, all but one, decided to go no further than Grand Street; the present site, at Ninth and Tenth streets, owned by Mr. Peter Stuyvesant, was then fenced in and rented as a pasture or for vegetables. Mr. Stuyvesant was at that time paying very heavy assessments for opening streets on his property, and, being himself interested in the Bible Society, offered the entire block for one hundred thousand dollars cash, which by one of the committee, the late Anson G. Phelps, was considered a great bargain. Mr. Phelps could not for a long time induce his associates to agree with him, since they felt it was so far up town that it would be out of the way; but when informed that he should purchase it himself, if they did not, they yielded, and we can all see the wisdom of the choice. The

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rents of the portion not required for their work now pay all expenses, salaries, etc., so that every dollar given to the Bible Society, goes for furnishing the Bible, and for nothing else.

"You all have noticed that the City Hall is constructed on three sides of white marble, and on Chambers Street of brown stone. Some thirty years ago there resided near me an aged gentleman of the old school, Mr. McComb, who was the architect of the City Hall, and who told me that in making the estimate of cost of the building they found that the difference between the marble and the stone for the rear would be fifteen thousand dollars. As it was so far up town that but few would see the back part of the Hall, they decided to use the brown stone. In those days the city fathers were so far from the fashion of these days, that they were calculating how they might economize in city expenditures.

"Think of New York without gas! At that time the street lamps were few and far between, often filled with poor oil and badly trimmed. They looked on a dark night like so many lightning-bugs, and in winter would often go entirely out before morning. In 1825 the first gas-lights were introduced by the New York Gas Company, which had contracted to light below Canal Street.

"In 1834, the Manhattan Company obtained the contract to light above Canal Street; we can now hardly conceive how our citizens could get on without gas, and yet it was much safer walking the streets then than now. Crime was not so rife, and a murder was a rare occurrence. The first murder I remember was committed by a tailor of the name of Johnson, living in William Street, near Beaver; he killed his wife, and the excitement of his arrest, trial and hanging—which took place out of the city in a vacant lot east of Broadway, now a portion of White Street—lasted for months. We seldom open our morning paper now without the record of a murder in some one of the drinking saloons.

"There were no police in those days, but there were a few watchmen, who came on soon after dark and patrolled the streets till near daylight. Their rounds were so arranged that

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they made one each hour, and as the clocks struck they pounded with their clubs three times on the curb, calling out, for example, 'Twelve o'clock, and all is well,' in a very peculiar voice. They wore leathern caps, such as the firemen now use.

"Our streets were kept cleaner than now, since every one was responsible for a space in front of his building extending to the middle of the street, the public dirt-carts passing on regular days and carting away the dirt. The garbage-men, with large carts, came around to collect from the tub or half-barrel placed in the area. I remember a very eccentric old man, who was full of fun, and in the season would dress himself up with the husks and tassels of the corn, and with a fancy paper hat, and who rang his bell, keeping time to a peculiar song, greatly to the amusement of the boys. It was said that on one occasion, a man passing cried out, 'Why, old man, you take all sorts of trash in your cart.' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'jump in; jump in.' There were then a special kind of street cleaners, in the vast number of swine, owned by the poorer classes that crowded some portions of the city, making travel dangerous. It was by many claimed that they ate up the garbage thrown into the streets in spite of the law, and thus were to be tolerated.

"The Sabbaths were for the most part very quiet, and but few vehicles were seen in the city. There were no public cries, except those of the milkmen, who were mostly farmers from Long Island, and carried their milk in large tin cans suspended by a yoke from their shoulders. They generally served real milk, but it was sometimes said that they stopped to wash their cans at the corner pumps. Although the Sabbath was almost free from disturbances from carriages, still, for fear that some one might be passing during worship, the churches had chains drawn across the streets on either side, which were put up as soon as service commenced, and taken down at its close. What would our riding, sporting, Sabbath-breaking citizens say to such obstructions, if put up on Fifth or Madison Avenues now?

"The Battery was the great point of attraction as a cool and delightful promenade, and in the warm season was crowded every afternoon and evening; the grass was kept clean and

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green, and the walks in perfect order; there was a building near the south end, of octagonal form, called the 'Flag-staff,' having an observatory in the top, and above it always waved the 'national flag.' In the summer and early fall a band of music in the evening enlivened the scene, and the grounds were crowded with the *élité* of the city; it was as polite and marked a compliment for a young lady to be invited by a gentleman to take a walk on the Battery, as now to be invited to a drive in the Park; and on Saturdays the boys were allowed to play ball, etc., on the grass. Castle Garden was then a fort with its garrison; and the guard were always seen walking their rounds, on the parapet, and before the gate leading from the Battery, across the drawbridge, to the fort.

"The city was so compact that there were very few private carriages. I venture to say that there were not more than twenty-five families that kept a two-horse carriage. In fact, there was very little use for one; there were no pleasant drives out of the city; the old Bloomingdale Road was mostly used, but in summer it was very dusty, and there were no attractions. The old Boston Road, where are now the Bowery and Third Avenue, and the Albany Road, which is now upper Broadway, were the only roads for pleasure travel, and were used by gentlemen who lived in the summer at their country houses. These were along the East River, from what is now Eighth Street, up to a point opposite Hell Gate, on the North River, and along what were then Bloomingdale and Greenwich, say from what is now Fourth Street up to Eightieth Street.

"The contrasts between the City Post-office of my early days and the splendid building of to-day, and the amount of business then and now, give a vivid idea of the progress of the city and country. The office then was in the dwelling of the Postmaster, General Theodorus Bailey, who, having been appointed in 1804, converted his lower floor into the Post-office, living above with his family. It was situated at the corner of William and Garden Streets, now Exchange Place; the two parlors were converted into the office; on Garden Street there was a window for city delivery, and in William Street a vestibule of about

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eight by sixteen feet with one hundred and forty-four small boxes for letters. Not over half a dozen clerks were employed. This was still its position when I went into a store, and I well remember the fun we boys had while waiting for the office to open, which was not till about eight or nine o'clock A. M. We used to employ the time by crowding up the line, so that the lucky boy who first had got opposite the one small place for delivery could be pushed aside to make room for some other, who would soon in turn have to give way. Postage then was so high that the number of letters sent by mail was comparatively small: twelve and one-half cents to Philadelphia, eighteen and three-quarter cents to Boston, and twenty-five cents to New Orleans. It was the habit to send as far as possible by private hands, and when it became known that a friend was going by stage or sloop, he was sure to be the carrier of many letters—the exchanges between the interior and the banks being mostly effected in this way.

"When Abraham Wakeman, in 1862, was Postmaster, there was living, at an advanced age, a man by the name of Dodd; this person, when General Bailey was Postmaster, made a contract with him to take the mails from the New York office to the Western and Southern stages that started and arrived at Hoboken and Jersey City. He stated that for three years he carried the mail-bags on his back, and ferried them in his own little boat across the river; but then they grew heavy, and for some years afterward he took them in a small wheel-barrow to his boat. Now, contrast the Post-office and mails of those days with the present office and business.

"Wood was then the only fuel, though Liverpool coal was used in offices and parlors. Those who could afford it purchased their sloop-load of hickory and oak in the fall, and had it sawed and piled in the cellar for winter. Hundreds of sloops from North River towns, and from Connecticut and Long Island, filled the slips on the North and East Rivers, and at many of the street corners carmen stood with loads for sale.

"I remember a story of this wood-burning. It was the habit of many families to have the servant-man saw and pile

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up the wood, and as a perquisite to give him the proceeds of the sale of the ashes, which was then quite an item. Mr. Stephen B. Munn, living on Pearl Street, near Maiden Lane, had a colored waiter to whom he had promised the ashes from a fine cargo of hickory, on condition that he would saw it up and have it nicely piled in the cellar. This done, Mr. Munn was aroused one night by a fearful roar in the chimney, and, rushing down to the kitchen, found the old negro asleep before a tremendous fire with the wood piled far up the chimney-place. When asked what it meant, the old man replied, 'Makee ashes, master! makee ashes.' The poor old man, like many others, was anxious to make the most of his advantages without regard to his employer's. It was about this time that the anthracite fields of the Lehigh were discovered, and I shall not forget the time when my employers sent up a barrel of hard coal for trial. We made up a fire in the ordinary open grate with kindlings, and it did not blaze; we poked it, but the more we poked the more it would not burn, until the Quaker's patience was exhausted, and he condemned the stone-coal as well named but quite unfit for use.

"There were no such things as stoves or furnaces for warming a house. It makes one almost shiver now to remember the cold halls and bedrooms of those days, or the attempt to warm a large store in a cold winter by a coal or wood fire at the extreme end, which left the front as cold as a barn. How my feet and fingers have ached as I have stood at the desk of a bitter morning! What a change that same 'stone-coal' has made in the comfort of our stores and dwellings! That little sample sent from Pennsylvania was the germ of a business that now employs two hundred millions of capital and twenty thousand men; that has a product of some twenty-five millions of tons per annum, and has given an entirely new position to our manufactures, which before were dependent on water-power. Without this coal factories could never have been established at important centers on our railroads and in the midst of our principal cities, nor have risen to such importance; without it our iron interest never could have attained such vast propor-

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tions, nor could our railroads and steamships transport passengers and freight at such cheap rates, and our houses and other buildings be made so comfortable.

"Brooklyn was then an inconsiderable village, containing in 1823 but seven thousand inhabitants. The small row-boats, which till 1811 had been the only ferry across the river, were interfered with by the introduction of the first ferry-boats, but until 1822 the latter consisted of one small steamer and one horse-boat. It was not till 1824 that steam ferry-boats of any considerable size were introduced, and the accommodations for Brooklyn continued on a small and inconvenient scale till 1836, when public meetings were held, demanding greater facilities, and from that time larger and better boats were used in the transit. There was only one ferry across the East River, but at the foot of Wall Street, Coenties Slip, and Whitehall, there were numbers of small row-boats, bearing a variety of fancy names, and handsomely painted, and, when a person wanted to go over, a crowd of oarsmen would gather, each offering him the best boat. The fare across was ten cents. The Jersey City ferriage before 1812 was provided simply by row-boats, and by scows which floated horses and carriages across in pleasant weather. In 1812 and 1813, Fulton constructed for the associate ferries two boats propelled by steam, the beginning of those extensive accommodations by which many thousands now cross in a day. The first boat with steam was put on the Hoboken Ferry in 1812; it was so small that often in a strong tide it had to stop in the river to get up steam enough to make the transit. In 1825 a new lease was given to F. B. Ogden, Cadwalader D. Colden and Samuel Swartout, who were required to put on two larger boats; before this the farmers from New Jersey had great difficulty in bringing their produce to the New York market, and many refused to come across the meadows, the corduroy road being so bad that they would go no farther than Newark. Many of our marketmen went regularly to that city as buyers; and there was quite an opposition in Newark to the granting of the ferry rights, as they saw it would remove the sale of farm-truck to New York. The new lease was for two

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good boats; the annual rent was five hundred and ninety-five dollars, with the privilege of another ferry at the foot of Spring Street—the rent for the latter to be, the first four years, one cent a year; for the next five years, fifty dollars; and for still another five, at the rate of two hundred dollars per annum. Compare these small beginnings with the value of these ferries at the present time, when more persons and vehicles cross the Fulton and Jersey ferries in an hour, at morning or at evening, than crossed in a whole month in the year 1820.

"The monopoly granted to Fulton and Livingston was set aside about 1820 by the Supreme Court, and the use of steam was thrown open to public competition. Then commenced a new era: boats were soon started on the Sound, the first of these being the 'Fulton,' Captain Bunker, and the 'Connecticut,' Captain Comstock. I remember a trip to New London, which I made soon after they were started. The two formed a daily line; the 'Fulton' left New York early in the morning, arriving in New Haven about four o'clock; then all the passengers and freight were put aboard the 'Connecticut' for New London, the 'Fulton' returning in the evening to New York. This gave time for the boilers to cool off and the machinery to rest, as it was not thought safe to run one boat so far as New London without stopping. Compare these with the thousands of steamboats now running along our coasts, on all navigable rivers, and on our lakes. The propeller, more lately introduced, has added vastly to the cheapening of transportation. A new life was infused, and the people began to demand new openings for trade. The Erie Canal, which, after much opposition, had been commenced in 1817, was gaining favor; the period for its opening was looked for with great interest, and its final completion was celebrated by a grand public demonstration.

"A large number of boats had been loaded in Buffalo, and left there on the 25th of October, 1825. On the 4th of November a fleet of steamers, all gaily dressed and filled with citizens, met them on their arrival. They were towed from Albany to this city by the new steamer, 'Chancellor Livingston,' having on board DeWitt Clinton, and many distinguished citi-

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zens from Albany, Troy and the West. It was a proud day for New York; all the ships were trimmed with flags; the harbor was filled with large and small steam-boats, and hundreds of small sailing craft. I was, fortunately, on the steamer which carried those who were to take part in the exercises down the lower bay. DeWitt Clinton, at the close of an address, poured a keg of water from Lake Erie into the Atlantic. Dr. Samuel Mitchell had secured bottles of water from the several lakes and from the Mediterranean, and, after a characteristic speech, he mingled them all with the waters of the ocean, to signify that by this great public improvement the products of the West were to be carried to all parts of the world, and that their products, returned by the same channel, would be scattered throughout our own land. Such was the commencement of that spirit of public improvements which was destined to change the whole face of trade and commerce.

"The first regular line of packet ships, known as the 'Black Ball Line,' was started in 1817, to sail on the first of each month. It was soon followed by others, which in a few years made a regular weekly line, and gave a new impetus to our commerce, so that our trade with England rapidly increased.

"Let me here revert again to the very limited facilities for travel and trade which existed previous to 1825. The sloops and steamers on our lakes, rivers, and sound, the small brigs and ships which ran to our Southern points, with the stage-coach to all parts of the interior, were the extent of the facilities, and in the winter we were almost entirely shut in. Think of one stage a day, which started from No. 1 Cortlandt Street for Albany, and one for Boston! Who, that ever made that trip in winter time, will forget the old agent, Thomas Whitfield, at No. 1 Cortlandt Street? He would book you three days in advance for a seat, and if perchance there were applications for more than the coach would hold, and yet not enough to warrant an extra, one must wait another day for a seat. Then what a time in packing on the baggage and seating the passengers! Why, it was as exciting as the sailing of a steamer with its one hundred and fifty cabin passengers, and

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its crowd for the steerage. Think now of the number of large steamers, five or six frequently sailing in a day, and each often taking at a single trip many more passengers than fifty years ago sailed in a twelvemonth—steamers of three thousand to five thousand tons, as compared with packets of five hundred to six hundred tons! To cross the Atlantic then by steam would have seemed impossible; now, the passage is but a pleasure-trip, and hundreds go, where one went then.

"It was a great undertaking in those days to come from the West to the city at any season, particularly in the winter, and many country merchants came but once a year. Those from the line of the Ohio River took stage at Wheeling, and came over the mountains to Baltimore, thence to the city by schooners or stage. The only wonder is that country merchants came as often as they did, and that their goods could be transported by teams over so long distances and pay a profit above expenses. Passengers for Philadelphia, in winter, would cross to Jersey City the evening before, sleep at a tavern, and start in the morning by stage, reaching the Quaker City in a day and a night. At a later period they went by steamer to Amboy, and thence by stage. Who, that now witnesses the thousands daily crossing Cortlandt Street Ferry to take the cars, can realize that sixty years ago two stages would carry all the passengers that went to Newark or vicinity. The emigrant who went West to settle had to go by wagon. I vividly recall the occasion when two of my uncles came with their families from Connecticut, on their way to the far West, stopping at my father's house. It was arranged that, as they might never see each other again, the relatives, with several ministers, should spend the afternoon previous to their starting as a season of special prayer. The travellers left the next day by sloop for Albany, whence teams were to take them to their far Western home, which was at Bloomfield, just beyond Utica! Why, last fall I took my tea at my house, and my breakfast next morning beyond that distant point.

"The opening of the Erie Canal gave a new impulse to travel. The first railroad of the State was from Albany to

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Schenectady, with an inclined plane at either end; this was built in order that passengers might sooner reach the canal, as from Albany to Schenectady the distance was much greater, and there were numerous locks. It was really pleasant to travel by canal, as from Schenectady to Utica there was hardly a lock (after passing Seneca Falls), and there were but few more on the long reach from Utica to Syracuse. There were rival lines of packet boats, some very handsomely fitted up; their four horses were matched teams of either black, bay, or gray, and the best that could be found; the captains and owners took great pride in their teams, which were beautifully harnessed, and kept up a speed of four to five miles an hour. There was no motion felt, and when in the cabin it was hard to tell if the boat was under way. In pleasant weather most of the passengers sat on the trunks on deck, and had a fine view of the country. Some caution was required, however. When one happened to be standing, and the driver gave a snap of his whip, the horses would give the boat a sudden start, which might throw a passenger off. Again, as the bridges, which on almost every farm crossed the canal, were then very low, one must stoop as he passed, or be knocked overboard, and the continued cry of the helmsman was, 'Low bridge!' 'Heads down!' which kept one on the lookout. The fare was so much a mile, 'and found,' and the boats provided a very comfortable table. At night berths were made up on either side, each just wide enough to hold an ordinary person; they were three high, and supported by cords from the ceiling. Lots being drawn for the numbers, it often created much merriment to see a very large man trying to get into an upper berth, while the holder of the number for the under one looked on with fear lest the cords might break, and let his companion down. The ladies' cabin was in the front of the boat, separated by long curtains, which were thrown open in the day-time."

Such was the New York, into which Mr. William E. Dodge stepped at the age of twenty with the hope of making his fortune, and such was his environment.

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THIRD DECADE.

(1825–35. ÆT. 20–30.)

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CHAPTER II.

THE NEW SIGN ON PEARL STREET.

HAVING sold his interest in the cotton mill, Mr. Dodge, Senior, resumed the dry goods business, opening a store first on Beekman Street, whence he removed to Maiden Lane, and a little later to Pearl Street, doing business on the principle of peregrination. William was associated with him, but not as a partner. Soon a Mr. Gregory came into the firm, whereupon the younger Dodge, the father being now amply aided, hung out a sign for himself, in the same line, at 213 Pearl Street, only a few doors away. This was in May, 1827. How did he get the means? Let him answer for himself:

"A retired Connecticut merchant, with whom I had done business most of the time while a clerk, had a son just graduated from Yale, whom he was anxious to place in New York, and having heard that I was intending to commence business for myself, proposed a co-partnership with his son. He offered to furnish an amount of capital which, with the small sum I had (mostly savings from my salary), would make, for those days, a respectable beginning, and furthermore, promised to indorse for us to any reasonable amount. There are few events in a man's life more important than that which introduces him into active business on his own account, and as my partner had no experience, I felt the responsibility the more. Here I will venture to relate an incident, as I think it may be of ser-

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vice to some of my young friends who are looking forward to mercantile life. A few weeks after we started, and when our stock of goods was small, three young men stepped into the store, each having two large tin trunks which he carried in his hands, aided by a large strap over the shoulders. I saw at once they were Connecticut peddlers, for I had often dealt with such when a clerk. They were attracted by some article in the window. After giving them its price, and while they set down their loads to rest and talk, I said, pleasantly: 'I see you are, like myself, just starting in business. Now, let me make you a proposition. There is plenty of room in our store. Each of you take one of these pigeon-holes under the shelves, put your trunks there in place of carrying them around while you are picking up your goods, and just order all you buy to be sent here. We will take charge of your purchases, pack and ship them, and you can come here and examine your bills, write letters, and do as you like, whether you buy a dollar of us or not. I want to make at least a show of doing business, and it will really be an advantage to us as well as a convenience to you.' They were pleased with the offer, accepted it at once, and left in search of such things as they wanted. My young partner waited till they got out, and then, with considerable excitement and wounded pride, said: 'Well, are those what you call customers?' I said: 'Yes; you know that tall oaks from little acorns grow. We shall see by and by what they will make.' Suffice it to say, that for the six years I remained in the dry-goods business, they were among my most attached customers. They were all respectable young men, not afraid of work, nor ashamed of small beginnings. They are all living. One has been president of a New England bank for more than twenty years. His brother, years afterward, moved to one of the large towns of Ohio, went into business, and has grown to be the man of the place, associated with the railroads and public improvements of the State. The other, who was from a manufacturing town in Connecticut, has long been connected with the large mills of the place, a man unusually respected. These are examples of hundreds of our most successful and honored

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citizens, who have begun with little or nothing, but by industry, economy and prudence, and have risen to the highest positions in our city and country. If the history of our citizens of wealth were written, we should find that full three-fourths had risen from comparatively small beginnings to their present positions.

"I call to mind an old man from Wheeling, Virginia, who, though wealthy, still dressed as he did when a travelling peddler. He was a very large buyer, and his credit was beyond doubt. He had a number of wagons peddling all over the West, and made Wheeling his headquarters. I had secured the confidence of this man, and sold him large quantities of goods, but my partner thought it rather degrading to have so rough a man about the store.

"If one would be a good salesman he must be all things to all men; and here permit me to say to my young friends, that open, frank, upright dealing with customers is the way to secure their confidence and trade.

"I sometimes almost desire those days back again, for then young men had opportunities that cannot be enjoyed by those of this day. Then, business of all kinds was conducted on moderate capital, and the number of merchants doing business on their own account, in proportion to the amount of business done, was far greater than now, and particularly so in the dry goods and hardware trades. Then, young men, if of undoubted character, starting with a very moderate capital, could command a fair credit, and, with very light rents and general expenses, could grow year by year into a larger and better business. If economical, they could afford and begin housekeeping with fair prospect of success. Now, business is in comparatively few hands, with large capital and many clerks, with sales every month, yes, even every week, amounting to what very few then reached in a year." [1]

It was entirely characteristic of William E. Dodge, that though necessarily up to his eyes and ears in

[1] Lecture on old New York. *See preceding chapter.*

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business, in these days of setting out, he yet found or made time for his religious activities. His maternal uncle, the Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox, at whose fireside he had sat when a school-boy, in Mendham, was now the successful and popular pastor of the Laight Street Presbyterian Church. Naturally, the Dodge family found a Christian home in this communion. The young man, who had a keen sense of humor, must have enjoyed many a quiet laugh up his sleeve at the quiddities and oddities of his relative and pastor. For, as remarked in the previous chapter, Dr. Cox was *sui generis*. Though a learned man, he was pedantic, and loved to parade his knowledge. He was especially fond of rolling out the Latin and Greek in sonorous periods and on all occasions. When the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, in a meeting at Philadelphia, in offering the opening prayer in the morning, he said :

"Oh Lord, thou art the *ne plus ultra* of our desires, the *sine qua non* of our faith, and the *Ultima Thule* of our hope."

So natural was this form of expression to him, that when spoken to about it he had no recollection of it.

In conjunction with this quaint but able man, Mr. Dodge interested himself warmly in the special work of his own church, and in other and related Christian efforts. The Sunday-School system, originated in 1781 by Robert Raikes, in whose memory a statue now stands in London, on the banks of the Thames, was then in its infancy in America. Referring to this he says :

"There were but two or three in New York in the twenties, and these were designed only for the instruction of poor and

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neglected children. The children of church-goers were taught at home in the Catechism, and in many churches were expected to appear and recite each Wednesday afternoon in the session room to the pastor and elders."

Away back in that day of small things, Mr. Dodge saw the infinite capacities of this system. He made haste to identify himself with it, a connection continued for more than forty years. It is to-day what it is largely through his instrumentality—the moral training place of youth, the nursery of the church, the normal school of piety, the arena of consecration, the children's church, whose teachers are now numbered by thousands, and whose scholars are counted by millions.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

Feeling, too, the need of some organization for young men at once social and religious, he suggested and aided in founding the "New York Young Men's Bible Society," whose members acted as colporteurs, and visited the sick, clothed the naked, waited on the prisoner—resurrecting the Good Samaritan. These ministrations brought our young apostle into the best company, and that company is always the best which is the best employed. He met in these rounds Mr. Daniel James, who afterwards became his brother-in-law and partner; Mr. William B. Kinney, in later years also a brother-in-law, long the representative of the United States at the Italian Court, and the intimate friend of Count Cavour; and Mr. James Harper, of the publishing house of Harper Brothers, and sometime Mayor of New York. These young busi-

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ness men were regarded by their associates in trade as eccentric in their tract-distributing and prayer-meeting work. This did not much disturb them. They no doubt thought as Spurgeon has said: "If the center is to be up in the clouds, let a few of us, who care for something practical, stop below, and be regarded as *ec*centric." The name "Puritan," hiccoughed by tipsy cavaliers as a reproach, and the epithet "Methodist" hurled at John and Charles Wesley by the roystering scholars of Oxford, have been long worn as a proud decoration by millions of their followers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Eccentricity is a matter of latitude and longitude. As we voyage through the years eccentric becomes concentric. The heresy of yesterday is the orthodoxy of to-day.

Mr. Dodge never believed in the Gospel of humdrum. He was himself an original in his business and in his religious methods. Is not this the secret of his success in both? One criticism which may be made justly upon the schools is that they run all kinds of human metal in one mould. They train men out of originality and into uniformity. Routine men follow each other in one line, diploma in hand, like caterpillars which often make a procession head to tail, which is continuous, till you half fancy it is only a single insect. Sir Joshua Reynolds says of painters: "Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been their own teachers." And it is remarked as the peculiar excellence of Gainsborough that he formed his style for himself out in the open and not in the studios of the academy. We need more Gainsboroughs in business, in the pulpit, in the

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professions—men of dash, men of daring, men of initiative.

Perhaps, after all, it was well for William E. Dodge and for the world that he was taken from school and pitched out into life at thirteen years of age.

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CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE.

In so far as this world is concerned, the most important event in the life of any man or woman is marriage. This occurrence is even more vital in the woman's case than in the man's, for the reason which Byron gives:

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence."

If a man marries unhappily, there is his business, there is his club—a dozen arenas are open to him. True, these are poor substitutes for a happy home. But though *he* is maimed by a bad choice, *she* is ruined. For her realm is home. If that be a mockery, what has she left?

Rather let it be said that marriage makes or undoes both man and woman. If not equally vital in either case, it is sufficiently so. Ought it not, therefore, to be put under the conjoint guidance of reason and conscience?

Listen, then, to the weighty words of Mrs. Jameson, and ponder them:

> "Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes—the passion of love, in short—should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators! People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in

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Melissa P. Dodge

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the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician: let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause.

"Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why, then, should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing. Death must come, and love must come. But the state in which they find us? whether blinded, astonished, frightened, ignorant; or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings? This, I suppose, depends upon ourselves; and for want of such self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue! Hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy; cureless insanity; the death that comes early and the love that comes late—reversing the primal laws of our nature."

In nothing does a man or woman show moral training so characteristically as in this selection of another self. Love should always precede marriage. But love alone is not enough—especially that bastard love which is born of a glancing eye or a week's proximity. In order to last under the wear and tear of matrimony, the love which ends in marriage must be based upon mutual knowledge and respect and accord. A match inspired by passion, or the issue of romantic impulse, or conceived in flagrant disregard of parental rights and authority, usually and legitimately ends in misery, and invites divorce. Here we have, in a few words, the sufficient explanation of the why and wherefore of so many unhappy marriages.

William E. Dodge was peculiarly blessed in this re-

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lation—was from first to last the remark and envy of his friends in his choice. Why? Because he acted here as elsewhere with religious circumspection. Upon returning to New York, in 1825, a manly young fellow of twenty, he straightway met and lost his heart to Miss Melissa Phelps. This young lady was the daughter of a wealthy and prominent merchant, of whom we shall see something more before we get through. She was at this time but sixteen, but was a girl developed in body and mind beyond her years. Her father and the father of William E. Dodge were old and warm friends, associated in many and intimate relations of a religious and philanthropic nature. Hence the two families were thrown into unrestrained intercourse. The Phelpses, like the Dodges, were from Hartford, where their friendship had begun. It will be remembered that Mr. Dodge, Senior, came to New York in 1807. Mr. Phelps followed in 1815. William and Melissa were acquainted as boy and girl; but his four years seniority took him out of her circle of playmates. In 1819, as we have seen, the Dodges went back to Connecticut, returning in 1825. These six years of separation developed the girl into a maiden and the lad into a man; he, tall, active, ambitious, forced on by premature acquaintance with life; and she a beautiful and graceful woman, old beyond her age, as already remarked—a result which might be expected in an elder sister filling an important place in the household and social activities of her father's hospitable and benevolent home. After the interval of separation, therefore, they met almost as strangers—each grown and changed out of the other's recognition.

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Let us take a closer look at this young lady. Miss Melissa Phelps was born in Hartford, like her future husband. She was the second of six children.[1] Her parents placed her at school in New Haven, then as now an educational center, where she was taught by Mr. Herrick, a famous instructor of young ladies. While she was in New Haven, Nettleton, the Evangelist, came thither, and his preaching impressed her, as it had young Dodge in Hartford. As a result, she united with the old Brick Church in New York, of which her father was an elder, and the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring was pastor, when she was but twelve years old. Miss Melissa grew in grace as she grew in age. Her interest in the Christian life was profound and intelligent from the outset. She felt that for herself and for others it was the chief thing to be attained, and when attained to be cultivated. Hence, although possessed of every worldly advantage, fitted to shine in society by her father's princely position, and by her own beauty, accomplishments, and ready wit, she never aimed at social distinction, but from earliest girlhood gave herself to unselfish and outreaching work among and for the poor and miserable. A lassie of high aims was she, with noble ideas—no butterfly of fashion, sailing on embroidered wings in pursuit of pleasure and admiration; not a

[1] The family of Anson G. Phelps consisted of five daugthers and one son, viz.: Elizabeth W. (Mrs. Daniel James), Melissa P. (Mrs. William E. Dodge), Caroline P. (Mrs. James Stokes), Harriet Newell (Mrs. Charles F. Pond), Anson G. Phelps, Jr., and Olivia Eggleston (Mrs. B. B. Atterbury). Of these but three are now living—Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Pond, and Mrs. Atterbury.

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spoiled favorite of fortune, finding her palatial home a stately sepulchre, in which all genuine feeling and simple enjoyment lay dead and wrapped in cerements of cold vanity and frosty etiquette!

It speaks well for Mr. Dodge that he could rivet the attention and win the affection of such a girl. But if she was a rare woman, he was a rare man. It was a kind Providence that brought such a couple together.

Now, young Dodge had vowed a vow. Prompted by observation of the evils of improvidence, or, haply, by innate good sense, he had promised himself not to marry before he should be of age, nor then unless in a condition to support a wife. The sight of Miss Melissa, walking

"In maiden meditation, fancy free,"

shook his resolution. He resolved to woo and win at once—happily his twenty-first birthday was just at hand.

Circumstances conspired to aid him. He had the utmost confidence of the lady's parents and was a welcome guest at their house. From time to time he acted as escort to Miss Melissa and her sisters. Here was a new world which this new Columbus joyfully discovered. He acquainted himself with his sweetheart's tastes, habits, motives. Love thrived on knowledge. Soon the young man determined to declare his feelings. He was not one to let "I dare not, wait upon I would." On the 4th of September, 1826, legal manhood was attained. He was "lord of himself." Very well. Now for the momentous question. One day Miss Melissa saw a gig drive to her door. She

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saw Mr. William E. Dodge get out of it. Next, she heard herself invited to take a drive to Coney Island. She went. During that memorable ride the question was asked and satisfactorily answered. What next? Why, the parents on his side and on hers were to be consulted—for this was no "Young Lochinvar" affair. These old-fashioned young people never imagined that a happy marriage could be consummated without parental consent and blessing. So Mr. Dodge, encouraged by the coy and conditional acceptance of Miss Melissa, hurried first to his own father and mother, secured their pleased concurrence, and then straightway sat down and wrote, in that fair and easy chirography of his, a letter to his "respected friends," the lassie's father and mother, making a formal but earnest appeal for their sanction. The letter itself is withdrawn from the public eye, but its conclusion is so characteristic, that we quote it:

"Praying that God, whose unseen hand directs in all the concerns of life, may lead you to that conclusion which may be for His glory and our good for time and eternity, I subscribe myself," etc.

That Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were pleased with the letter, and even more satisfied with the writer, is evident from Mr. Phelps's reply:

"We shall ever study to promote the happiness of our beloved daughter; and if complying with your very respectful request coincides with her views, it will meet our perfect approbation. Permit me here to remark that in addition to the esteem we have ever had for you personally, it is greatly strengthened by the long and uninterrupted friendship subsisting between your family and our own. Trusting the same Hand that has led you to both seek a better good than this world can afford,

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will still cause His word to be as a cloudy pillar by day and a light of fire by night to guide you safely through this wilderness, and finally to give you an inheritance among the just, we remain your affectionate friends."

So it was happily arranged. The young people were overjoyed, the parents on both sides were consulted and equally agreeable, and the divine benediction had been sought and obtained—as witness a union crowned with perfect love and sunshine through more than half a century. However, the marriage did not take place at once. Indeed, two years passed before the happy day arrived. Then, on the 24th of June, (what so proper season for such a ceremony as the month of roses?), in 1828, at the residence of Mr. Phelps (No. 32 Cliff Street), these two were made one, the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, of the Brick Church, officiating.

What shall we say of their wedding journey? It was a poem and a strain of music, both in one. Happy? Of course. Prolonged? Yes—the conventional month, and a veritable honeymoon. Where did they go? Why, into Connecticut, where in a chaise just large enough for two (though their hearts were expansive enough then and always to seat the whole world at the hearthstone of their happiness), they rolled from town to town through the smiling country, spending a day here and a night there among their relatives—the whole jaunt a dream of bliss. What the young wife wore the present writer does not know. But the new proprietor loved then, and delighted to the end of his life to recount the details of the trip, while his keen observation grasped and retained the material, color and trimmings of his bride's

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travelling-dress, which ever afterwards combined his ideal of a becoming costume. [1]

Thus did the young merchant take his next and most momentous step to fortune and fair fame, while his admiring friends, borrowing the words of Congreve, cried :

" Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon." [2]

[1] See Memorials of William E. Dodge, by D. Stuart Dodge, page 17.

[2] Mr. and Mrs. Dodge's children are as follows :

William E., Jr.,
Anson P.,
D. Stuart,
Sarah Olivia (died in infancy),
Charles C.,
Melissa P. (died in childhood),
Norman White,
George Eggleston,
Arthur Murray.

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CHAPTER III.

PHELPS, DODGE & CO.

On returning from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge resided for some months with the bride's parents. Then they set up for themselves. Let us get Mr. Dodge to tell us about this. It is always interesting to hear him gossip. There never was a more delightful talker:

"I commenced housekeeping in the upper part of the city, in Bleecker Street, between Broadway and the Bowery. There were eight new two-story attic houses just finished, twenty-three by forty feet, and three or four of us, young married people, took houses adjoining, and each paid $300 a year rent, and when newly furnished we thought them very fine. Young business men could afford to marry in those days. I had the curiosity to call a short time since and ask the present occupant what rent he paid. He said the rent had been reduced, and he was now paying but $1,500. I told him I only inquired from curiosity, as, *when the house was new I paid just one-fifth of that.*

In this Bleecker Street snuggery, which his wife kept as a queen might guard her realm, and in the prosecution of his business down there in Pearl Street, Mr. Dodge passed several prosperous and happy years. In May, 1832, an event occurred which suddenly changed his business life, a fall which lifted him up.

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His father-in-law, Mr. Phelps, was at the head of a great metal importing house. He had just constructed and occupied a new and imposing warehouse, on the corner of Cliff and Fulton Streets. The foundation proved defective. Without an instant's warning it came crashing to the ground, burying in the *débris* seven persons, among them two bookkeepers and a confidential salesman. For a time it was feared that both Mr. Phelps and his son were entombed in the ruins. Later, however, it was happily discovered that both were safe, the father having been called out by a business engagement, and the boy being away on an errand at this tragic moment. Imagine their meeting!

But even so the accident was sufficiently distressing. The loss of life, the destruction of property, the interruption to business, quite unmanned Mr. Phelps. He turned to his son-in-law and was bravely aided by his clear head, unflagging energy, and courageous spirit. Stormy weather at once trains and tests seamanship. Any Chinese junk can sail over summer seas. Here was one who grew calmer as the waves became more boisterous. Mr. Phelps put on his thinking cap. Why not put this cool intelligence, this strong hand on deck and in command?

"William," said he, "sell out your dry goods business and join me."

Mr. Dodge was surprised, at first not acquiescent. He was doing well. It was a long jump from dry goods to metals. He understood that business, he must learn this. The change would throw overboard more than a dozen years of experience; not altogether, though, for experience is experience, what-

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ever the line of business in which it may have been acquired. After careful consideration, and influenced at last, more by the need of Mr. Phelps than by his own desire, he sold out his own stock, and that sign put up with so much pride on Pearl Street, and kept up with so much honor, was taken down.

Referring to this long afterwards, Mr. Dodge said:

"I retired from the dry goods trade after a pleasant and successful connection with it for more than fourteen years, but I have ever felt a deep interest in it as my first love."

In 1833 he entered the new partnership, which took the name of Phelps, Dodge & Co. At this date the firm was composed of Anson G. Phelps, William E. Dodge and Daniel James, who married the eldest daughter of the senior partner, Miss Elizabeth, and who for forty-eight years conducted the foreign affairs of the house, with headquarters at Liverpool. On the site of the fallen warehouse a new structure was erected, and there on Cliff Street the business has been and is conducted on principles of fair play and honest dealing. It is, and ever has been, the largest house in its line in the world, a monument to its founders and a bonanza, too.

As Mr. Dodge comes into this double relation of son-in-law and partner to Mr. Phelps, it is important that we should stop a moment and acquaint ourselves with this man.

He invites and repays scrutiny. Picture to yourself a large man, large every way, physically, mentally, spiritually, a king of men. The ancients would have crowned him for his bodily qualities. Frederick the Great would have had him in his guards. In any

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age his intellect would have pushed him to the front. Christian principle made him a hero of faith. Yes, he was an "all-round" athlete, wrestling in the arena of life for the mere joy of the struggle.

Anson G. Phelps was born in Connecticut, in 1771. He was early thrown upon his own resources, his father dying soon after his birth, and his mother when he was eleven years old. He came of a good stock, the aristocracy of moral worth and culture. What other pedigree can equal this? His more immediate ancestors were among the Massachusetts Pilgrims, and landed in 1630. His father was a Revolutionary soldier, and served with honor from Lexington to Yorktown. His mother, whom he idolized, and whom, though he lost her so soon, he carried in his mind and heart as a living memory, next to Jesus Christ, the mainspring of his whole career, was a remarkable woman, (as every mother of a remarkable man must be), a Miss Woodbridge, a descendant of the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, pastor of the First (Center) Church in Hartford, from 1685 to 1732, and himself sprung from two generations of clergymen.

The boy fell on his feet. He learned a trade, was converted at eighteen, went to Hartford and began life for himself. Here he united with that same Center Church where his mother's progenitor had preached so long. In Hartford he married Miss Olivia Eggleston, a fortunate choice. This lady's family ranked among the first. She was a woman of equable temperament, great force of character, and firm but gentle spirit, and well educated withal. Here was a matrimonial firm admirably suited to the carrying on of a successful domestic business, which

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success is abundantly attested by their honorable and honored children and grandchildren. Say what you will, blood does tell, and piety even more.

After various more or less successful ventures, eager for the largest field, and confident that his stalwart shoulders could carry the heaviest burdens, Mr. Phelps came to New York, as already recorded, in 1815, and soon after entered upon the magnificent mercantile career which won him colossal wealth and splendid reputation.

One who knew him long and observed him intimately, remarks of him :

"Self-reliance, an iron will, solid and comprehensive judgment, a sagacious power of combination and forecast, indomitable perseverance, good common sense, a physical constitution capable of immense labor and endurance; these are some of the qualities which give assurance of a marked man, and I think all that knew him will admit that Mr. Phelps possessed them. Had he possessed no others of a gentler nature, or had these not been restrained and tempered by religious principle, his life would probably have been one of unchecked worldly enterprise and mercantile ambition. As it was, his principal temptation lay, I suppose, in this direction. His business engagements and speculations were often very large, complicated, based upon calculations which he alone could fully appreciate, and required, some of them, a long time to ripen and bear fruit. In this respect he resembled a general, whose combinations are so peculiar and far-reaching, that none but himself can execute them. His commercial career, therefore, was signalized by incessant and extreme activity. Few men, I apprehend, could be overwhelmed by the toils, responsibilities and cares of business, as he was, without serious detriment to their higher interests. How far they were a damage to his Christian life, I do not know, but I am sure the damage would

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have been incalculable, if not fatal, had it not been warded off by grace and the habit of benevolence."

In Mr. Phelps the junior partner found both a mentor and a coadjutor. Alike in their deep piety, quick perception and comprehensive vision, what advantage the elder had in experience, the younger made up in tact and fire. It was a Titanic combination. These were Napoleons of trade. Fertile in resources, courageous in the face of peril, most at home when and where the strife was hottest, thoroughly enjoying the stir and strain of the market-place, their partnership placed a mortgage upon success, and then foreclosed it.

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CHAPTER IV.

BUSINESS SAINTS AND SINNERS.

JUST here, as Messrs. Phelps and Dodge join forces and start upon their campaign of rapid success, it should seem timely and fitting to transmute biography into philosophy for a chapter, in order to outline the origin and function of trade, and to stake down the boundary between the legitimate and the illegitimate in business.

Broadly grouped, the employments of civilized life may be divided into two classes, corresponding to the human body and soul. Trade ministers to the body; knowledge caters to the spirit. Thus the trader is the representative of outward or practical life, while the scholar is the representative of inward or intellectual life. But it is not best that a man should belong wholly to the one or the other of these two classes. For the true trader is a man acting, but capable of thinking; and the true scholar is a man thinking, but capable of acting.

Next to the desire for power, which is the ultimate force in the (masculine) human heart, the idea of exchange lies at the foundation of the vast aggregation of industry and enterprise which is called by the comprehensive name of trade. One wants what another wishes to dispose of; upon this simple basis rests the whole colossal structure. It may be thus formulated:

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I have what you want, and you have what I want; we exchange. Such is trade, and we see in one view its origin and function.

All commercial movement may be traced back to inequality, and the consequent tendency to equalization—which, however, is never reached. To illustrate: Here runs a range of mountains. On this side corn is produced; on that side the grape is grown. The fig is found in this fat and sunny valley; on yonder sterile hillside the pine thrives. The North has its fisheries; the South its spices. Now, each wants what it does not possess; and so there is a gulf stream of interchange upon whose current float the heavy-laden keels of demand and supply. And hence comes the trader with his gigantic instruments—the canal, the ship, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone. Obviously, the function of the trader, which is the supplying society with what it wants, necessitates knowledge, energy and foresight. A discriminating observer sagely remarks that "the difference between a merchant prince and a petty trader is, that the latter can work only as he sees. He must be able to put his hand on cask and box and bale; while the former disdains to stop at what he can handle, but goes beyond and deals with relations of things, and anticipates results, and taking into account time, space, quality, seasons, latitudes, races, he makes the whole earth minister to his need."

For it is the effort of the genius in trade to ascertain what is or will be wanted, and when and how the thing required may be had. He must take into consideration all the tastes and fluctuations of the market. He must know how to get the best wares at the least

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cost. He must master the art of inducing customers to buy largely and in such shapes as that the profits may foot up fairly on his side of the transaction. He is obliged, also, to study prospective demands—to precipitate himself into to-morrow or next year, and foresee whether any contingencies in the future will affect the question of quality and quantity in present purchases. All this requires solid judgment. Moreover, he must have experience which has been tempered by the actualities of business, to supply ballast for these far-reaching calculations, so that his ventures may not be capsized by some financial flurry or white squall.

To put it in three words, then, a great trader should have this triune equipment: *capital*, the means of trade—*capacity*, the ability to use the means—and *experience*, which shools and directs capacity.

With the enumeration of these qualities the catalogue of virtues absolutely essential to the accumulation of money ceases. There are many graces which are not necessarily mercantile. One may amass wealth and yet be an infidel. He may harvest a fortune and yet be a skinflint. He may coin dollars and nevertheless have a soul so infinitesimal that a homeopathic pellet shall be like Jupiter to the moon in contrast. He may shake "the street" as though he were an embodied earthquake when his feet beat the pavement, and remain a sensualist. He may control the exchange, and personalize selfishness six feet high.

On the other hand it is not at all needful, in order to preëminent mercantile success, to strangle conscience and murder benevolence, and shut Jesus Christ

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out of the counting room. For while it is true that the Christian graces are not essential elements of success in trade, and that men may be successful in a dollars and cents point of view without and even against Christianity—it is also true that there is nothing in the calling of the trader inconsistent with the grandest moral character, and the most genial personal traits.

There have always been, and never more markedly than to-day, two distinct classes of traders, moving side by side, but easily distinguishable, like the waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at their point of junction, and for miles below. There are not wanting instances of astonishing pecuniary success in either class; but while the success of the one is a private and a public blessing, the success of the other is a private and public curse.

They are legitimate traders, who, comprehending the underlying principles of business, set themselves to earn a livelihood, and, if possible, a competence, by supplying the honest wants of the community in an honest way. They buy at a fair price, and sell at a fair advance. They sell their goods and not their souls.

It is difficult to mark off the limits of what is legitimate in business, and say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." It is harder to trace moral than it is to run geographical boundaries. But it is safe to assert that a business is only legitimate when it returns a fair equivalent for every dollar it takes in, and thrives through the supply, and not by the impoverishment of the public.

That merchants can succeed on these principles is

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proved by "a great cloud of witnesses" present in the court of grateful remembrance and ready to testify. The majority of our representative men for a hundred years have come from the ranks of legitimate business. A Boston merchant's name stands at the head of the Declaration of Independence, in letters so large that George III. read it across the Atlantic—without stopping to put on his spectacles. A Charleston merchant succeeded him as president of the Continental Congress. A Philadelphia merchant manipulated the difficult finances of the Revolution. And ever since sagacious and honorable traders have been among the most prominent and liberal benefactors of their age, planting churches, endowing colleges, promoting missions, establishing libraries, founding hospitals, opening art museums, and sowing broadcast the seeds of Christian civilization in the furrows opened by the plow-share of opportunity.

These men won the wealth which enabled them to bless themselves and their fellows by the honest use of their stock in trade—capital, capacity, and experience. They had the Napoleonic faculty—a sure glance around and a piercing look ahead. Accurate, methodical, careful of their credit as a woman of her honor, they have known how to conserve what their enterprise won. Original and cautiously audacious, they gathered what others only gaped at. Their success has enriched the world as well as themselves. Their example of economy and industry and honesty has been an incentive to thousands of poor boys. Horace Greeley never tired declaring that the biography of Franklin first inspired him to effort.

All hail! Hancock, Lawrence, Peabody, Cornell,

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Packard, Farnesworth, Phelps, and Dodge. You have known how to rise above the dry shell and empty dicker of mercenary traffic. You have been true traders, but also true men. You have fired youth with honorable ambition, built cities, promoted knowledge, nursed art, and exemplified practical Christianity. Best of all, you have made it plain that preëminent success in business may go hand in hand with preëminent religious character and open-handed generosity.

In vivid contrast with this class stands the other. For as there are legitimate so are there illegitimate traders—freebooters as really as though they flew the black flag, but keen enough to swindle within the statute. These are the men who gamble in stocks on Wall Street. These are the confidence operators who get up corners in wheat in Chicago. These are the conspirators against legitimate trade who use their capital, capacity, and experience (which are often great) as gamblers use loaded dice or transparent cards, for the purpose and with the design of over-reaching and plundering the honest market.

"It is one of the most perplexing anomalies of modern life and manners," remarks an eminent publicist, "that, while avowed and so far honest gambling (if the words may be connected) is driven by public opinion and the law to seclude itself within carefully tiled doors, there to fool away its hundreds, perhaps its thousands, in secret—discredited, infamous, blasted by the anathemas of deserted, heart-broken wives and beggared children, subject at all times to the fell swoop of the police—the licensed gambling of the broker's board is carried on in the face of the day;

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its pretended sales of what it does not own, its pretended purchase of what it does not mean to pay for, are chronicled in the public prints to the extent of millions in the course of the season, for the cruel and dishonest purpose of frightening innocent third parties into the ruinous sacrifice of *bona fide* property, and thus making a guilty profit out of the public distress and ruin of thousands."[1]

There are men in Wall Street who have barely reached middle age, who were wholly unknown fifteen or twenty years ago, but who within that interval, by audacious and unprincipled stock gambling, have made their piratical cruise net them twenty-five millions in cash or its equivalent.

Every such case is a public demoralization. It puts a bounty on fraud. It practically says to every young business man: Do you wish to be rich? Well, do not wait to climb up to wealth by the old-fashioned and slow steps of industry, economy, perseverance, and a *quid pro quo*, setting your feet on those successive rungs of the ladder at whose top is fortune; get into the elevator of speculation, which is run by a bright boy named Sharp Practice, and mount quickly and at your ease. It not only makes the mercantile world dissatisfied with slow and honest methods; it also bewitches the market with an insane desire to win vast riches—a moderate fortune is a *bagatelle*. Thus the highwaymen of finance, who alternately "bull" and "bear" the market, upsetting trade, disturbing values, and convulsing the business of the world, make a worse

[1] Edward Everett, "Orations and Speeches," Vol. III., page 556.

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disturbance in the minds and consciences of those they influence by their bad example than even in the market place. Dick Turpin now occupies an office on Wall Street, and has set up as a broker. Captain Kyd has left the sea, and at present is a buccaneer of trade. But the motto of these worthies is suspiciously like their old-time slogan, and identifies them instantly: "I have the power, and, therefore, I have the right—your money or your life!"

The career of Phelps, Dodge & Co. is an illustrious example of the legitimate, and, by contrast, a tremendous impeachment of the illegitimate in business. The case of Mr. Phelps makes it clear that "Shylock" is not the ideal financier. And Mr. Dodge teaches that "Old Scruggs," in Dickens' story, is not the typical merchant.

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CHAPTER V.

WAYSIDE HUMANITIES.

ALTHOUGH beginning life at the bottom of the ladder, Mr. Dodge commenced at once to climb. But, of course, he was, throughout the decade of which we are now treating, nearer the foot than the top, was winning, and not yet enjoying, wealth. Yet, while "diligent in business," he was likewise "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Every time he laid a stone in the foundation of his mercantile success, he was scrupulously careful to lay another, and larger stone, in the foundation of his piety. The two habits grew in him side by side; it were truer to say, became merged the one in the other, and were interchangeable.

Character cannot be extemporized, any more than you can extemporize an oak tree. Character is a slow growth, again like the oak. Whatever a man becomes famous for, wealth, power, meanness, benevolence, skill, conscientiousness, the lack of conscience, no matter what, that quality he has been slowly, surely developing for years.

A friend who knew him intimately in his later life, says: "Men of known wealth and liberality have generally felt obliged to shield themselves from appeals, and not infrequently have become chilled, or even hardened, under the constant pressure; but I have been surprised at the patience, and even en-

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thusiasm, with which Mr. Dodge took up each new cause. He never seemed to lose the freshness of his interest." Why? Because he put habit behind his benevolence. From constant exercise it was easier for him to be of service than to refuse to serve.

This habit he commenced when he began his business life. Yes, before that, when he became a Christian. Indeed, it has been remarked of Mr. Dodge, that his benevolence sprang from a two-fold inspiration, a warm heart and religious principle. He was a man of sensitive nature. His temperament was sympathetic. There was in it a feminine element, which often goes with manly strength. He was quick to see and feel the sorrows of others as he felt his own; nor could he see them without an impulse to relieve them. Thus, by a natural instinct he became a benefactor. Of no man could it be more truly said: "The eye that saw him blessed him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." But religion wrought with temperament to make him the man he was. Life to him was no mere "Vanity Fair," in which men sport their follies. It was not a thing to be played with or trifled with, it was a probation on which hung immortal destinies. It was a solemn thing to live as well as to die, for over the life that now is rested the shadow of Eternity. He was not his own. He belonged to One who had redeemed him by His blood. He was not placed in the world to enjoy himself, but to do good. His wealth was a sacred trust. He was but a steward to administer it, and the more there was poured in his lap the greater were his obligations. With such a principle once settled in his mind and formed into a habit, it was no

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effort for him to give away his money[1]—and what is much harder, himself.

Mr. Dodge's conception of the Church was that it had a two-fold function. It was a household of the faithful, where Christians were to be built up and established, and it was also an eager and sleepless center of evangelism. A cold, formal church, equipped for dress-parade and not for battle, was to him an abomination, an organized lie. That which he was most intolerant of was those preachers who confuse those whom they should confirm, and stagger those whom they should establish. He loved to repeat the saying of the English Bishop, Blomfield, relating to a certain verger (an official who carries the mace before the bishop), who said: "Do you know, I have been verger of this church fifty years, *and though I have heard all the great sermons preached in this place, I am still a Christian.*"

Mr. Dodge did not consult social canons in his church relations. He never hesitated to remove his membership agreeably to convenience of neighborhood, but chiefly in obedience to any call for aid. Where he was most needed, there he was sure to be found, working with his sleeves rolled up, however exacting and exhausting might be the requirements of business. He had committed to memory and incarnated the old New England saying: "He is a poor Christian who does not make the world as twelve and religion as thirteen." No man more fully recognized the (relative) importance of business; but Jesus

[1] The Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D., in an address commemorative of Mr. Dodge, delivered at Dartmouth College in 1883.

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Christ always counted as at least one more in the mathematics of duty.

Accordingly, he was connected, first and last, with many local churches, usually with the newest and the neediest. He was ever the right hand of the pastor—a "minute man," like those sires of the Revolution. His labors in and appreciation of the Sabbath-School have been referred to. With the advent of the Sunday he was sure to be found among the worshippers at both services, and among the children at their assembly. When a mere lad, he had gone out and gathered a class from the street. For years he was a teacher, and then a superintendent for thirty-five years. Whether as teacher or superintendent, he carried into this work his business energy and promptness, as also his genial and attractive manner—that is to say, himself. Two stories are told of his Sunday-School career, which are worth repeating. The first is this:

"A boy in dirt and rags came one day into his class. The other scholars were indisposed to give him a seat; but their teacher arranged a place in one corner, and after school learned from the boy something of his history. It was the old sad story of a drunken father and a wretched home. Mr. Dodge told the boy to come to his house next Sabbath morning, and here he received a suit of clothes that made a marked difference in his appearance, and also in his reception at the school. But the following Sabbath he came again in the same sad plight as at first, only, if possible, looking more woe-begone. His father had seized the clothes, and sold them for rum. Mr. Dodge provided another suit, but took the precaution to have his scholar come regularly to his house before school, put on his Sunday suit, and stop to exchange it again before returning home. The boy showed an eager interest in the lessons, and

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was always present. When summer came, his father took him away from the city for several months; but on leaving he asked for a New Testament, and said he would try to learn some verses while absent. In the fall he was in his old seat again, his face beaming with joy at finding himself once more in school. As the class was being dismissed, he asked his teacher somewhat diffidently if he would be willing to wait a few moments to hear him recite a few verses. Mr. Dodge gladly consented, and sat down, expecting the task to be soon over. 'Where shall we begin?' 'Oh! anywhere, sir; perhaps at the first chapter of John.' For twenty minutes the boy continued to recite, needing only an occasional prompting of a word. The church services were then to begin, and they were compelled to go; but Mr. Dodge agreed to remain again next Sabbath. This was continued for several weeks, chapter after chapter being repeated with wonderful accuracy. In the course of time the family moved away, and Mr. Dodge lost sight of the scholar who had so greatly interested him. Many years after, as he was sitting in his office, a tall, fine-looking, well-dressed young man approached him, and, with a moment's hesitation, said: 'You do not remember me?' 'No; I can hardly recall your face.' 'Do you recollect a little ragged boy, named ——, who came into your Sunday-School class one Sunday?' 'Certainly I do.' 'I am that boy.' And then, with pardonable pride, and to Mr. Dodge's surprise and delight, he told how he had succeeded in obtaining work in a large manufacturing establishment; how he gradually won his way up to a responsible and confidential position, and how, finally, the original partners relinquished one branch of their business, and handed it over to himself and one or two others of their principal assistants. He had now become a member and officer of a church, a teacher in the Sunday-School, and had a family of his own. It may be added that since then he has advanced still further in wealth and influence."

The other story is equally interesting and characteristic, and is told by a prominent clergyman:

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"Many years ago a lady of my acquaintance, then a young girl, was a member of the school of which Mr. Dodge was superintendent. One winter she had two young ladies visiting her. None of them were Christians, and their thoughts were largely absorbed in a round of social gayety. Some religious interest appeared in the Church and Sunday-School, and Mr. Dodge astonished my friend by calling upon her early one morning for personal religious conversation. He was then comparatively a young man, engaged in an extensive and engrossing business, and having also a large family. His explanation of the unusual hour of his visit was that only on his way to and from his office could he find time to see the members of his Sunday-School. He seemed to hold himself responsible for them all, and, not leaving the work to his teachers, he aimed to bring them, by his personal labors, one by one to Christ. His efforts at the house of my friend were to such effect that before the winter passed she and both her guests gave their hearts to the Saviour. More than forty years afterwards this lady, speaking in her family circle of Mr. Dodge, narrated this experience, when to her surprise one of her brothers who was present, declared that he had been led to Christ in the same way; and not only he, but four other brothers, who had been members of the same Sabbath-School, and have long been Christian men, owed their conversion to the same agency. Mr. Dodge had sought them out one by one and had faithfully followed them up until he saw them within the fold of the Church."

Whatever tended to increase the efficiency of this nursery of the Church—a complete organization, a well-equipped library, a feeling of *esprit de corps*, above everything, the presence of the Holy Ghost—he prayed and worked for. And any and every effort to multiply these schools, whether made by individuals or societies, such as the "New York Sunday-School Teachers' Association," and the "American

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Sunday-School Union" (with both of which he was officially connected), might freely command his purse and voice.

In his Church relations Mr. Dodge never nursed his dignity—did not hesitate to be a general utility man. He filled, at one time or another, every conceivable position—committee-man to invite strangers to the services, parish visitor of the sick and aged, society trustee, gatherer of funds for church erection, laborer with the impenitent and backslidden, ruling elder, officiator at the mid-week meeting, reader at the sacred desk. Thus showing that in his conception a divine motive

> "Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room, as for God's laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine."

Mr. Dodge was a stout believer in revivals. Not in spasmodic emotional outbursts, the explosion of mere physical excitement, lost in the explosion. But with the New Testament in his hands and heart, he was convinced that there come certain seasons when God chooses specially, significantly to visit his people, and savingly to call men and women to come out from the world—seasons of Pentecost, with apostolic Peters and converted multitudes to attest the divine reality. He was well read in the literature of revivals. He knew, almost as a personal acquaintance Wesley and Whitefield, and

> "Davenport, dazzling upon the crowd,
> Charged like summer's electric cloud,
> Now holding the listener as still as death
> With terrible warnings under breath,

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Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed
The vision of Heaven's beatitude!
And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound
Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,
Wild with toss of unshorn hair,
And wringing of hands, and eyes aglare,
Groaning under the world's despair!"

Personally, he felt that he owed much to scenes and men like these. For was it not under the preaching of Nettleton that he had been moved to confess the Nazarene? All along his ancestral line had not these meteors of grace gleamed across the horizon? Were not his father and mother participators in such scenes, and co-laborers with such evangelists through half a century of continuous experience? Did not his honored chief in business, the level-headed Mr. Phelps, share in these views? These churches all about him, had they not been once again quickened out of death by kindred visitations? Then, turning once more to the old Colonial records, he read of how, under Whitefield's preaching,

"A solemn fear on the listening crowd
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.
The sailor reeling from out the ships,
Whose masts stood thick in the river slips,
Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.
Listened the fisherman, rude and hard,
The calker rough from the builder's yard.
The man of the market left his load,
The teamster leaned on his bending goad.
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt
Their hearts in a closer union melt.
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom,
Down the endless vistas of life to come.

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Though ceiled chambers of secret sin,
Sudden and strong the light shone in.
A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs,
Startled the man of title-deeds.
The trembling hand of the worldling shook
The dust of years from the Holy Book.
And the Psalms of David, forgotten long,
Took the place of the scoffer's song."

What wonder that he believed in every fibre of his being that this was a method of the Almighty?

In 1828, the year of his marriage, the religious life of New York was at low water mark, the tide of grace was out. At this time an evangelist named Finney (a converted lawyer, who had exchanged Blackstone for St. Paul) was electrifying the State. A number of prominent gentlemen were anxious to invite him to New York. Referring to this, Mr. Dodge says:

"My father-in-law, Mr. Anson G. Phelps, became deeply impressed with the feeling that a great blessing would follow if Mr. Finney could be induced to come to New York, but found that his pastor, Dr. Gardiner Spring, as well as other prominent ministers, were doubtful of the propriety of introducing into their pulpits a person about whom so much was said and such difference of opinion existed. Still, feeling it a duty, he invited the Rev. Dr. Beman, of Troy, Dr. Aiken, of Utica, and Dr. Lansing, of Auburn, with Mr. Finney, to come to the city for consultation. This was in the fall of 1828. The interviews continued for several days at Mr. Phelps's house, then 32 Cliff Street. I shall never forget those days. Such prayers I never heard before. These men had all come from the influence of recent wonderful revivals, and were all filled with the Spirit. Each afternoon was spent as a season of special prayer for Divine direction, and several zealous Christians, officers of the Presbyterian Churches in the city, were invited to be present.

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The remarks and prayers of these ministers impressed us all. When it was decided that Mr. Finney should undertake a work in New York, Mr. Phelps invited him, with his wife and child, to his own house. A suitable place to open the meetings was sought. The old Vandewater Street Church was at the time unoccupied, and here Mr. Finney entered upon his labors, in the early spring of 1829, with crowded audiences and evident effect. In the beginning of the summer the church built by the Universalists, at the corner of Prince and Marion streets, was to be sold under foreclosure of mortgage, and though very far up town, it was purchased and fitted up. The fine large basement had never been completed, and was used by a neighboring brewer to store his casks. Turned into a lecture-room, it became one of the most precious places I ever enjoyed. In this church Mr. Finney preached for about a year and a half. Multitudes flocked to hear him, and large numbers were hopefully converted. In order to provide for the vast throngs, and also to get farther down town, Arthur and Lewis Tappan, David Hale and others, bought and prepared for him the Chatham Street Tabernacle."

In this building, which had been a theatre, Mr. Finney continued and enlarged his work; being succeeded by the Rev. J. H. Martyn, an eloquent and devoted man, who proved a worthy Elisha to this Elijah, and became himself the spiritual father of rejoicing thousands.

The nature of Mr. Dodge was too Catholic to be satisfied with this local evangelism. As in business, he was forever reaching out, so in religion, like Briareus, he had fifty heads and a hundred hands. Away back in his boyhood he had become interested in the conversion of "the ends of the earth." About the middle of the second decade of the present century a waif from the Sandwich Islands (since that time,

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happily, more thoroughly evangelized than New England itself) stood knocking at the door of Yale College for a Christian education. His name was Obookiah. After graduation, he proposed to return and teach his hapless people. This Macedonian cry aroused a widespread interest. On this occasion young Dodge could say with Peter, "Silver and gold have I none." But he proposed to a knot of youthful companions the undertaking a "missionary potato-patch." They undertook to cultivate a piece of adjacent swamp land, and their slender stock of pocket-money was expended in the purchase of seed potatoes. The Great Husbandman helped them to farm that forlorn bit of ground. The season was exceptionally dry. The neighborhood crop was a failure. The missionary patch alone bore fruit—the result of the damp nature of the soil. The potatoes were sold at a good profit, and the money was applied to Obookiah's education. He died before earning his diploma. But the interest thus awakened in Mr. Dodge's breast never died. The famous meeting of those three students at William's College, behind the Williamstown haystack, out of which was born the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," took place near the time of his birth. He early identified himself with this propaganda—an identification which was lifelong. All through these years of small things in business, his hard-earned dollars were largely expended in sending the "good tidings of great joy" to those who sat in "the region and shadow of death"—just as, later, he gave princely sums to the same blessed cause. Thus his zeal was both microscopic and telescopic. His affection for his fellows began

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with the case next door, but it extended further than just round the corner.

To this early period, also, belongs Mr. Dodge's interest in and identification with the temperance reform, of which he was one of the pioneers. In his youth drinking habits were literally universal. Speaking long afterwards of those times, he says:

"I call to mind my sainted father, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a strict temperance man for his time. When building a factory in Connecticut, he insisted, as one of the conditions, that there should be an entire separation of the village from the surrounding country, where liquor was sold, and that nothing which could intoxicate should be allowed, except a small keg of brandy and a keg of New England rum and of gin, to be dealt out by order of the physicians. But the idea of the social disuse of everything intoxicating never entered my father's head, for no one was more particular in putting up his cider for the year. The best apples were selected, and after the cider had stood for some time, forty or fifty dozens of well-washed bottles were filled and corked—my brother and myself having first put in allspice and raisins. This cider, when ready, was like sparkling champagne. Ministers of all denominations, who came to the village to preach, always stayed at my father's house, and they invariably found the sideboard supplied with the best Madeira. Guests were not asked whether they would take something, but what would they take—brandy, wine, or this sparkling cider. My father, I say, was a thoroughgoing temperance man for those days—but that was sixty years ago. He lived long enough to become one of the strongest advocates of total abstinence."

The portrait of a drunkard is not a pleasing picture. The person of the sot is even more objectionable. Both the portrait and the person survive, but no longer without a protest or any effort after betterment.

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When the evil was once recognized and sized, the meeting-houses began to thunder with anti-drinking blasts. The social, physical, moral bearings of the terrific habit were set forth in words that fell like burning coals on the heart and conscience of the community. Farmers were exhorted to knock in the head of the immemorial hogshead of rum that swashed in the cellar. Ministers were warned to set the example of temperance. Decanters were removed from their old ostentatious place on the side-board. The traffic was arraigned as a felon, and tried, sentenced and branded at the bar of an aroused public sentiment. Giants of reform like Dwight, Nott, Lyman Beecher, Ladd, Marsh, fell upon and smote the iniquity hip and thigh. Wherever a Moses appeared, Mr. Dodge, like Aaron or Hur, held up his hands. A merchant, he did not hesitate to imperil his mercantile prospects by the unpopular advocacy. A Christian, he bore without flinching the epithet, "fanatic," hurled at him like a missile from conservative pulpits. He put his practice on the side of his principles and became a total abstainer. All this required moral courage of the rarest kind in those early days of reform—especially in the circles in which he moved; and long continued to test and decorate his Christian manhood. Sensitive as a woman, and singularly peace-loving, this incessant warfare, utterly reckless and relentless on the part of the rummies of the church and state, was a great trial to Mr. Dodge. Some natures joyed in the conflict—were fighters from choice. He enlisted and remained in the battle from sheer conviction, saying with Luther, at Worms: "God help me, here I must stand; I can do nothing else." Nevertheless, his ac-

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tivity here, as everywhere else, was unceasing. He greeted with enthusiasm, and aided to the utmost of his power, in the formation of "Juvenile Societies," "Cold-water Armies," and "Bands of Hope"; for, again, like a woman, he mothered all children, and, recognizing the truth that they represent the to-morrow of life, he held that the surest way to conquer intemperance was by rooting and grounding the young in temperance. He knew, none better, that God cannot make saints at the adult end as fast as the devil can breed sinners at the childhood end—another reason why he valued Sunday-Schools. All the same he worked among and for full-grown offenders. Whenever any slave of appetite addressed himself to the fearful work of self-recuperation and after a death-struggle broke out of the hell of intoxication, no hand was more warmly extended in congratulation than his, and no purse was more generously opened to help the new freeman towards a career. And the various "Orders," "Leagues," "Unions," which sprang up successively and followed one another like the ghosts in "Macbeth," found in him their stanchest friend. He did not always approbate their methods; he never failed to commend their purpose. Thus he stood, like the angel Abdiel, "faithful among the faithless."

Mr. Dodge's connection with the great religious societies, to which he gave, first and last, so much time and money, dates back, in its beginning, to this decade of his life. His name appears as a director of the "New York City Mission" (then a child, but now grown to stalwart manhood), at its organization in 1827. He helped to start the "American Tract Society"—an unsectarian agency which has done an

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endless work for good, and soon became an officer. He was a manager of the "American Bible Society," almost from the commencement. Nor, in his busiest hours, did he ever refuse to give his presence as well as his means to these agencies. It was a conviction of his that one has no right to buy a substitute, but is called to do personal work in the ranks of righteousness. And his convictions he embodied in his conduct.

He was an easy and rapid writer. Never was there a greater believer in pen and ink. This, too, he illustrated by his practice. He began, when a young man, to write letters to his friends and acquaintances on whatever subject was upon his mind or near his heart —religion, temperance, benevolence. And as his personality was behind every word, every word told. Mind and heart both spoke, and powerfully. His letters, if collected, would make volumes; and many of these have been written in other life-histories.

An incessant worker in the haunts of business and for the good of his fellows, could any example be more inspiring? He made religion of business and business of religion.

An acquaintance of the late George Eliot, in one of the English Reviews, relates how, during a conversation with her not long before her death, a costly bit of Sèvres china toppled on the mantel. Quickly and unconsciously she put out her hand and caught it. "I hope," remarked the foremost of female novelists, "that the time will come when we shall hold up the man or woman who begins to fall, as instinctively, as naturally, as we arrest a piece of toppling bric-a-brac." In the case of Mr. Dodge, that time had come, and he never lost the habit.

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FOURTH DECADE.

(1835-45. ÆT 30–40.)

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CHAPTER I.

OPPORTUNITY.

"America," says Emerson, "is another name for opportunity." This was truer in 1835 than it is to-day. There was then only a thin fringe of population stretching along the Atlantic coast from Maine to the Carolinas, and down the Gulf to Louisiana. The vast interior was comparatively virgin soil. And it was rich beyond imagination; bursting with minerals and coated with a primeval forest. Those minerals hidden in the ground, and those forests coating the earth, raised their voices and issued an invitation. "Come," said the minerals, "and dig us out into usefulness. Coal and iron and metals, we wait to reward the hands that find us." "Come," said the forests, "and hew us down. Float us to the saw-mill, and fashion us into keels that shall conquer the turbulent ocean, and into roof-trees that may shelter strong men and lovely women and romping children." The keen ear of Mr. Dodge heard those voices. His quick eye saw the double chance, the chance for wealth and the chance for increased comfort in life. It was precisely the call that was certain to meet with a response from him.

While he was yet in the dry goods trade, he began to buy timber lands. Pennsylvania was the scene of his earliest operations, where (partly in liquidation

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of a debt) he came into possession of a thousand acres on Pine Creek, a tract which is still held by his heirs. As a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., his available means were largely increased. Acting for the house, he invested in these wooded sections until he became the part proprietor of whole counties. He would back up his machinery against a forest and turn out a village, as Aladdin might wave his magic lamp in the "Arabian Nights" and extemporize a castle.

Mr. E. B. Campbell, who was associated with Mr. Dodge for nearly forty years, gives an interesting account of one of these transactions:

"In 1835 his attention was called by an advertisement to the large and valuable tracts of land held in Tioga County, Pa. The owners were somewhat embarrassed, and after correspondence proposed to sell him one-half of all their lands and mills. He came to Pennsylvania in June, 1836, to see the property, arriving Saturday evening at Williamsport, then a town having a population of only one thousand. Early Sunday morning (as was his wont), he inquired for the church and Sunday-School. He attended service in the morning, and at the request of the superintendent, addressed the school in the afternoon, and in the evening was asked to speak to the people in the one little church of the place. Monday morning the county commissioner's clerk called upon him, and during the interview received from Mr. Dodge authority to buy in for him any timber-lands to be sold for taxes. The next morning Mr. Dodge started on horseback for Manchester, Tioga County, sixty-five miles distant."

Later, on behalf of his firm, Mr. Dodge made further purchases in half a dozen other counties in Pennsylvania. Later still, he extended these opera-

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tions into Michigan, Wisconsin, and Texas, and became one of the most extensive and successful of American lumbermen.

"Probably," remarks his son, D. Stuart Dodge, "few men, even among those exclusively engaged in the lumber trade, were more widely and practically familiar with the varied features of this great industry. Mr. Dodge took an intelligent and enthusiastic interest in every detail, from the first selection of suitable lands, the felling of trees, the driving of the logs, the sawing, piling, and distribution of the lumber, to the final sale in the best markets. He was constantly reading on the subject, and carefully watching production and prices. He knew, too, better than most men, what interminable anxiety there can be over titles, taxes, trespasses, fires, floods and droughts."

At the same time the young merchant turned his attention to the development of the coal and iron interests of Pennsylvania. He was a founder of the "Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company," and remained, until his death, one of its most active directors. Those imprisoned minerals had found a deliverer. Henceforth they were to figure, and with ever increasing prominence, as chief agents in the development of civilization and the promotion of human comfort and convenience. Without wood, coal, iron, and without these accessible and in the market, where would America be to-day? In the rear instead of in the van. These elements at everybody's service, have made the United States what they are. Do we not owe a debt of gratitude to the pioneers who dragged them into common sight and use?

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Through these times of outreach and unfolding business was everywhere hampered by the difficulty of inter-communication and the slowness of it.[1] This impediment was about to be removed, and the last obstacle in the way of marketing the raw material with which the continent abounded to be overcome. The little stretch of railroad from Albany to Schenectady (twenty-three miles), opened in 1830, was like an appetizer before breakfast. Its success was demonstration. In 1832 the Legislature of New York granted a charter to the Erie Railroad. For several years little or nothing was done under it. There was a general skepticism touching the feasibility of land locomotion by steam—as, just previously, there had been in regard to steamboats. These latter were now puffing to and fro upon the Hudson and the Long Island Sound—the great Atlantic still stretched away unbridged by steam, making Europe and America antipodal. It was in 1836 that Dr. Lardner published his famous pamphlet in London, proving the impossibility of crossing the ocean by steam—and the book came to this country in one of the first steamers that ever crossed!

Read history backward, and the misconceptions and prejudices relating to the employment and usefulness of steam, the beneficent giant who has accomplished the wonders of the nineteenth century, seem incredible. When George Stephenson, the English engineer, decided to put a locomotive on the track between Manchester and Liverpool (this was in 1828), how the scheme was derided and opposed—

[1] See Chapter "On Old New York."

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every step a battle! One man said that if the locomotive was permitted to run the hens would lay no more eggs. Another gravely maintained that the cows would give no more milk. A third showed how and why the partridges would all die—which brought every sportsman in England over to the opposition. A fourth wiseacre offered to eat the boiler of the first locomotive which should make twelve miles an hour, but he only had to eat his words! A member of Parliament, who was in Stephenson's interest, buttonholed him one morning under the shadow of the Abbey, and pointing to the historic pile, said: "Stephenson, if you want a niche in there by-and-bye, you must reduce your proposed speed from twelve miles an hour, which really is absurd, to something within reason, say five or six; otherwise you will upset the whole project in the House of Commons."

Referring to this passage in the life of Mr. Stephenson years afterward, Mr. Dodge said: "The last time I rode from London to Oxford, I looked at my watch when we had fifty-three miles to go, and we covered the distance in exactly fifty minutes." Likely enough some of the *quidnuncs* who ridiculed twelve miles an hour sat cosily in that very car, thinking: "We are a progressive people. Doesn't the British lion snort? Bless me, Mr. Stephenson, how your boots shine!" If our foresight were as good as our hindsight, how wise we would all be! All the more credit to the seers whose intelligence flashes into the darkness of the future and kindles it.

Well, the objections which assailed the English experiment likewise assailed the American. Mr. Dodge

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was one of the enlightened and prophetic few who believed in the limitless possibilities of steam. He brought down upon himself no little ridicule, and seriously imperilled his reputation for common sense by what were termed his "extravagant notions" concerning railroads. You see, he wanted to get those timber fields, those coal mines, those iron ores, into direct and rapid connection with his counting-room there on Cliff Street in New York City. He was sure that this pale vapor called steam could and would effect this—would annihilate time and distance, and bring the fruits of the frontier fresh into the markets every morning. Hence, he threw himself, with tireless energy, into the work of pushing through the Erie Railroad. Listen to him:

"There was not a mile of railroad constructed when I commenced business in 1827. The first experiment was the twenty-three miles from Albany to Schenectady, opened in 1830. In 1840, there were 2,800 miles of railway; in 1850, 9,000; in 1860, 30,000; in 1870, 53,000; and at the close of 1880, nearly 100,000 miles.

"I was familiar with the difficulties connected with the early construction of the Erie road, having been in its direction for nearly twelve years. The great effort was to secure subscriptions for three millions to the stock, in which case the State would take a second mortgage for the three millions it had advanced. The road then was finished only to Goshen, Orange County. Public meetings were held, committees of merchants went from store to store for subscriptions, for the road at that time was in the hands of the merchants, who felt that a direct connection with the lakes was absolutely necessary to secure to New York the business of the growing West. When at last it was completed to Dunkirk, by the persevering energy of Benjamin Loder and his associate merchants, the opening was

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celebrated by a large party of citizens and invited guests, among whom were the Vice-President of the United States and members of the Cabinet, and many distinguished members of the Senate and House of Representatives—statesmen like Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. It was an event of vast interest to the city and to the West. The road was completed for a sum, which, compared with its present cost, seems to have been impossible. What our city and country owe to the vast railroad extension, and the expenditure of nearly five thousand millions, it is as impossible to estimate as to conceive of the influence of the two hundred thousand miles which, I doubt not, will be constructed before the close of the century."

In this modest recital Mr. Dodge does not speak of his own prominence in the early affairs of Erie; all the more does it behoove his biographer to emphasize it. *He* went from store to store soliciting subscriptions, pointing out the advantages to the city, the State, the nation, which must inevitably follow the completion of the railroad. At one of the large gatherings of merchants, where much despondency prevailed, he sprang upon a chair and, in an enthusiastic but lucid speech, changed the current of feeling. The next morning, without any prior notice, he was elected a director, a result due to his mental grasp and pluck as displayed in this impromtu harangue. When the great iron highway was completed, on the occasion above alluded to, he was delegated to respond to the welcome tendered to the directors and their guests, which he did in an address full of feeling. Among other things, he said:

"I am utterly at loss to find words to express my own feelings, much less to give vent to the deep emotions of my associates, as we begin to realize the fact that we are at the

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end of our long and toilsome journey, that our eyes look out upon this mighty lake and backwards over a continuous line of rail to our city homes. Oh, yes! It is no fiction. We have reached the goal of our hopes. And now, as we look back upon the days of darknesss, disappointment and toil, and they were many, let us to-day forget them all in our rejoicing that over all we have triumphed, and that at last this arduous work has been accomplished. The Empire City, and the great West, the Atlantic Ocean and the inland seas, are by this ligature of iron made one.

"Who will attempt to predict the future of this road? Although my friends have called me crazy in my estimates of its growth, I feel to-day that if I am spared to make fresh estimates ten years hence, I shall wonder at my present tame views and stinted calculations.

"What mind can keep pace with the progress of this country? What was Buffalo, or Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, or St. Louis, in 1832, when this road was chartered? Where were Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota? Where California and Oregon? Just in proportion as this country expands, and its foreign and domestic commerce develops, will the business of this road increase. Who can compute its income and importance as years go on?"

In the Spring of 1837, an event happened which was destined to change the mode of navigation, as the railroad did the method of communication on land. Let Mr. Dodge describe this:

"The little steamer 'Sirius' suddenly made its appearance in our harbor from Liverpool, the first which had ever crossed the Atlantic,[1] and thousands of our citizens crowded

[1] Mr. Dodge is mistaken. The American steamer "Savannah," in 1819, made the first voyage from America to Europe in twenty-two days, during eighteen of which she used her steam power. Though she settled the mooted question of the possibility of ocean

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to see her. She was soon followed by the 'Great Western,' Captain Matthews, which became so popular and successful. Many still doubted if steamships could be made safe or run profitably, but the almost daily arrival and sailing of the splendid steamers of this day, from and to all the ports of Europe, and the voyages along our entire coast have long since settled the question. In my early business life it was a very uncommon thing for persons to cross the ocean, except for business, and it was still less common for those from the other side to visit us. There are more crossing now in a week than then sailed in a year."

Naturally, and justly, Mr. Dodge's interest in and intimate connection with these (then) infant iron and coal industries, and these (since) world-transforming railroads and steamships mightily advanced his mercantile standing and increased his wealth. If it be true, as Dryden sings, that

"None but the brave deserve the fair,"

then is it not seemly that Fortune (who is sometimes thought fickle) should surrender her hand and heart into the safe-keeping of the prevoyant man who foresees her advent, admires her charms in advance of sight, and enters unhesitatingly as the door of opportunity is opened?

Yes, those were stirring times, the meeting-place of the old and new methods, illustrating Scott's lines:

"I saw the new moon late yestereen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arms."

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navigation by steam, the world was long in learning the importance of her achievement. It was not till 1838 that her achievement was emulated in earnest by other vessels. Then the "Sirius" and "Great Western" crossed the Atlantic, but made no better time.

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CHAPTER II.

DIFFICULTIES.

The year 1835 ended disastrously in the city of New York. How? Why? Mr. Dodge shall tell us:

"In December the great fire occurred, and those who were aiding to stay its progress can never forget it. The night was intensely cold, the thermometer lower than for many years, the wind high, and the fire—commencing in some old buildings—spread rapidly; the water froze in the hose and the old hand-engines were almost useless; the result was the destruction of six hundred and forty-eight buildings, including the Exchange and many banks in Wall Street, and the laying prostrate of all that part of the city from Water Street, up Wall, to Broad Street, including South William, Exchange, Pearl, Water, South and Front, and property estimated at twenty-eight million dollars. Every insurance company in the city was supposed to be ruined, except one or two up-town, and all the rest of the city was left without insurance. Business was suspended; none knew where they stood or who could be trusted; but the best of feeling prevailed, and soon the elasticity of our people began to manifest itself, and the old foundations were removed, and new blocks of buildings sprung up like magic. Before the close of 1836 nearly all was rebuilt, and the streets looked better than before the fire. However, from that date the dry goods business left Pearl Street, was driven out of the burned district never to return, and since has been gradually working up-town, and now has no one street to mark its locality.

"A stirring and brave reply was made to me by one of our

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old dry goods importers, Mr. James Lee, who in a single night had lost much of the hard earnings of years. As I saw him, covered with dirt, the day after the fire, trying with a gang of men to dig out his iron safe, I said: 'Well, this is very hard.' 'Yes,' said he, straightening himself up, 'but, Dodge, thank God, he has left me my wife and children, and these hands can support them.'

"Strange as it may seem, 1836 was a year of vast trade and expansion. All kinds of new projects for securing hasty fortunes were introduced, and before the capital of the city had recovered from the losses of the fire, its credit was extended and speculation ran wild; everything was advancing, and the people were intoxicated with their many schemes, but in 1837 the bubble burst and the wide-spread ruin followed, which has made that year one of the long to be remembered epochs of New York."

Notwithstanding the depression caused by the fire of '35, throughout the "wild cat" year of '36, and when the panic of '37 rumbled like an earthquake and shook down thousands of long-established firms, the house of Phelps, Dodge & Co. continued to prosper. This was not the result of chance. It was due to the business sagacity of Messrs. Phelps and Dodge—to their fair and square dealing, which attracted and retained customers; to their knowledge of the market, which they studied hour by hour; to their experienced talent in preparing for and bravely meeting those crises which are never long in coming. Of course, losses were intermingled with their gains; for they were not infallible, and were traders in America and not in Utopia. But each annual account of stock showed an increased balance in their favor. Yet, for them, as for others, there was no lack of discouragements. One of these originated in the chaotic condi-

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tion of the currency. It was a financial Joseph's coat of many colors. The United States Bank was just dead. Its funeral, like a red republican funeral in Paris, was attended by one party (the Democratic) with shouts of exultation as a national deliverance, and by the other party (the Whig) with wringing of hands and wringing of handkerchiefs as a national bereavement. Andrew Jackson executed a war-dance in front of the coffin. Webster, Clay and Calhoun wept in unwonted unison over the corpse.

The United States Bank had originated in the prescient brain of Alexander Hamilton, on whose recommendation it was chartered by Congress for twenty years, in 1790—an act approved by Washington. Its object was the establishment of a uniform currency. Its pattern was the Bank of England, authorized in 1694, and the most tremendous engine in the history of finance for the management of money. The bank answered its end. It raised the credit of a bankrupt government, and inspired confidence in the commercial world. Ten years later the Bank of France was established, in imitation of the English and American models. In 1810 the charter expired. This country was on the eve of war with Great Britain. In the excitement of the hour, the bank was suffered to lapse. Peace found the finances in much the same state in which they were left at the close of the Revolution. To aid in rectifying these disorders, Congress reorganized the defunct bank. This was in 1817. The charter was again limited to twenty years, expiring March 3d, 1836. The capital of the first bank was $10,000,000, of which the government took $2,000,000, the rest being held by individuals. The

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capital of the second bank was $37,000,000, of which the government subscribed $7,000,000, payable in coin or in stocks of the United States, bearing interest at five per cent. and redeemable at the pleasure of Congress. Owing to mismanagement, the bank (in 1818) came near bankruptcy. But it recovered, and when General Jackson was elected to the Presidency for a second term, in 1832, came before Congress with the confident expectation of having its charter renewed. The renewal was voted. The President vetoed the bill. This was in 1833. The years that followed are memorable. Speaking of this and contrasting the past with the present, Mr. Dodge once said:

"In nothing is the change more marked than between the currency used during my early business life and that now in circulation. General Jackson had put his foot on the United States Bank, and we had nothing but banks chartered by the different States. Many of these were owned and controlled by individuals, the system being different in almost every State. Some had careful restrictions, others hardly any. Banks were chartered with capitals as small as $50,000, with no limit to their issues; and their great object was to get a location so far from convenient access that their circulation would not easily find its way back. Most of the country banks of respectability had agencies, where they redeemed their bills at rates varying, according to location, from one-eighth to three-quarters of one per cent.; but the banks in other and distant States had no regular place of redemption, and their issues were purchased by brokers at all rates, from three-quarters to five per cent. The notes of many of the banks far South and West were sold at five to ten per cent. discount, and firms doing a large business had to keep one or more clerks busy in turning uncurrent bills into funds that could be here deposited. After the great

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depression that followed the financial troubles of 1837, many firms doing business South and West were compelled to settle with their customers by taking, as money, the currency that was passing in those sections, issued by banks which had suspended specie payment, and yet kept up a large paper circulation which could only be converted at a very heavy discount, into money current in New York. A person starting from New Orleans for New York would have to change his currency several times in order to get funds that would be taken for fares and hotel bills. The country was flooded with all kinds of bank bills—good, bad, and indifferent—and they became a perfect nuisance. Now we have the best paper currency the country ever had; we never think of looking at bank bills, for, as to the National Banks, we know they are all secured by United States bonds. No matter if a bank fails, its notes are as good as gold. At present the greenbacks are equally good, but as they have no actual specie basis, they should be withdrawn or deprived of their legal-tender quality; otherwise they may, during a sudden turn in our foreign exchanges, expose us to disaster that would spread ruin over the land, and result in another suspension of specie payment."

Another difficulty which beset business in those years arose from the universal credit system. Money was scarce, and individual I. O. U.'s circulated almost as freely as bank notes. They were perfectly good until maturity—and then generally good for nothing. This involved widespread loss and distress. A merchant's solvency depended upon a nice perception on his part of whom to trust and whom not to trust. This question kept him on a rack as cruel as that of the Inquisition. We refuse to trust some men because we don't know them, and others because we do. But under a system of universal credit, the volume of the business transacted must, of course, depend upon the

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extension of credit; and the difference between solvency and bankruptcy is just the difference between good debts and bad debts. Is it any wonder that the merchants of that generation were kept awake o' nights?

Phelps, Dodge & Co. had their share of bad debts. It was to look after some of those that Mr. Dodge set out in the fall of '39 upon an extended Southern trip. This tour was a cross to him. It meant unceasing anxiety. It necessitated a separation from his other and dearer self. His children—months would elapse before he could again bow with them at the family altar and kiss them good-night. But he need not part with God—though many *did* when they went down South at that time!

This home-lover left home because duty called, and that call he always obeyed. He reaped a harvest of experience, too. It was Mr. Dodge's first personal look at the South—a look many times repeated afterwards. The busy merchant and hurried traveller was the best of correspondents. However tangled the snarl of traffic, however lumbering the stage coach or wheezy the steamboat, the days were rare when that dear lady up there in the North failed to receive a message and a token. Let us open this budget, kindly placed by her at our disposal, and look through the eyes of her absent lord at some of the scenes which met his view. His objective point, like General Benjamin F. Butler's nearly a quarter of a century later, was New Orleans. And the merchant, like the soldier, chose the passage by sea, going by sailing vessels by way of Charleston and Mobile. He arrived in the Crescent City in January, 1840.

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"Orange trees," he writes, "are hanging full, and the peach trees all over the city are in bloom, and the green grass looks like May. If the weather goes on increasing in heat, I do not wonder they have the yellow fever. The city is so low the water cannot run off, and even now it stands all around the outskirts in a deep-green stagnant state."

Again he writes:

"I had some business at Bayou Sara, a hundred and eighty miles up the Mississippi. I left here Friday afternoon, and reached my destination next morning before breakfast. Coming back, I took passage in a boat that stopped at almost every turn for cotton and passengers, remaining, in some instances, several hours at a place. It was my *début* on the great river, and I found it very interesting. Here you see the Southern planter in all his glory. The banks are lined with sugar plantations, and some of them present a fine appearance.

"The large sugar houses, with their tall chimneys and the quarters of the slaves, which are comfortable wooden cottages, all placed in regular order, each with its little garden, and sometimes thirty or forty houses together, painted white, with red roofs, make each plantation, as you approach it, look like a small village. The residences of the planters are often large buildings, with piazzas and pillars, all surrounded with noble live oaks and evergreens, affording a beautiful shade; but the curse of slavery is stamped upon everything. The children are brought up to call a slave for the least thing they want, without any idea of helping themselves. A young lady cannot go on board a steamer without her black or mulatto girl. The young men must have their servants to stand behind them at dinner. No one on board appeared to have any idea of God, except at almost every word to profane His holy name. Give me the small New England farmer, with his sons and daughters brought up to work six days in the week, and to attend church, well-dressed, on Sundays!"

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He visited Vicksburg in April, and photographs slavery :

"It has rained almost every day since I came. Think of Hartford without sidewalks, and you can judge of the difficulty of getting about. I look in vain among the Sunday-Schools for the poor black children ; nor do I think they are ever brought under such influence. They may well say, 'No man cares for my soul.' The Methodists have preaching every Sunday afternoon for the blacks, who are fond of going to church, and many are professors ; but the Presbyterians, as far as I can judge, do nothing for them. The field-hands—and they are both men and women—are generally, in this State, a most degraded and wretched set of beings, little removed from brutes, and usually treated as such. Yet they are all immortal beings, for whom Christ died, and they are living in what is called a Christian land ; but thousands of them never heard of Him, except in the profanity of their masters and overseers—a practice they soon learn to follow. Slavery is an awful thing, and God will yet punish this nation, and especially the South, for this sin, and the evils resulting from it. Many of the charges the Abolitionists bring are true. The almost total destruction of the family relation is one of its worst features. The children born on a plantation know only their mothers, and many planters care little how their negroes increase, provided they do so rapidly, as in this consists their property. There are exceptions, but this is a general fact.

"I saw last week a fine little fellow, about eight years old, sold at auction. As usual, they were a long time at it, and many asked him idle questions. He paid little attention to them, but kept his eyes on the bidders. At last he was struck off ; and when he saw who had bought him, he burst out crying, and being asked what was the matter, he replied : 'I want to live with Mr. ——, because then I can see my mother.'"

In a letter from the same town, he describes a court scene :

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"The State Court is now sitting here. It is curious to see how they do things, and notice the jurors, lawyers and judges. The floor is covered with sawdust several inches deep, to prevent its being flooded with tobacco-juice. When not smoking, the people chew beyond anything I ever saw. The lawyers sit with their legs on the tables, and the judge leans back and puts his on the desk; and then they examine witnesses, and cross-fire at each other, seldom getting up until they are ready to sum up the case. Still, they have some very able lawyers, and now almost every man in the State is at law; and such men as you see in the Court-House yard, lying on the grass, or sitting in every style, anxiety and distress on many faces! Such general ruin one does not often see."

In May he joyfully started for home by way of the Mississippi and overland:

"I am now seven hundred miles on my way up the great river. The current against us is very strong, but we make about two hundred and fifty miles every twenty-four hours. We stop occasionally to 'wood,' and it is a curious sight. We have on board two hundred men as deck passengers, who pay their way in part by helping to take in wood. In a half hour they will carry on their backs thirty cords from the shore to the boat. They run down the river on rafts or arks, and before steam navigation they would walk home some fifteen hundred to two thousand miles. The sail up the river is very interesting now, as the water is thirty feet higher than usual. We constantly see where large masses of earth have been washed away, carrying down trees and soil. I have already read a thousand pages since coming on board; among other books, three volumes of Cooper's 'Home as Found,' an instructive tale. A 'Mr. Dodge,' a loquacious character, figures largely! The boat is about to start, after wooding, and the mosquitoes are so thick, I must stop writing."

Mr. Dodge reached home at the end of May, after a fatiguing journey—a joyful return! He had settled

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the affairs he went to arrange, and more successfully than he had dared to hope, although the net result was a heavy loss to Phelps, Dodge & Co. A gentleman, representing the group with whom he had been in controversy touching these matters, bears honorable testimony to Mr. Dodge's candor and generosity in a letter which he received after his arrival in New York :

" For the equitable spirit which actuated you in all our dealings, I owe many acknowledgments ; but I desire particularly to express my unfeigned thanks for the kindness manifested by you during the vexatious delays attending the last settlement of our accounts, and the handsome as well as the obliging course pursued in bringing all our late partnership transactions to a final close."

Nevertheless, Mr. Dodge never afterwards entertained any high regard for King Cotton (now defunct).

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CHAPTER III.

DEVELOPMENT.

NOT long after Mr. Dodge's return from the South, the metropolis went crazy over the introduction of Croton water—justifiable insanity. He describes this event, and the condition precedent:

"Formerly, this element was supplied by public pumps at the corners of blocks far apart; the water was brackish and very hard and poor; there were some few springs in the upper part of the city, where wells had been sunk and pumps erected by individuals. This water was taken about the city in large casks, similar to those now used for sprinkling the streets, and painted in large letters on the end "Tea Water." It was sold at two cents a pail. Besides this, the Manhattan Company was chartered with banking privileges to supply the city with water by boring and pumping into tanks, from the ground near the upper end of Pearl Street in Centre Street. Thence wooden pipes were laid to many dwellings, but the water proved poor and in limited supply, and the company found the banking department better than the water, so that the logs soon decayed and were never renewed. For washing and all ordinary purposes, the main dependence was upon the cisterns, supplied from the rain caught on the roofs, but in long droughts this would entirely fail, and then the street pumps were the only source of supply, and those could not be used with any comfort for the family washing.

"I shall never forget one time, when there had been no rain for weeks, and our cistern (we were living near the Battery)

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was dry, as well as those of all our neighbors. My mother, visiting a friend up-town, near Fulton Street, was complaining that she had not a drop of soft water to wash fine muslins, and her friend offered to let her fill a demijohn from her cistern. My brother and myself made our mother very happy by bringing her the coveted vessel of water that evening. Well might our citizens hasten to the ballot-box, in 1835, to vote "Water," or "No Water," on the question of introducing the Croton; and now in its profuse enjoyment but few remember the old times, when they were glad to get a pail of water for their tea at a cost of two cents. But I have sometimes almost sighed for the old brackish pumps which were used by the passing laborer to quench his thirst; and I remember that for years after their removal there was not a drop of water to be had for any thirsty man unless he went into a corner grocery. Even there he was tempted to drink liquor, because he was ashamed to ask for water without pay. Thanks to the efforts of some good men in New York and Brooklyn, there are now a few places where good water for man and beast can be had without money or price.

"On the Fourth of July, 1842, the introduction of the Croton was celebrated by an imposing procession, and many who had doubts were fully satisfied when, at 12 o'clock, as the procession rounded the park, the fountain was first opened and sent up a stream fifty feet, amid the shouts of the people. The substantial and faithful construction of the aqueduct and the High Bridge, by men who did not squander the people's money, has left us not even for a day in want of an abundance of water, and the work was so well done that it stands as a monument of their honest labor."

The opening up of the Erie Railroad stirred the Middle States from center to circumference. Every resident along that highway became a walking advertisement of its advantages. Inanimate things proclaimed the improvement. Persons whose homes

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were at distant points might now easily reach the *entrepôt* of commerce. What had been a tedious journey was a pleasure jaunt. Their produce was brought within expeditious reach. Farmers and manufacturers enjoyed all the advantages of a metropolitan residence with the cheapness of outside production. The markets of the city, which before had controlled only a local and precarious supply, now presented a bewildering selection, drawn in from the vast interior. As a maple-tree when tapped runs sugar-sap, so the outlying country, tapped by this railroad, poured forth its wealth.

Every locality became eager to repeat the successful experiment. In 1843 Mr. Dodge cut the first spadeful of sod in the construction of the New Jersey Central Railroad—the second of the great trunk lines with a metropolitan terminus. In this company, too, he became a director, and so remained for thirty years. Soon after surveyors swarmed through the whole region. Branches in connection with the main thoroughfares were thrust out, until the Middle States were cobwebbed with railroads, and distance was measurably annihilated.

The year following the commencement of the New Jersey Central Railroad, witnessed the successful introduction of another of the gigantic instruments of modern civilization—the electric telegraph. It was in 1844 that Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, after years of painstaking and often vain experiment, at last strung his victorious wires and gave time and isolation the *coup de grace.* In that year the first public line was completed between Washington and Baltimore—forty miles. In a few months the magic

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wires ran everywhither, and the poetry of Shakespeare was translated into every day prose; for Mr. Morse did what Puck only imagined—"put a girdle round the earth." The alphabet became sentient. Every click of the instrument at one end conveyed an idea at the other end. Human thought was not only animate; the lightning was its errand-boy. As a wide-awake merchant doing business in the nineteenth century, even more as the friend of progress and mankind, Mr. Dodge was profoundly interested in this marvellous achievement. He welcomed it with both hands outstretched, aiding the glorious endeavor with voice and purse.

Nor, amid the excitement and bustle caused by these physical developments, did he for a moment neglect those quieter but even more important interests which school the mind and heart. If this was a period of prodigious material growth, it was likewise the seed-time of mental and moral advancement correspondingly wonderful. He was alert to see that the two kept equal pace. With the amazing multiplication of the population—every year a century, and with the advantages (the temptations, also) added by the taming of steam and the subduing of the electric fluid to serviceable uses, he was quick to perceive the need of enlarged educational facilities. Did each swift-passing twelve-month make hands worth less and brains worth more? Than what other duty was so emergent as that of discipline for the brains? Where men and women were in rapidly swelling numbers, and where the new instruments of civilization thundered and lightened, there, too, must be the schoolhouse and the church. He recognized the truth,

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came to it by intuition, thought through his heart—that education, and especially religious education, was the only sufficient, the only permanently sure basis for American institutions. He felt that to increase numbers and wealth and power and conveniences, and neglect men, would multiply dangers without providing safeguards.

"What constitutes a State?
Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride.
No;—men, high-minded men."

Accordingly, this many-sided man gave much thought and time and (as usual) money at this period to that range of agencies which minister to manhood. In the intense preoccupation necessitated by such interests as he was manipulating, it might have been pardonable in any one else, at least temporarily, to ignore philanthropy in the mad scramble for worldly position. The average man, it is to be feared, would have quieted his conscience in such an hour by saying: "First let me achieve riches and reputation. Then, seated on that throne, I shall have leisure and ability to serve others." So the devil cheats thousands. Mr. Dodge was strenuous for wealth, too—but only as a means. If these temptations came to him (and why not? He was a man), he said: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" And was doubly scrupulous to remember and provide for others as he did for himself. This is an impressive fact. It increases our admiration for him. Yet, such was his life-plan.

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The moment when he began to have an income was the birth-hour of his benevolent interest in educational institutions. He became a regular contributor to some, and an occasional contributor to many of these. The practice continued, the list expanded, the sums given increased until the end of his life. He might have erected a monument to himself by endowing a single university. But he aimed not at fame, but at helpfulness. His idea was that where all were needy, more good would be accomplished by smaller, single donations (though larger in the aggregate) distributed here, there and yonder, than by playing the prince towards some pet object. Each college and seminary had its friends. Judicious and timely aid to each would excite a generous rivalry and provoke a kindred spirit among the various alumni. In this way, at one time or another, he kept several now flourishing institutions alive. Still, he had a preference, and this was given, as a rule, to theological schools and to scholarships for candidates for the ministry.

Mr. Dodge was one of the founders of the Union Theological Seminary in New York City (in 1836). He founded a number of scholarships in the Theological Seminary at Auburn, in New York, and united with another gentleman, Col. E. B. Morgan, in the erection of a fine library building for its books, at a cost to each of $20,000. The Seminaries at Princeton, New Haven, Cincinnati, Bangor, Chicago, were among his beneficiaries. He endowed the President's chair of William's College by a donation of $30,000, besides remembering other objects connected with that seat of learning. Dartmouth, Amherst, Lafayette, Beloit, Marietta, Oberlin, Hamilton, Grinnell,

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Maryville, were among the colleges upon which he snowed down his checks. The amounts thus bestowed ran up, when combined, into many hundreds of thousands.

He was particularly concerned to have a competent and well equipped ministry. With this view he generously aided thousands (literally) of young men to prepare themselves for the sacred desk. At times he had as many as twenty of these on his annual list. This list was never vacant. Here, again, he had a preference. He outlines this preference in a reply which he wrote to one who applied to him for aid to a certain student :

" I am interested in what you say of the young man, but such cases do not come under my plan. I am trying to help men somewhat advanced in age, and who have not, in many instances, had a collegiate education. It is not my purpose to assist those already in college and intending to go into the ministry. If I should take such cases, I might have half the young men now preparing. I desire to aid, so far as I have the means, men from twenty-one to thirty years of age, who have had a good English education, and who, in the churches and Sunday-Schools are known as the active working members, 'apt to teach,' ready and acceptable speakers, such as pastors are willing to send out to form a new school or conduct the prayer meetings, and who often feel that if they had the opportunity they would be glad to prepare to preach the Gospel of God. I rejoice to see young men in greater numbers giving themselves a thorough course of study; but I have it in my mind to help those who, though not so well instructed, have more knowledge of men, are educated to work, and are disposed and fitted to begin preaching after a few years' preparation."

When his students graduated, he followed them affectionately to their work. They were never shoved

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off and forgotten. Many of them became his trusted friends and constant correspondents. And the fields where they labored often experienced his generosity. His habit was to give some book which he specially liked to each of them when they left the Seminary—some practical work, like McIlvaine's "Preaching," or Wayland's "Letters on the Ministry." To the fly-leaf of this last he attached a printed letter of counsel. This letter is so characteristic that we quote it:

"MY YOUNG FRIEND:—In presenting you with a copy of the letters of President Wayland, 'On the Ministry of the Gospel,' let me request you to read and carefully ponder over each letter, and prayerfully ask yourself if you have properly considered the importance of the work you have undertaken. I have felt for years the need of just such a book as this. I fear that many enter the ministry who have little idea that the great object is to rescue souls from hell, by leading them to Christ.

"Each letter is full of valuable suggestions; but let me call your especial attention to the sixth, 'On the Manner of Preaching,' each part of which I commend to your careful consideration.

"I might suggest that while I approve of all the author says about extemporaneous speaking, yet a carefully written sermon once a week might be best for a few years; but if you would reach the hearts of your hearers, they must feel that yours is so full of love for Christ that you can tell them of it without a written manuscript.

"For many years I have made the subject of the voice and manner of public speakers one of special interest, and have been pained to see how little attention has been given to it in our theological seminaries. Many of our students come out good scholars, are fervent in spirit, and are anxious to be useful. But having neglected the cultivation of the voice and the manner of delivery, they enter upon their work sadly deficient in grace and ease of action, and in well-developed, clear

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intonations; and for lack of these they never attain any considerable standing as preachers, and much of which they acquired avails but little, for want of ability to present it with attraction.

"I hold it to be the duty of every man who is preparing to deliver God's message to dying men, to see to it that in tone and manner it be done in the best way to secure attention.

"A person intending to make public singing a profession will study for years to cultivate the voice to give it strength and volume, so that, if necessary, he can interest the largest audiences. Let me beg of you to consider the vast importance of a full, clear, pleasant voice, properly modulated, and without any unpleasant tone. A beautiful piece of music, performed upon a harsh, discordant instrument, loses all its beauties.

"The man who becomes confined to his notes can never make an attractive speaker. The times demand an easy, off-hand style of address.

"Don't wait until you can enter the pulpit before you learn to speak, but in the prayer-meeting and Sunday-School acquire an easy, familiar style of public address. If you would give the trumpet a certain sound, you must learn to use it.

"May God bless you and prepare you for turning many to righteousness, is the earnest prayer of

"Your friend,

"WILLIAM E. DODGE."

His interest in higher education is the more remarkable because he had not himself been graduated from any college. Men usually only value what they know from experience. But, after all, he was a scholar in the best sense. "When a young man," remarks an observant member of his own family, "by the careful use of time, especially in the evenings, he accomplished an unusual amount of solid reading in general literature, particularly in history, biography, travels, and theology. Throughout life he was a

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rapid and eager reader of newspapers, journals, and magazines; and of books bearing upon mercantile, philanthropic and religious topics. He had, moreover, the intellectual training which comes from daily and sharp contact with other minds in the competition of trade, and from continual grappling with large and intricate problems in lines of business or benevolence. This experience supplied a mental culture and a fund of knowledge as effective and ample, as any gained from classical studies or strictly literary pursuits."

How was it possible for this busy merchant to divide his attention so multifariously? To turn so rapidly from one consideration to another at the antipodes? To transact business for Earth and Heaven without confusion? The secret is found in two words, *adaptation* and *system*.

Adaptation.—There are too many round sticks in square holes. Not only comfort but success depends upon right adjustment. Fitness is to be considered. Almost every one has some special gift. If this be developed and geared to the work in hand, the result is ease and usefulness. Temperament and bias are the true fore-ordainers.

System.—Everything in its time, place, turn—this multiplies one person into many. It oils unnecessary and wearing friction out of work. On this plan, it is as easy and pleasant to deal with a thousand concerns as with a few.

To these qualities (which are attainable by all), Mr. Dodge added a rare executive faculty (which is a gift). He was a natural manager. Never was he happier, never more serene, than when engaged in

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bringing order out of chaos. He was master of the situation. *He* felt it and *you* felt it.

This fourth decade of Mr. Dodge's life was a period of political excitement. It opened with Andrew Jackson still (no, not *still*, but very noisy) in the White House. He made things lively. First, by his famous (and infamous) phrase: "To the victors belong the spoils!" which revolutionized the whole civil service, and made office-holding not a public trust, but the plunder of a looting army—a principle originating not with a statesman but with a soldier, which the nation is only just now beginning to discard; next, by his vigorous measures against nullification, in which he was grandly right, setting the example of resistance to treason so magnificently followed thirty years afterwards.

In 1844 Henry Clay was a candidate for the presidency, and was distanced in the race. The issues were the extension of slavery and the reduction of the tariff. The Whig party opposed both of these measures. But Texas came into the Union, and the tariff was attenuated almost to the point of free trade. Mr. Dodge was a Whig. He was interested enough to vote, but cared little for politics. He was preoccupied. With his nature and principles he ought to have been an Abolitionist. It is a spot on the sun-disc of his fame that he was not. Perhaps he thought he had irons enough in the fire without adding this red-hot poker. Anyhow, we are the creatures of our environment. He was a merchant as well as a Christian. Usually he combined the two in his character and conduct. In this matter, the merchant dominated the Christian. While Christianity (not as represented

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by the churches of that day, but as taught in the new Testament) said: "Let my people go!" Commerce whispered: "Hush! around about loom the Alps of slavery—a loud word will bring down the avalanche." Christianity said: "You are buying and selling men and women, making the family impossible, breeding children for the shambles, depriving immortal souls of a place here and of heaven hereafter—God will punish the inhuman traffic." Commerce responded: "Shylock is entitled to his pound of flesh—it is so nominated in the bond."

A few brave souls cried aloud and spared not. Mr. Dodge should have been among them. He lost a grand opportunity. But, to change Whittier a little:

> "No perfect whole can our nature make:
> Here or there the circle will break;
> The orb of life as it takes the light
> On one side leaves the other in night.
> Never was saint so good and great
> As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate
> For the plea of the devil's advocate,
> So, incomplete by his being's law,
> The marvellous *merchant* had his flaw."

For once, Mr. Dodge loved peace more than righteousness. He was willing to purchase fraternity (white fraternity) at the expense of justice. But peace and fraternity were impossible on that unholy basis. The government was built over a powder magazine. The spark of divine judgment was about to fall—the explosion was inevitable.

Later, the Christian dominated the merchant, and Mr. Dodge made a magnificent atonement.

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CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

WHO ever forgets a first visit to Europe? Who that has read history does not wish and purpose (God willing) to go where history has been made for two thousand years? In so far as scenery is concerned, it is not necessary to cross the ocean to find that. America has mountains as sublime as those of Switzerland—snow caps and all; and lakes as blue as Lucerne; and meadows as green as "merrie England." And where is there another Niagara? When it comes to vast continental stretches, why the little principalities that make up Germany would hardly yield territory enough for the outlying land of a cattle ranch in Texas. No; it is not mere physical geography that makes European travel a delight. It is the fact that over there history looks down on you from every hill; that each field was once reddened with blood, which has fattened the earth to produce the green sward—was the arena of some world-changing battle; that there is a romance in every ripple of every stream that runs laughing through the landscape. In this ramshackle building John Knox resided, and yonder, in old St. Giles, he called the unwonted blush to the cheek of Mary Stuart. Here Guttenberg, the father of the printing press, lived when he carved out his movable types, and gave

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birth to the "art preservative of arts." From these robber castles along the Rhine the licensed free-booters of feudalism descended to exact their ruthless toll (how far the world has travelled since then !). In that superb pile of buildings seated beside the placid Thames, and called the Houses of Parliament, the tournaments of debate have taken place—each knightly jouster cleaving an epoch with verbal sword or battle-axe. Congreve, the famous playwright, once said of a beautiful woman to whom he had been tenderly attached, that "to have loved her was a liberal education." So a European experience to a scholarly brain and an appreciative heart, is a liberal education. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge had long anticipated this voyage. In 1844 the anticipation was realized. Steam was yet in the experimental stage as applied to ocean navigation. Hence they embarked in a sailing vessel—the staunch ship "Ashburton." Both were already experienced travellers. The habit stood them in good stead on the Atlantic, the lady, however, proving, if any difference was manifest, the better sailor. The passage was uneventful, and, considering the lack of steam, rapid—twenty-four days. Mr. Dodge was, as usual, the life of the company. He had a remarkable faculty of making himself and everybody else comfortable in the most untoward circumstances. This unattended lady found in him a chivalrous cavalier; that sick baby a stalwart nurse. On shipboard, as on land, he was the friend of the friendless. Beautiful prerogative! the issue of a warm heart and humane spirit. Travel reveals character. He who is a gentleman then is a gentleman always — a gentleman clear through,

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not the veneered article. The word *genial* describes Mr. Dodge's manner. He had the power of adaptation. Those sailors in pea-jackets down in the forecastle, or scrambling through the rigging, felt as much at home with him (and this without any descent on his part to their level) as his accustomed associates did on 'Change or in the drawing-room. "Somehow," said he one day, "I get on with everybody. I easily find a point of contact." Why was this? Was it not due to his broad sympathies? There was no starch in him. He loved his fellows—took a genuine interest in them. They recognized this, little folks and big, and repaid it by an unswerving affection. It may well be doubted whether any one of his generation had a wider, a more miscellaneous, and a more attached circle of friends. What is it that the wise man saith? "If a man would have friends, he must show himself friendly."

On sighting the Irish Coast, and just at the entrance to the Irish Sea, the "Ashburton" was becalmed. "A pilot boat," remarks Mr. Dodge, "came out from old Kinsale; there was just a breath of air sufficient to move the little boat with its large sails. Quite a number of us made an arrangement to get on the pilot boat and go on to Kinsale, and thence through the country. Soon after we left the ship we found there wasn't wind enough for the boat even; and just as we got under the head of Kinsale, the tide began to run out swiftly (for it rises there thirty feet), and we had to lie all night under the headland in the tossing boat—a terrible night, too. Next day was the Sabbath. The sun rose in all its beauty, and at about seven o'clock we ran in with the tide to the

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little village of Kinsale. We were all tired, many of our friends had been sick during the night, and it so happened that each one of them had a most pressing excuse to go on. Some of them had never travelled on the Sabbath, but they were so situated that they must go on ; and particularly one lady, who had come out in charge of two girls, ten or twelve years of age, and she was very anxious, indeed, to keep on travelling. A gentleman and his wife from New York, Mrs. Dodge and myself, were all that remained. We had nice rooms in a little bit of a hotel, where we changed our clothing, washed ourselves, and got breakfast. We went to a beautiful little church, and had a delightful service. After service the young preacher, seeing us there as strangers, made us welcome ; and we attended service again in the afternoon. On Monday morning, as the coach came up, we found this young clergyman was to be our companion to Cork, and he said : 'Now, get up on top of the stage ; I know all the country, and will show you everything.' We had a charming ride of two days and two nights. But the second day, about ten o'clock, we stopped at one of the principal stage villages, and there on the platform stood every one of our poor fellow-passengers. There they stood ; and that poor woman with her two little children ! They had travelled day and night, had become tired, and waited for this coach to come along ; but there wasn't a seat to be had, and we left them there utterly forlorn."

The busy man of affairs was a scrupulous observer of the Lord's day. As a mere period of rest and change he held to its superlative importance ; much

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more as the market day of the soul. Abroad or at home he kept it holy. "Sabbath breakers," he was wont to say, "always lay up a loss."

Aside from the desire to see Cork, the third in size of the Irish cities, they were attracted thither by the wish to shake hands with Father Mathew, stories of whose wonderful doings had reached them in America.

In Father Mathew Mr. Dodge recognized a kindred spirit. True, he belonged to a church with which the Puritan New Yorker had little sympathy. But though he had no faith in the Roman Catholic system, he had a sincere regard for many Roman Catholic individuals, and a special admiration for this good priest. It was worth a pilgrimage to get into his presence.

Father Mathew was at this time in middle life and at the noon of his career. Of gentle birth, he had, according to his light, foresworn the world and given himself up to the service of God and mankind. He was born at Thomastown, Tipperary, in 1790; pursued his preparatory studies at Kilkenny; passed for awhile to the college of Maynooth; whence, in 1808, he went to Dublin, where he was ordained to the priesthood in 1814. Entering the Capuchin Order, he was sent to the Capuchin Church at Cork. His singularly charitable disposition, affability, eloquence and zeal, won the love of rich and poor. He founded schools for children of both sexes, and contributed to the correction of many abuses and indecencies connected with the burial of the dead, by establishing in Cork a cemetery modelled after *Père la Chaise*, in Paris, although less pretentious. His benevolence and heroism during the terrible cholera season of 1832 canonized him in the affections of the simple peasantry.

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But the great work of Father Mathew's life was the reformation he wrought in the social habits of his fellow countrymen, and which gained for him the title of THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE. He found the Irish the most drunken people in Europe. He came to hate the devil—alcohol—as the arch-enemy of thrift here and salvation hereafter—a feeling shared by every student of this appalling evil. Nor did he permit this sentiment to evaporate in unavailing regret. In 1838 he established a total abstinence society in Cork, which presently counted 150,000 adherents in that vicinity. As the work grew, he gave himself wholly up to it, and the lovely contagion spread over the Island. At Nenagh 20,000 persons took the pledge in a single day; at Galway 100,000 in two days; at Dublin 70,000 in five days. "It is difficult," remarks a judicious writer, "to give an exact estimate of the number of his converts; but a large proportion of the adult population of Ireland, without distinction of rank, creed, or sex, were in the number. So complete was the revolution in the habits of the people that many distilleries and breweries ceased from working."

Did his converts stand? Many went back when death removed their mentor (in 1856); but many continued faithful. Moreover, public opinion in Ireland touching the use of intoxicants was revolutionized. The results of the reformation are visible at the present day.

The views of Mr. and Mrs. Dodge on the subject of temperance so entirely coincided with those of Father Mathew that they drove at once to his door. He received them with Irish hospitality. After an

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interview of an hour or two, a servant entered the apartment and said to the good priest:

"The room is full."

Father Mathew invited them to go below with him. They entered a saloon which was crowded. The Father administered the pledge to each in turn, accompanying it with a medal, and giving to the ceremony a religious character. Then he addressed them simply, yet effectively, and commended them to the care of heaven. His American visitors were convinced that the secret of his miraculous success lay in the piety of the man, and in the piety he implanted in his adherents. It was Christianity in a new guise —nothing else.

The truth is, human nature cannot be made virtuous by machinery. Law may repress; it cannot reform. Here is the value of religion: it regenerates. He who puts off the old man and puts on the new man, gets a new motive, and so lives a new life. Moral suasion on the basis of Christianity works wonders. Law alone effects little. Statutes will never introduce the millennium. Certain reformers in our day mistake an ideal for a reform bill. Seeing a beautiful vision in the clouds, they sketch it, draft it, propose it as a legislative enactment, and expect to realize the millennium when it is passed. But we live in America, not Utopia. This is a government of public opinion, not of theorists. A statute in this country is not worth the paper it is written upon, unless behind it is a friendly and executive public sentiment. Therefore, the first effort of all practical reformers is, not to doctor the statute book, but to enlighten and quicken the individual conscience.

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This is done not by law but by religion. Out of a rectified public opinion law will come, and its enforcement will be certain. But a dead law is no law. You can do everything with a bayonet, except sit on it. The success of Father Mathew in Ireland, and of kindred agitators in America, may be attributed to the recognition of this truth—to a crusade under the banner of moral suasion and the Gospel.

Father Mathew invited his American friends to drive out with him to an Ursuline Convent in the suburbs, which they did, passing there some pleasant hours. In parting, Mr. Dodge extended a hearty invitation to the Irish reformer to visit America—an invitation which he accepted five years later, when he repeated in the new world his triumphs in the old. As these two men, so different in creed, so alike in spirit, shook hands and said good-bye, Mr. Dodge thought that if the test of apostolic descent is apostolic success, then surely Father Mathew must be in the line.

From Cork the travellers went by *diligence* (the European name for a stage coach) to Dublin.

After a day or two in the Irish capital the husband and wife crossed to Wales, carrying with them delightful recollections of Ireland—including the beggars, who, if persistent, were also picturesque.

Mr. Dodge had business relations with Wales, whence he imported vast quantities of tin. He tarried for a few days under the roof of Lewellyn of Lewellyn, the don of the neighborhood, who lived in regal style near his mines, and with whom he had transacted business for many years. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dodge were amazed at the Welsh extravagance

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in the use of the alphabet. The Welsh name of the manor house where they were entertained covered a whole line of Mrs. Dodge's note paper. Phonetic spelling in Wales would enable the inhabitants to save time.

In Liverpool Mrs. Dodge's eldest sister resided, she having married Mr. Daniel James, the third partner in the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., who had charge of the English branch.[1] Of course, therefore, their visit at the great British seaport was charming—a whiff of home in a foreign land.

From Liverpool they proceeded by railroad to London. Here they made many friends, whom they ever after retained, and were received and entertained almost royally. After business and social claims were satisfied, they gave up a good part of their time to sight-seeing. In the enjoyment of ample means and splendid health, and chaperoned by devoted friends who were *au fait*, they saw, under the best auspices, whatever was worth seeing.

The Sundays in London were days of special delight. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge heard the pulpit celebrities, conformist and non-conformist, high church, low church, broad church and hazy. They admired the English style of preaching; and found it, as a rule, more Biblical and practical than the American. Pulpit and pew seemed wide-awake. "What hymn would you suggest to go with my sermon, Professor Park?" asked a young Yankee preacher. "Well," was the reply of the Andover Jupiter, "I would sug-

[1] See page 70.

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gest, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'" "What do you think of my train of thought?" queried another. "Your train only needs a sleeping-car," was the cruelly candid answer.

Not that Mr. and Mrs. Dodge imagined the American pulpit to be fairly represented by these stories; far from it. But they thought the American style, in comparison with the English, was essayistic and metaphysical.

From London they went to Paris—a flying visit. But they found time to look about. The beauty of the French metropolis they acknowledged; its Sunday desecration, frivolity, and irreligiousness they lamented. What specially attracted their attention was the French habit (prevalent as well all over the continent of Europe) of making the house of God a military museum; each Cathedral being adorned with drums, swords, shields, the keys of captured cities, battle-flags, intermingled with sacred pictures, crucifixes, holy-water urns and religious paraphernalia, in one incongruous, indescribable medley; which suggested the idea of the church and the world off on a spree.

Of course, Mr. Dodge looked in upon the *Bourse*. Here he found himself at home. The *Bourse*, like the New York Stock Exchange, was as sensitive as a hysterical woman. The quotations went up like a rocket by the mere force of a rumor, and speculators in whose fertile brains the rumor originated, got into the saddle, took a gallop up hill and unloaded while there. Then the quotations went down with the speed of a toboggan, impelled by another rumor, and other speculators took a slide and made their pile on

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the way down. No wonder he thought himself back on Manhattan Island!

Returning to England, they embarked for home, which they reached duly and safely after an absence of four months.

Not only on this occasion, but whenever it was possible, and they found it possible when it had sometimes seemed impossible, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge travelled together. This old-fashioned couple never acquired the habit of being indifferently happy when separated, after the manner of some husbands and wives—a habit which is apt to exhale their early romance in the fetid atmosphere of the divorce court. Being one, they went hand in hand; and so continued to do until death struck him into the grave, and left her to weep alone.

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FIFTH DECADE.

(1845–55. ÆT. 40–50.)

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CHAPTER I.

SOURCES OF WEALTH.

EXHILERATED by the ozone of the Atlantic, with the tan of the ocean on his cheeks, Mr. Dodge kissed his children, received the welcome home of his relatives, and then threw himself with redoubled energy into his work. He divided his time, according to his habit, between business and benevolence. Rather, he carried these interests forward along parallel lines, turning from this to that with such rapidity that he seemed to give them simultaneous attention. This man had the *plus*, or positive power, which invariably accompanies success, and necessitates it. He had the secret of concentration—could swing his whole being into the accomplishment of the thing in hand. In dealing with nature, he transformed obstacles into helps. God brought this planet to order and beauty by the disengaging processes of fire and flood. So civilization is created out of rudimentary hindrances —out of coal, iron, steam, electricity. In dealing with human nature he pursued the same tactics. As alcohol and leaven, which represent putrefactive processes, are used in preserving animal tissues and nourishing animal life, so the eruptive and destructive forces in our being may become the servants of a purpose they otherwise would thwart.

Mr. Dodge set before himself the object of becom-

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ing wealthy. 'Tis a worthy object. It means—what? The enlargement of our nature, the multiplication of our powers. "Wealth," says a quaint writer, "begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn; in a good double-wick lamp; in three meals; in a horse, or a locomotive, to cross the land; in a boat to cross the sea; in tools to work with; in books to read; and so, in giving, on all sides, by tools and auxiliaries, the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it added feet, and hands, and eyes, and blood, length to the day, and knowledge, and good-will." Poverty is something to fly from. It stints the growth and usefulness of man. Christ bore it; but he bore it as he did other wretched conditions and surroundings of mortality—to show that it can be nobly endured. Man has within him outreaching propensities which it hurts him to curb. And, in fact, providence gives us no rest nor peace until we draw ourselves out of that state of deprivation and pain, in which we are dungeoned when poor. There is danger in wealth; true. But there is greater danger in poverty. The poor man walks from hour to hour along the slippery edge of temptation, and is in momentary danger of falling into the bottomless pit.

It has been shrewdly said that "the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot." Mr. Dodge was alert. He was ever ready to jump in where there was an opening. Nor did he repeat Micawber and "wait for something to turn up."

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He turned up something. Hence his affairs were forever expanding. The study of his career (as of that of any other financial magnate) shows that wealth is not a happy accident, but is the result of a nice adaptation of means to ends, and then of skillful supervision. Those who fall into a fortune soon fall out of it.

The knack of putting what has been useless out to service, and making it yield dividends, is another of the secrets of wealth. Electricity was lying around loose in the days of Moses, just as it is now, waiting to be tamed. Morse and Edison and Brush made fortunes, and helped the world forward by harnessing it. Steam is no stronger to-day than it was a thousand years ago. But Watt and Stephenson perceived its expansive powers, and then screwed it to the wheat crop, and so dragged bread into the market, and a fortune into their own pockets. Coal has lain in ledges under the ground since the flood. But its value lies in having it on the hearth and in the furnace. Thus it becomes a portable climate; and is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Are not those who made the discovery entitled to large profit? In enriching themselves, they blessed us all. The craft of the trader, then, lies in bringing things from the spot where they abound in useless quantities to the place of use and need, where they have value.

Phelps, Dodge & Co. were dealers in copper. They imported the raw material and worked it into marketable forms over here. A rolling-mill was early established in Connecticut, on the Naugatuck River, just out of the town of Derby. Soon a separate village grew up around this industry, which was incorporated and

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named Ansonia, after Mr. Anson G. Phelps. The number and variety of their manufactures increased with the lapse of time, until they grew into independent corporations representing millions of dollars. With their accustomed prevision, they planted a school and a church on either side of their mill. With the growth of Ansonia (it now numbers five thousand inhabitants) and the increase of industries, the educational and religious facilities have multiplied, until now the village abounds in schools and churches. Who can envy a prosperity which thus clasps to its ample bosom and lovingly nurses both mind and soul?

These importers were also early and largely concerned in the development of the copper mines of America. They helped to lay our railroads which should make them accessible. They supported missionaries on the frontiers where the miners delved. They are among the fathers of the Christian civilization which has belted Lake Superior, and peopled those former solitudes with happy labor.

The individual members of the firm were widely interested, as may be gathered from preceding chapters, in collaterals. They kept up a piercing look around and ahead. During the period now under review, Mr. Dodge visited the Lackawanna Valley in Pennsylvania. If there exists a richer mineral region in its kind on earth, it remains undiscovered. The practised New Yorker was quick to perceive its remarkable resources. He saw the earth fairly bursting with coal and iron ore. Early in the 'forties a couple of Connecticut Yankees, the brothers Scranton (George W. and Selden T.), entered this valley and founded the city which bears their name—a city

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which has risen in thirty years from a country cross-roads to be the third in size in the Keystone State. The Scrantons were in the day of small things. They had started an iron furnace and rolling-mill, but were hampered by the lack of capital. Coming to this hamlet, Mr. Dodge was introduced to these operators, who asked him to aid them to a loan of $100,000, to secure which they offered him a mortgage upon their property. He looked over the ground with care, was impressed with the prospective value of the investment, liked the men, and hastening back to New York, called a meeting of merchants at his office, and submitted his report. He suggested the formation of a company which should develop the valley, with Scranton as a center. Mr. Phelps was the first subscriber, Mr. Dodge was the second. Such was the beginning of the famous Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company. The one hundred thousand people whose homes are now in Scranton ought to put the statue of William E. Dodge in their public square.

Laying down the telescope, this indefatigable man took up the microscope, and looking through it saw some things at home which required attention.

For one thing, the clerks of New York were in want of an adequate library and reading room. Many of them came from households of narrow means. Unless some outside provision should be made, they were in danger of growing up in ignorance of those facts and fancies which books supply. Moreover, not a few of the young men who held clerkships came from the country, were residing in boarding houses, and sleeping in hall-rooms about as large as a Saratoga trunk —had to go out of the room to turn around. Their

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evenings must be seen to, or else they might float off to moral shipwreck on the lee-shore of the brothel and grog-shop. A commodious reading-room, always open, in which the daily and weekly journals and the magazines could be found at nominal cost, and where their fellows of similar tastes could gather, offered a hopeful prospect of relief. Accordingly, he bestirred himself. The Mercantile Library was formed. In 1853 it took possession of Clinton Hall, on Astor Place, where the main library and reading-room were domiciled. Mr. Dodge became a trustee, and was for a time treasurer. The institution answered, and continues to answer its purpose admirably. It now has 5,106 members. Upon its shelves are 223,968 volumes. The annual income is $30,349. It is one of the recognized sights and powers of the metropolis.

For another thing, Mr. Dodge discovered that municipal affairs were in a bad way. Through the preoccupation and consequent neglect of the better classes, the most concerned in good government, and from whose purses the most part of the taxes came, the city had fallen into the hands of political pickpockets and cut-throats. The City Hall was the headquarters of corruption. The departments were filled with heelers. The police force was composed of ruffians. The revenues rose in the treasury, flowed through the hands of the politicians, and emptied into the slums.

An indignation meeting was held in the winter of 1852. Mr. Dodge was among the speakers. He said:

"I appear before you, fellow-citizens, not so much to make a speech as to make a confession. For years I have been finding fault, and talking against the extravagant expenditures of our city government; at the same time I was so disgusted with the

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political management of our municipal elections that I was quite satisfied with simply voting the regular ticket of the party, without any knowledge of the men, or any feeling of responsibility in regard to them. If I am not mistaken, I am also describing the position of many others.

"As merchants we have been especially guilty in this respect. We have, perhaps, as a general thing, on our way down-town, stopped at the grocery where the polls were held, and deposited our vote; but few of us have taken any part in choosing right candidates and securing their election. This has been left to men who make politics their business, and who, as a rule, select officers pledged beforehand to carry out certain party measures, or to find places in the city departments for those who have been most active in the canvass, and if there are no places, to secure for them a good contract or an interest in some sale of city property. We need not wonder things have gone on so ruinously when men who have paid the bills have felt no responsibility to look after those who have expended the money. We pay our taxes to carry on the legitimate objects of city control and improvement, not to reward this or that man for political management. Every one in this house has a direct interest in securing an honest, economical city government. We all know that the real tax-payers are not the property holders only, but those also who occupy property, The poor man who sees his rent annually growing larger, may find the reason for it in this increase of taxes. The prosperity of our city is not to be promoted by making living dear, but cheap. A few years more of such public wastefulness, and we shall find other places around us growing up at our expense."

His interest in city affairs thus awakened and expressed never afterwards lapsed into indifference. At this time he devoted his means and influence to the correction of abuses. We shall find him, later on, again arrayed as the determined foe of municipal malfeasance.

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CHAPTER II.

CHANGES.

HOWEVER wise, enterprising, precautious a man may be, there are certain tremendous interruptions against which he can protect neither himself nor his loved ones. Accident, sickness, death will break in.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

This "divinity" the thoughtless call chance, and the thoughtful Providence. Under that Sovereign Sceptre, the law of life is a law of change. Time and vicissitude are inexorably united. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge had already recognized and bowed to this mysterious principle, once, twice, thrice, in their domestic affairs; for their nursery had been visited by the angel of death three times. They were now again, though differently, called upon to realize the uncertainty and instability of human things.

On the 23d of April, 1852, Mr. Dodge lost his father. The old gentleman was in his seventy-ninth year when he fell asleep. Reference has been made in an earlier chapter to his character. He preserved his faculties to the last, and, like Moses, "his eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated." Indeed, he was yet in active service, being an elder of the

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Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, and in constant attendance upon the meetings of the session, though his more worldly interests were laid aside. He lived to see his son in mid-career of eminence and usefulness. Those principles of diligence and exactitude in the discharge of duty, whether human or divine, which he embodied, he beheld reproduced and more illustriously exemplified in the splendid manhood now in its prime. Happy father! Happy son! For William E. Dodge could trace back his own efficiency in business and uprightness in moral character to the precepts and practice of his sire. He liked to relate an anecdote which showed the honorable nature of the elder Dodge. An opportunity once presented itself of purchasing a plot of ground on which stood a valuable mine, of the existence of which the owner was ignorant. He positively refused to profit by that ignorance, deeming it inconsistent with the Golden Rule. The son's appreciation of the father's scruples displayed their moral kinship. And now having committed the mortal part of the immortal to its final resting place, the son's next duty and welcome task was to care for and comfort his aged mother. He took her to his own home, and made it her home during the remaining years of her pilgrimage. Here everything that could be done for her comfort and cheer was eagerly attended to by him—an effort in which his wife lovingly coöperated. After all, filial piety is Christian piety. Alas! for the man or woman who shadows the last days, and chills the broken remnant of a parent's life by ingratitude and neglect! Blessed are he and she who are permitted to make an ungrudged place for father or

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mother beside their own hearthstone, and to kiss the tired eyelids down at last!

The next year (Nov. 20th, 1853) Mr. Anson G. Phelps was called to his last home. In this affliction Mr. Dodge was twice smitten—through his wife, whose father thus vanished from her sight, and through his own affections and interests with which the senior member of the firm was almost inextricably interwoven. This made *him* the senior, and threw upon him a seriously increased responsibility, while depriving him of the most capable and indefatigable of associates. For not only was he burdened with the care of the enterprises in which they had been jointly concerned (enterprises of immense outreach), but as he had been an executor of his late chief's estate, and as, under the will, the large part of his property was directed to be held together and not distributed until years later, he found himself under obligation to take on, in addition to his own diversified and exhaustive individual affairs, the management of another's concerns, always a difficult and delicate task; to one of his sensitive disposition, peculiarly so. That he was able to discharge this trust to the perfect satisfaction of the numerous heirs, speaks volumes for his capacity and for his conscience.

Mr. Phelps fell in the battle of life in his seventy-third year—fell on the battle-field. It is true that his health had been failing for several years, but he was able quite to the end to direct his business and aid his beneficiaries. He had the gratification of beholding the house he had founded, known and honored from Calcutta to San Francisco; of honestly amassing one of the largest fortunes of his generations; of ad-

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ministering this wealth with a lavish yet discriminating hand, and best of all, in his judgment, of seeing all his children gathered into the Christian fold, and started upon careers of usefulness and honor—careers which his grandchildren have continued.[1]

"From first to last," writes the late distinguished Professor Henry B. Smith, who knew him intimately, "he was a giver; at last in princely donations, but from the first in equal proportion to his means. The first twenty dollars he could call his own he gave to the support of an indigent student. The first sixty dollars he earned after he went into business for himself were given to the outfit of a missionary. With the growth of his estate his heart was also enlarged; and there was hardly an object of modern philanthropy to which he did not contribute freely."[2]

In his latter days he was an elder in the old Mercer

[1] His only son, Anson G. Phelps, Junior, did not inherit his mercantile talent. The young man had an interest in the firm, but never participated actively in the business. He was retiring and scholarly in his tastes and habits, with three passions—books, music and benevolence. His library was superb. He played the organ like a master. And the sums he gave away would aggregate a fortune. He followed his father to the grave in 1858.

The daughters of Mr. Phelps married well and happily. Of his grandchildren, several are widely and honorably known, viz.: D. Willis James, now of Phelps, Dodge & Co., and Anson P. and Boudenot C. Atterbury, the first a successful New York pastor, the second a missionary.

Mrs. Phelps, a strong and original character, and profoundly religious, survived both her husband and her son. She died in 1859, in her seventy-sixth year. One of the best of wives and mothers, her husband trusted her in all things, and her children rise up and call her blessed.

[2] A Memoir of A. G. Phelps, Jr., p. 30.

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Street Presbyterian Church—then the banner church in Christian work and benevolence in the metropolis, whose annual contributions for charitable and religious purposes rose to thirty thousand dollars. In its membership were honored judges of the courts, eminent advocates, distinguished alike at the bar and in political life, merchants whose plans reached to every continent, physicians of international reputation; most, or all, of whom Mr. Phelps counted among his friends. He left to his immediate family a regal fortune, while his outside bequests were, at that date, of almost unexampled magnitude, aggregating six hundred thousand dollars. [1]

[1] "He left to the American Bible Society, $100,000; to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, $100,000; to the American Home Missionary Society, $100,000; to the Union Theological Seminary, $5,000; to the Auburn Theological Seminary, $3,000; to the New York Institution for the Blind, $5,000; to the New York Half Orphan Asylum, $1,000; $50,000 to a College in Liberia (in case $100,000 were raised for the same purpose), for a theological department under the supervision of the Union Theological Seminary of New York; $1,000 to the Congregational Church in Simsbury, his native place; to the New York State Colonization Society, $5,000. Besides this he devised to each of his grandchildren living at the time of his decease, (numbering twenty-four,) $5,000, to be paid when they severally attained the age of twenty-one years, the interest of which was to be sacredly devoted to the spread of the Gospel.

"Not included in his will was a donation to his son of one hundred thousand dollars, made in a note, payable five years after Jan. 1, 1854; the interest of which sum was to be expended "for the spread of the everlasting Gospel," while the principal was to be securely invested, and at or before the son's decease to be divided equally between the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the American Bible Society."—*A Memoir of A. G. Phelps, Jr., by H. B. Smith, pp. 112, 113.*

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Mr. Dodge considered it among the happiest of his happinesses that he had been connected with such a man. His influence upon the junior partner's life is beyond estimation. His broad mind, his mental grasp, his quick decision, his large experience, his fervent piety, his attractive personality, his liberal habit, gave tone and direction to his son-in-law at an impressionable age—started him aright, and then guided him along the way. He felt that in losing him, he had lost another self. The world seemed lonelier, the path more difficult. His responsibilities were increased, his means divided. The fine quality of the man, the scope of his mercantile genius, is shown by the manner in which he measured up to the occasion.

In 1854, feeling the need of a change of scene after the excitement and strain of these readjustments, and combining business with pleasure, Mr. Dodge again crossed the ocean. His wife accompanied him. The tour was brief and uneventful, but they witnessed Queen Victoria's royal entrance into Paris on the occasion of her first visit to Napoleon III.—"Napoleon the *Little*," as Victor Hugo nick-named him, in contradistinction to the hero of Austerlitz and prisoner of St. Helena. The *great* Napoleon was little enough. He was one day searching for a book in his library, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Montcey, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying: "Permit me, sire, I am higher than your majesty." "You are *longer*, Marshal," replied the emperor with a frown.

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CHAPTER III.

IN THE COUNTING-ROOM.

Now, as Mr. Dodge takes his place as chief of his firm, it will be interesting to follow him through the routine of a business day. Any soldier looks martial on parade. How does he carry himself on the battle-field? Let us watch this merchant when under fire.

At this period of his life he left home at about half-past eight, and riding down town, sometimes in a buggy, oftener on horse back, reached Cliff Street at nine o'clock. Greeting his subalterns with a pleasant smile and a cheerful "good morning," (he was never too hurried to be polite), he entered his private office, seated himself, and at once began to open and read the mail placed by a clerk on his desk, and awaiting his arrival. It was always large. And miscellaneous, too; for, of course, these letters covered the whole field of his operations in business and benevolence. As he opens and reads them, he keeps up a brisk fusillade of questions and answers. Matters of importance are quickly disposed of, if he has some acquaintance with them; otherwise the communications are laid aside for more deliberate consideration. Simultaneously a Secretary is busily engaged in noting down "points" for answers caught from his lips. Then he outlines matters for the day, leaving to the juniors the task of giving his directions definite shape.

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Presently, a pile of checks is brought in to receive his signature. Dipping his pen in the ink, he begins to write what shall give them value, when a clerk announces the names or lays before him the cards of early visitors. Without pausing, he says:

"Show them in in the order of their arrival."

These callers are an invariable incident of the morning. They come from every whither, represent all varieties of interests, speculative and philanthropic, legitimate and illegitimate, American and foreign, and would like each one to occupy the entire forenoon in leisurely conversation. But time is too valuable for that.

In the treatment of these people Mr. Dodge's manner is a study. He is always courteous, singularly so for a man acting under such pressure. He is never ruffled, invariably motions the incomer to the chair beside his desk, and asks pleasantly:

"What can I do for you to-day?"

Often the reply is general, and the man goes off, or starts to go off, on a preliminary excursion. The merchant, in this case, brings him to the point with a polite incisiveness born of long practice.

"Mr. Dodge, I would like to occupy half an hour of your time in explaining a plan". . . .

"Half an hour!" breaks in the merchant. "I can give you just five minutes this morning. Please come right to the point."

Meantime, he goes straight ahead signing those checks. But the tone is so cordial that no offence can be taken.

It may be that the matter referred to him is quite outside his sphere.

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If so, it is summarily, but always kindly, dispatched, and the visitor is railroaded to the door—how, when, he does not exactly know. Only he finds himself there!

Next enters a fellow who proposes to do business with Mr. Dodge on the principle of the Irishman who came into a grocery and asked for a loaf of bread, which was accordingly placed before him. As if suddenly changing his mind, he declared that he would prefer a glass of whiskey. This he drank off, and, pushing the loaf towards the shopkeeper, was departing when demand of payment was made for the —whiskey. "Sure, and haven't I given ye the loaf for the whiskey?" "Well, but you didn't pay for the loaf, you know." "True, and why should I? Don't you see, I didn't take the loaf, man alive?" And away he walked, leaving the dealer in a brown study. But in cases of this kind Mr. Dodge was never "left." He had a short method with proposers of unworthy projects, and with them came as near brusqueness as his nature would allow. With illegitimate business of any kind, however promising, by whomsoever suggested, he had no dealings.

Other callers bring to his notice affairs connected with his proper line, and these are consulted with and variously satisfied. Then, perhaps, he is confronted by a professor who wants aid for his college, or by a clergyman who seeks help for his church, or by the secretary of a benevolent society who craves assistance on behalf of his organization, whose important work, etc., etc., etc. These are patiently, if briefly, heard, and aided or dismissed unaided, according to the case. In dealing with this class of objects, Mr. Dodge loved

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to give conditionally. If he had not much faith, he would say: "I will give you the last $1,000"—feeling quite sure that the first would not be forthcoming. If he wanted to provoke others to good works, and arouse effort (a favorite method with him), he would say: "I will be one of twenty to give such and such a sum."

Another of his callers craves a loan. Mr. Dodge seldom loaned money. He thought this would either cut friendship or else burden the applicant with the necessity of repayment. Hence, he preferred to give outright whatever amount he believed best, and thus clear at once his books and his memory.

Doubtless, on occasions of this kind, he sympathized with Douglass Jerold, who was once solicited by a gentleman for a subscription on behalf of a mutual acquaintance frequently in the market as a borrower of money: "Well, how much does he want this time?" "Why, just a four and two naughts will, I think, put him straight." "Very well," replied Jerold, "put me down to-day for one of the naughts!" But Mr. Dodge made special conscience of this matter. He always gave an applicant the benefit of a doubt, and occasionally bestowed, despite his suspicion. At the same time, though a generous, he was not an indiscriminate giver. True, he did not spend much time over it—could not. But he was a quick and accurate judge of character. He measured an applicant at a glance. Of course, he was sometimes deceived—who is not? As a rule, his judgment was excellent.

The last of his visitors this morning, calls his attention to a new religious cause—new to him. He is interested, he says:

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"My friend, I have certain moneys which belong to the Lord, and which I am to expend for him, according to my judgment. The cause you speak of has never before come to my knowledge. I will look into it. If an examination confirms your statement, I will send you a check."

His callers now being disposed of, he turns to consider the credits of the house. Here he is lynx-eyed and looks into every detail; methodical, too, and exact. The credit of Phelps, Dodge & Co. was dear to him as the apple of his eye—the true mercantile instinct. He watched it, guarded it, as a woman does her honor. Indeed, this *is* the honor of a man of business.

But see, the pointers on the dial yonder indicate high noon. It is time to visit Wall street, a daily event. Exchanges are to be inquired into, both home and foreign, and, later, letters are to be written correspondingly for the domestic mail and for the European steamer which sails to-morrow. This is now unnecessary. The cable brings the markets of the world into every counting-room. But we write of a time before the telegraph had made Europe and America next-door neighbors.

Mr. Dodge leaves the office and walks with elastic step down to the New York Rialto. He is not a Shylock, but he has to deal with many who are closely related to that exacting manipulator. He visits one or two of the banks on this errand, runs into the Chamber of Commerce, and spends a few moments in the office of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company. Having grasped the financial situation, he next hurries into a restaurant and snatches a bite or two,

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standing. Lunch was about the only important duty that Mr. Dodge habitually hurried and slighted. He was a transgressor here. It is a wonder that he did not wreck his digestion. Nothing saved him but a unique power of endurance. He confessed his sin, but went on sinning—like the herd of sinners. In this regard his example is bad and unworthy of imitation. A man, and particularly a man whose brains are his tools, owes it to his health to take time for his meals, and to order them with careful method. The business of America is transacted by dyspeptics. The reason? Hasty and hap-hazard lunches! They are wiser in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna. We should not live to eat; but we should eat to live.

Quitting the lunch-counter, Mr. Dodge attends one or two meetings of business boards in which he is a director, participating in the discussion and helping to decide their policies. He is back in his office by two o'clock. From this hour until three or four o'clock he devotes to the writing of letters, postponed from the morning and now shaped agreeably to the intelligence gleaned on Wall Street; and to the tying up of those numberless and nameless odds and ends which active trade is forever untying.

At four o'clock he says: "good afternoon, gentlemen," to the Cliff Street inmates, and walks briskly out to attend a committee meeting of the "National Temperance Society," whence he speeds to sit with a committee of the "American Bible Society." He reaches home worn in body and jaded in mind at six o'clock, after being on the rack for nine mortal hours.

The horse he rides, or drives, down-town in the

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morning, and up-town in the afternoon, has an easier day than his master.

As a business man, Mr. Dodge was prompt. He let nothing lag. In Central America they have a saying, "Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow." His precept and practice were the reverse. Every day, as far as possible, he cleared the docket. He often repeated, and always exemplified the maxim of Chesterfield: "Dispatch is the soul of business."

He was systematic. He knew that system lengthens the hours, and brings order out of chaos. As, according to Pope's trite line, "Order is heaven's first law," so also is it the first law of business. This he never tired of impressing upon his clerks.

He was absolutely honest. No one can truthfully lay a finger upon any transaction of a crooked nature in which he ever consciously engaged. He had a fine scorn of artful and underhanded ways and means. He was chivalrous in this regard, and gave rather than took advantage—like Bayard or Sidney, who ceded to an adversary in jousting the benefit of wind and sun. "Give value, gentlemen," he used to say, "give value."

He was a believer in men—not always in *esse*, but in *posse*. "What loneliness," queries George Eliot, "is more lonely than distrust?" He recognized the Divine capabilities of human nature. Every man was to him a son, and every woman a daughter of God, by creation and by possible recreation. Hence, although dealing with all varieties of people, driven to see the innate selfishness of all and the devilishness of some, he preferred to fix his eyes upon their

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better traits. As Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, transformed his most unruly boys into docile pupils by putting them on their honor, so he trusted men, made them understand that he did, and thus made them trustworthy. In a word, the religious character of Mr. Dodge conditioned, impregnated his method of doing business, gave it tone, and made it an apostleship.

Since those days, a new and stupendous firm has opened shop—the firm of Man, Steam, Electricity & Co. Business has been revolutionized. As the steamer replaced the "packet" ship, so the telegraph has displaced the steamer. Steam itself is now too slow. We write by lightning. We speak from New York to Boston, to Philadelphia, to Chicago along the telephone. We already send packages through pneumatic tubes, and will presently travel in the same way—dining in Europe and supping in America on the same day. There is no foretelling where or when the march of improvement will stop, nor what further changes it will introduce. Mr. Dodge himself aided, as has been recorded, in starting, and joined in first using, several of these terrific benefactors. They made his counting-room a very different place when he left it from what it was when he entered it—nothing the same save the material he handled. But he was a man of mettle as well as a metal man. He kept step to the *crescendo* music of progress, touched elbows with those in the front rank, and said not "go on," but "come on!" He did not resemble that captain of militia in the civil war who ordered his company to charge, and then got behind the nearest stone wall to see how it worked. The charge he ordered, he led.

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SIXTH DECADE.

(1855–65. ÆT. 50–60.)

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CHAPTER I.

VARIOUS EXPERIENCES.

MR. DODGE was now in the prime of life, in the enjoyment of excellent health, and crowned with commercial honors. These usually come not as aids to, but in recognition of, success. They are diplomas of position.

In 1855 he became a member of the Chamber of Commerce, with which his late father-in-law and partner, Mr. Phelps, had connected himself thirty years earlier. This body was organized in 1768. Upon its rolls are the names of the most eminent merchants of the metropolis in each decade. Its history is the history of New York enterprise and dominance in business. It has long been the most influential mercantile society on this side of the water—a collective potentate swaying a sceptre unquestioned within its realm. Class honors are always welcome honors to members of the class. When, therefore, not many twelve months after he entered it, Mr. Dodge was elected First Vice-President and then President of the Chamber of Commerce, his preëminence was certified by his own set. But his value to commerce, however great, is not to be compared with his value to man. May it not be better said that it is this double value which places him upon a unique and enviable pedestal? Other

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men have equalled him in business. Other men have equalled him in philanthropy. Where is his equal in both?

He was now residing on Murray Hill, in the center of the Knickerbocker Belgravia. He built the house, a grand, roomy, double mansion, and fronted it upon Madison Avenue, which, since the invasion of Fifth Avenue by trade, has become the thoroughfare of the *élite*. Here in "Dodge Hall," as his home came to be named, surrounded by all the appliances and conveniences of wealth and metropolitan culture, he was to spend the remaining years of his life.

In 1857 he became a life-member of the New York Historical Society, whose title suggests its object and the character of its *clientele*. The meetings of this body he frequently attended and enjoyed. His own tastes and reading ran strongly in the direction of history and biography (which is a department of history). A shrewd student of his own times, he availed himself of any opportunity to acquaint himself with other times.

His study of the past and knowledge of the present made him hopeful. His temperament and Bible would have done this anyhow. Men are hopeful or despondent largely according to temperament; and for the rest according to standpoint. Viewed from one side, things appear to be going from bad to worse. Viewed from the other side, all life is seen to be a development out of darkness into light. Both views are important. But since God lives and reigns, it should seem that upward and onward must be the law of Providence. Milton's picture of the lion at the creation, with head and fore-feet disentangled from the

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soil and "pawing to get free his hinder parts," exactly images the condition of the world to-day. Affairs often seem worse than they were because they are not better than they are. Our moral sense is keener now than ever before. We see evils where our fathers saw virtues—or nothing at all. Mr. Dodge could never be persuaded that popular government, free schools, abounding churches, annually increasing thousands of Christians, the dawn of the layman's age, "science lighting her torch," in Lord Bacon's phrase, "at every man's candle," the better homes, and purer social life of the nineteenth century—were so many clean victories for the devil. He scouted the notion that the railroad has backed us into the dark ages. He did not take a dose of optimism as an opiate and doze off to sleep. He knew he had a duty to perform. But his hopefulness led him to throw himself into religious and benevolent work with untiring energy. He felt that he was on the winning side. He was wont to quote the Biblical question: "If God be for us who can be against us?" So he continued to reside on the sunny side of the street of life.

In 1858 business and family ties combined to call Mr. and Mrs. Dodge to Europe once more. Heretofore circumstances had limited their travels to Great Britain and France. On this occasion, having more time at their disposal, and aided by railroads, they extended their tour. One of Mrs. Dodge's sisters, Mrs. William B. Kinney, was residing in Italy, her husband being the United States *chargé d'affairs* at the Court of Turin. Their official state enabled them to chaperon the tourists through Italy delightfully.

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While acknowledging the charms of the Continent, the merchant and his wife agreed in preferring England, of which they were very fond, and where they felt almost as much at home as in America.

On returning to New York, Mr. Dodge found that important interests required his attention at the South. He started, with Mrs. Dodge at his side, and attended by quite a retinue of friends. The party reached a junction a few miles out of Charleston, in South Carolina, on a Saturday night, too late to get into the city. But they were told that they could run in on Sunday. This did not at all agree with the habits of Sunday observance preached and practiced by these Puritans. They resolved to spend the Lord's day there at the junction; not an attractive spot, but more attractive than divine law breaking, they thought. There was a wayside inn just large enough for their accommodation. On Sunday morning the New Yorkers held a service in the dining-room. Many negroes crowded to the door and windows, attracted by the singing. Some of these, when the meeting closed, asked Mr. Dodge to open the dining-hall to them for evening worship. He gladly consented and led the meeting. After a few remarks and a prayer, he threw it open, and the blacks carried it forward in hallelujah measure. Their weird melodies, their forms swaying to the cadence of the music, their fervent prayers, broken in upon and emphasized by the "amens" and "bless de Lords" of the sympathetic congregation—all made a picture which the memory framed and treasured. The emotional nature of the negro race leads them into affiliation with the more emotional churches. They love to be where they can

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explode their feelings in ejaculations. One old man, a Presbyterian elder, and the only one in the whole region, thus expressed it: "We's Methodists and Baptists by *nature* and only Presbyterians by *grace!*" Mr. Dodge quite won the hearts of these poor slaves by his unaffected kindness; and on Monday when he and his party were about to take the train, an old colored "aunty" voiced the feelings of her people in a benediction:

"De Lord bless yer, Mas'r Dodge, all de way from dis 'airth to heaven!"

That blessing, trembling from those poor black lips, meant more and would go further than many more pretentious ones.

Mr. Dodge loved to transact business for God at the same time that he transacted business for himself. Travelling often and over long distances as he did, he always devoted the Sunday to religious uses. His first inquiry was invariably for the nearest church, and his next was after the Sunday-School. Few were the Sundays which he spent away from home, when he did not address the children in the afternoon, and work up and work in a meeting for temperance in the evening. His pockets were a tract repository. He had a leaflet in a man's hand before he knew it; and could wind down in a conversation from business to religion so easily and naturally that there was no sense of abruptness, no disagreeable contrast, no appearance of lugging the subject in. The transition seemed timely and proper, as he managed it, and was a most effective method of preaching the Gospel.

On this very trip one of the party with the Dodges was a gentleman who had no church leanings or long-

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ings. But the experience of this tour, the evident earnestness and sincerity of Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, their honest attempt to live what some only talk, so wrought upon him, that on coming back to New York he became a Christian. Is not the unconscious influence which comes from an upright and downright life the most convincing and convicting of all?

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CHAPTER II.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THIS is a biography of William E. Dodge, not a history of his times. No effort has been made to go further in the portrayal of public affairs than might be essential to the appreciation of his career. But as he was in some sense a public man, keenly alive to current events as well as current prices, and eminently public spirited, and as he was affected by and helped to affect his times, it is now necessary to summarize the national situation.

The Southern States of the Union were at this date slave-holding—an inherited curse. The Northern States had shaken off this curse, also inherited by them, and were free. The South held slavery to be a benign institution with a Divine sanction. The North considered it an economic mistake; and an ever-enlarging number viewed it as a gigantic iniquity. The South was aristocratic. The North was democratic. The South believed and proclaimed that capital should own labor. The North regarded labor as honorable, and the laborer as worthy of his hire. The South was chronically eager and greedy to enlarge the slave-holding area, and saw, with dismay, the rapid growth of the North in numbers and wealth. The North recognized the fact that slavery existed in the South by Constitutional sanction, consented

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(though with a growing protest) to its right to be where it already was, but insisted that it should spread no further. The South was predominantly agricultural, with a large leisurely and educated class habituated to govern, and intent upon continuing to rule. The North was an industrial bee-hive, buzzing with various industries, and willing to be governed, if the South would only keep quiet and let it attend to business. The South was the spoiled child of the national household, lording it at Washington. The North was the family drudge, and paid the bills. The South had the courage of its convictions—knew what it wanted, and wanted it with a will. The North was timid and subservient for many disgraceful years—reminds one of Sterne's donkey, whose pitiful attitude seemed to invite abuse, and say to each passer-by: "Don't kick me. But if you choose to, you may; it is perfectly safe!"

For a long time two great parties divided the country—the Democratic (so-called) and the Whig. Both were pro-slavery; the Democratic increasingly and the Whig decreasingly so. Of the two, the Democratic was the larger and more dominant; made so by its Southern constituency, where it outbid its rival in servility to the lords of the plantation.

Meantime, the tide of anti-slavery feeling in the North was rising to the flood, caused by a conscientious conviction of the sinfulness of slavery, by the unceasing efforts of the slave-holders to fasten the curse upon virgin territory, and by the insolence of the Southern oligarchy. This sentiment, however, was not yet abolitionist, except in individual cases. But it was increasingly determined.

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In America, the instinct of any strong feeling is to organize for political action. Naturally. For here the ballot is a human omnipotence. Every voter is a sovereign. He can vote up or vote down what he will. In Europe discontent is driven to be revolutionary. Banned by law, under police surveillance, it is compelled either to submit or to conspire and explode bombs. There is no constitutional vent. The volcano is without a crater.

> "We have a weapon firmer set,
> And better than the bayonet;
> A weapon that comes down as still
> As snow flakes fall upon the sod,
> Yet executes a freemen's will,
> As lightning does the will of God."

To this tremendous weapon the anti-slavery sentiment of the North at last resorted. In 1848 the "Free Soil Party" was organized. Its name indicated its purpose. It voiced the resolve that no more slave States should be admitted into the Union. Its maiden vote was ridiculously small—so small that the rage provoked by its organization exploded in a laugh. But its founders had come into the political arena to stay. They thought, if they did not say, that "they laugh best who laugh last."

In the presidential election of 1852 the Democratic candidate, Franklin Pierce, a Northern man with Southern principles, was successful. His election dissolved the Whig party. Through these years the anti-slavery feeling in the Whig party had been rapidly developing; and when that party went to pieces the Southern Whigs went over into the Demo-

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cratic camp, while the Northern Whigs, in large numbers, demanded the organization of a new party on the basis of a constitutional resistance to the slave power. The leaders of the Free Soil Party saw the propriety of not requiring these converts to enter a body with which they had been in antagonism. Accordingly, a new party was formed, and adopted the name of "Republican." Its first convention met in Philadelphia on the 17th of June, 1856, and nominated John C. Fremont as president. The Democratic candidate was James Buchanan, who was elected; but only after an earthquake canvass, which shook the continent.

The slave question was now the paramount subject of national consideration. It convulsed politics. It invaded and disturbed commerce. It tore asunder the great religious denominations. It thundered and lightened in the press. It divided families. Every effort to organize a new territory and admit a new State was an occasion for bitter discussion. The attempt to enforce an infamous statute called the "Fugitive Slave Law" (by which it was sought to force back into the hell of slavery any runaway bondman who might reach the North), added fresh fuel to the flames.

Come down to 1860. In the autumn of this year four political parties took the field, and joined fierce battle. These were the Republican party, with Abraham Lincoln as its standard bearer; the Democratic party, now hopelessly split into two warring factions, the one led by Mr. Breckenridge, a Southern fire-eater, the other by Mr. Douglas, an adroit Northern politician, with no particular principles, and the

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Union party, with Mr. Bell at its head—a political cave of Adulam, into which those men had run who had fallen out of conceit with the other parties, and yet felt it necessary to go somewhere.

The Republican party carried the day.

Then chaos came again. The Southern leaders still in office at Washington, (four months elapse between an election and the advent of a new administration), plundered the national treasury, scattered the navy to the four quarters of the globe, plundered the arsenals, stole most of the forts, demoralized the army—and then seceded from the Union. If they could not rule they were determined to ruin. The animated effigy who masqueraded as president and bore the dishonored name of Buchanan, saw all this, and permitted it. He claimed that he was only a public "functionary" with no authority to coerce a sovereign State. He was the despicable tool of the South, used by those artificers of disunion and then thrown away in disgust.

Public affairs were like a fog-bank over which the thunder rumbled and rent by flashes of lightning.

In the midst of this turmoil, Mr. Dodge went on as best he could with his business and with his philanthropies. Of course, his attention was often and anxiously attracted to the battle of the giants. But he held aloof, in so far as he could, until forced by conscience and events to take part in it. His position was like that of the Quaker whom the poet describes:

> "In the silent protest of letting alone,
> The Quaker kept the way of his own;
> A non-conductor among the wires,
> With coat of asbestos, proof to fires."

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Only *his* coat was not quite fire-proof. He had been a Whig, with anti-slavery tendencies. He was very much interested in the Colonization Society, and deemed it best to get the blacks out of the country—off at a safe salt sea distance. The absurdity of expatriating three millions of people striking root in American soil two centuries deep, he saw eventually, but not at the start. Afterwards, he used to say, with a laugh: "Why, all the shipping of the world would not suffice to ferry half of them to Africa!" Strange, that this physical impossibility of Colonization should not sooner have punctured the bubble.

Mr. Dodge sympathized with the struggle to keep slavery out of the territories. He looked upon that system as an evil, but an evil which God would remove in some way, at some time—forgetting that God works through human instrumentalities. He loved the Union, knew its value, and feared the agitation of such a burning question would disrupt it. Hence he favored prudence and quietude. Then, too, he knew and was attached to many Southerners, and these social and business ties blinded his judgment and controlled his feelings. He did not perceive as early as he might have done, the fact to which Mr. Seward called attention, that there was, must be, an "irrepressible conflict" between two systems so radically different as slave labor and free labor. Moreover, he was a merchant. The spirit of commerce is cautious and conservative. Traders are seldom reformers. His course is not to be wondered at. Indeed, it would not provoke comment were it not at variance with his position towards kindred humanities. No doubt he quieted his conscience in this matter by his

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interest in the Colonization Society and the Republic of Liberia, from which he hoped great things, never realized. It must be confessed that he was not as brave and uncompromising before King Cotton as he was before King Alcohol.

In the presidential contest of 1860, he was attracted at the outset to the Union party. He knew and liked the candidates. Mr. Bell, who had been nominated as President, was a thoroughly respectable nonentity. Mr. Everett, the nominee for Vice-President, was a gentleman, a scholar, an orator, at home at a college commencement, very much abroad in politics. The sounding platform of the Union party, consisting of a single phrase, "The Constitution of the Country, the Union of the States, and the Enforcement of the Laws," appealed to his patriotism. But as the canvass proceeded his eyes were opened. With his wonted candor he went straight over into the Republican party. He voted for Abraham Lincoln.

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CHAPTER III.

EFFORTS FOR PEACE.

ALTHOUGH he had identified himself with the Republican party, Mr. Dodge, in the nightmare months that followed the presidential election of 1860, continued and redoubled his efforts for peace. Public opinion on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line was steadily drifting towards hostility. But with his accustomed hopefulness he believed it possible even yet to find a panacea for the national distemper. He did not easily grasp the irreconcilable character of the differences which divided the North and the South. Time and events, inexorable but capable school-masters, had still to teach him that this was a contest between feudalism and liberty, between Cavalier and Puritan, between barbarism and civilization. Meantime, he needed all these anxious endeavors after pacification to make the welcome he gave the war when it began hot and hearty. There is no fighter so stern as he whose friendly overtures have been contemptuously rejected.

In January, 1861, the New York Chamber of Commerce appointed a committee of twenty-five to present a memorial to Congress, then in session, praying for the speedy adoption of measures of settlement. Of this committee Mr. Dodge was a prominent and influential member. Bearing the memorial, signed

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by thirty-eight thousand persons, these gentlemen hurried to Washington, where Mrs. Dodge joined her husband. These two were always together, if it could be compassed, and especially in moments of perplexity and danger. He rightly regarded this clear-minded, true-hearted woman as his best counselor. Many and anxious were now their private conferences.

First, the committee met the Congressmen from the Border States, which were balancing between inclination and interest. Interest said, remain in the Union. Inclination said, follow the Gulf States into secession. Next the deputation conferred with the Republican Senators and Representatives. Both were urged in the name of trade, patriotism and humanity to agree upon some compromise.

Let us unfold a Washington newspaper of that date and read its report of the remarks made by the Cliff Street magnate at one of these meetings:

"Mr. William E. Dodge, whose name has been so long and honorably associated with the mercantile fame of New York, said that after coming here the Committee realized that they had undertaken a most difficult and embarrassing office. They had almost felt, in the great variety of opinions expressed, and the slight feeling of unanimity existing here, that their mission was a hopeless one. But when we go back upon the avenues of commerce and of trade, upon Wall Street and upon 'Change,' our fellow-citizens will meet us at every turn with the anxious inquiry, 'What news do you bring us? Is there any hope?' and we fear by our uncertain replies we shall only add to the gloom which already darkens our homes. After a long night's sleepless and intense thought, he had resolved to counsel friends of the Committee to hold a consultation, first with the members of Congress from the Border Southern States, to

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ascertain what they actually want and desire, and next to consult with the Republican members, to discover whether they are willing to meet the Border representatives fairly, and to declare that they had done all that can be done. We have done so, and we are here to know what response you are willing to make the forty thousand citizens of New York whom we represent. Some of our friends who have visited Washington have told us that 'nothing can be done; that the Republican members cannot possibly bend from their position.' He assured them that in the bosom of the signers of that monster petition there existed the highest patriotism, the most devoted love of the Union. It was well known and recognized by every man at the North, that if we had only had the proper courage and determination at the head of the Government when the trouble first began, we should not now have to deplore the present calamitous crisis. He illustrated, by a beautiful and striking figure, taken from the burning of a house, the gradual process of secession. First, the people did not believe any State would go. South Carolina went, and people said, 'That will be all; let her go.' Then Georgia, Alabama, and the others followed in rapid succession; and the danger is now that the whole fifteen may also go. So, said the speaker, the edifice (glorious edifice, too) takes fire. Two parties of firemen stand on either side with folded arms and speculate on the probable progress of the flames. One party says, 'Why, it is beginning to catch the shingles; but it won't go any further.' Soon the roof falls in, and the other party says, 'Why don't you put on the water?' The reply comes back, 'The roof isn't of any account; better let it go; the fire won't go any further.' And still not a drop of water goes to stay the conflagration. Story after story burns, and the danger is that not even a beam or timber may remain to indicate the spot where the noble edifice stood."

Early in the month following (February) what became known as the "Peace Congress" assembled in the Capital. It met in response to the invitation

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of Virginia, and had for its object the arrangement of some basis of agreement between the North and the Border States, which should hold these latter and still undecided commonwealths in the Union. This body was composed of Commissioners, specially appointed by the twenty-one States taking part in it, of which fourteen were free and seven were slaves. Mr. Dodge was one of the ten gentlemen accredited by the Legislature of New York. The sessions of this body were numerous, prolonged, and often angry. Our merchant advocated a compromise consisting of four items, viz.: The acquisition of no more territory save by the consent of a majority of the Senators from both sections; non-interference with slavery where it was already established; the seizure and rendition of fugitive slaves whenever recaptured—or if their recapture were prevented by violence, the payment of the value of the bondman out of the United States treasury; and the prohibition forever of the foreign slave-trade.

In support of this programme Mr. Dodge spoke often and well. Coming, as he did, from the Commercial Emporium, representing vast and imperilled interests, personal and national, and with a noble life behind his words, what he said found ready audience. From one of his speeches made on the floor of the "Peace Congress" we quote a number of sentences which give a valuable and interesting description of the state of affairs at the moment:

"In the delegation to which I belong I find many shades of opinion. I respect the views of my brother delegates. It is not for me to assume to sit in judgment upon them. I give each of them credit for the same honesty and integrity which I

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claim for myself; and if I happen to differ from them, I hold that such divergence naturally arises from the different paths of life we pursue, and which may lead us to take opposite views of the same subject. The Conference has listened to the arguments of political and professional men; will you now hear a few words from those who have hitherto been silent here, but who have deep and abiding interest in the happiness and prosperity of the country and in the preservation and perpetuity of the American Union?

"I speak to you as a business man, a merchant of New York. Words cannot describe the stagnation which has now settled down upon the business and commerce of that great city, caused solely by the uncertain conditions of the questions we are here endeavoring to settle.

"Had not Divine Providence poured out its blessings upon the West in an abundant harvest, and at the same time opened in foreign lands a new market for that harvest, bringing it through New York in transit, our city would now present the silence of the Sabbath. In Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, merchants are not ordinarily listless and unenterprising. They are accustomed to the bustle, the excitement, the responsibilities of trade. Hitherto they have seen their places of business crowded with buyers. Not infrequently their clerks have had to labor by night to select and send off goods sold during the day. When business is good and driving, wealth and comfort are not only secured to the merchants and dealers in the great cities, but general prosperity is indicated in the districts to which the goods are transmitted. How is it to-day? Go to the vast establishments of these commercial cities. The spring trade should be just commencing. What will you see? The heavy stocks of goods, imported last autumn, or laid in from our own manufactories, remain upon the shelves untouched. No customers are there, or the few who do come are there, not as buyers, but as debtors, seeking to arrange for extensions. The merchants in despair are pouring over their ledgers, checking off the names of insolvent customers; and each day's mail increases the list. Clerks sit

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around in idleness, reading the newspapers, or thinking of wives and children at home, who if they are discharged will go unclad and hungry. All alike, employers and employed, are looking anxiously—I wish I could say hopefully—to Congress, or to this Conference, as the source from which help may come. Tens of thousands of this class all over the country must in some way have relief, or their ruin is inevitable. The same is true of that other class, numerically larger, and certainly not less worthy of our regard—the mechanics and day-laborers, and all dependent upon them. If something is not done to start again the wheels of commerce and trade, what is to become of them? And New England, lately the workshop of the South and West, and growing rich by traffic, what is her condition to-day? The noise of the loom, the rattle of the shuttle, have ceased in many of her factories, while others are gradually discharging their operatives and closing their business. No one acquainted with the facts will deny that the whole land is on the eve of a disastrous financial crisis, unless we can do something to avert it. What is it that has thus arrested the ordinary movements of commerce? What has driven from the markets of the North customers once so welcome? It is because confidence is lost. The North misunderstands the South; the South misunderstands the North. I am not here to discuss constitutional questions—that belongs to gentlemen of the legal profession. I am here as a merchant. I venerate the Constitution and its authors as highly as any member present; but I do not venerate it so highly as to induce me to witness the destruction of the Government, rather than see the Constitution amended or improved. I know the people of this country. They value the Union; they will make any sacrifice to save it. They will disregard politics and parties; they will cast platforms to the winds, before they will imperil the Union.

"I regret, Mr. President, that the gentlemen composing the committee did not approach these questions more in the manner of business men. We should not have sacrificed our principles, but we should have agreed. We should have brought our minds together as far as we could—have left open as few

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questions as possible, and these we should have arranged by mutual concessions. I love my country and its government. My heart is filled with sorrow at the dangers threatening it. I came here for peace; the country longs for peace; and if the proposed amendments now presented will give us peace, my prayer is that they may be adopted."

We are not to understand that the compromise supported by Mr. Dodge met his full approval. Far from it. It was his olive branch, held out with the view to escape from what he believed to be greater and more immediate dangers. But moderate measures are always voted down in revolutionary times. The Girondists in the French revolution were crushed between the King and Jacobin. If, as Macauley claims, "the essence of politics is compromise," then the time for compromise is before, and long before, the outbreak. Besides, compromise when human rights are at issue, is the devil's gospel. The basis of settlement which Mr. Dodge proposed did not even satisfy the "Peace Congress." It was scouted outside. It was too pro-slavery for the North. It was not pro-slavery enough to please the South—not even the Border States. Down in Secessia it was a chip on the Niagara rapids of passion. In truth, all these efforts for peace were like seeking to quiet Vesuvius in eruption by pouring laudanum out of a two-ounce vial into the roaring crater.

Events hurried on. The new President arrived in Washington. "During the sessions of the 'Peace Congress,' Mr. and Mrs. Dodge occupied rooms at Willard's Hotel," writes a member of the family. "Their apartment happened to be one of the most desirable in the house. Late one evening the proprie-

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tor came and begged them to relinquish their rooms in favor of Mr. Lincoln, who was suddenly expected, having consented, at the entreaty of friends, to enter the city secretly by a night train. This course was deemed indispensable for Mr. Lincoln's safety, as there was reason to believe that the mob in Baltimore was to be incited to violence on his anticipated passage through that city. The next morning, before Mr. Dodge was fully dressed, the younger son of Mr. Lincoln knocked at the door of the apartment to which they had removed, and said that his father was anxious to have an interview with him. On joining the president-elect, Mr. Dodge found him busy over his inaugural address; but this was at once thrown aside, that inquiries might be made respecting the progress and probable results of the discussions at the Peace Conference, then nearly ready to close its sittings. After a lengthened conversation, as Mr. Dodge arose to go, he said: 'Mr. Lincoln, the prayers of many hearts were with you before you started upon this journey, they accompanied you all the way here, and they will follow you as you enter upon your administration.' Tears filled Mr. Lincoln's eyes, and grasping both of Mr. Dodge's hands, he replied, with deep emotion, 'Thank you, thank you.' That evening Mr. Lincoln gave a public and cordial reception to all the delegates of the Conference."

Mr. Lincoln's social blandishments were no more successful than Mr. Dodge's appeals. The rush of affairs continued. The waters were out, and soon it was apparent that swords must construct the dam.

During the interview just mentioned between the president-elect and Mr. Dodge, the former said some-

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thing which made a deep impression upon the latter, so that he remembered and repeated it, and it has since gained wide currency. Referring to the outcry in the "Peace Congress," and elsewhere, against the coercion of a State, made by those who professed a desire to maintain the Union, he asked: "Would it be coercion if the Government should retake its own forts, collect the duties on foreign importations and enforce the laws? Would this be resisted as coercion? If so, then their idea of the means to preserve the object of their great affection would seem to be exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homeopathist would be much too large for them to swallow. In their view, the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but rather a free-love arrangement, to be maintained on passional attraction."

It was said of Daniel Webster that his statement was argument. Abraham Lincoln was a like master of the art of putting things. And he had, what the Massachusetts expounder had not, a power of quaint and effective illustration, which drove his words home and clinched them in the memory.

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CHAPTER IV.

TO ARMS!

On the 12th of April, 1861 (memorable date), the cannon of secessionists, in Charleston Harbor, were trained upon Fort Sumter, held by brave Major Anderson for the United States, and the shot was fired which, like that at Lexington, was "heard round the world." The Confederate Government ordered this action for the purpose of "firing the Southern heart," expediting the withdrawal of the hesitating Border States from the Union, and intimidating the North. The artifice succeeded with the South, and with the Border States, which soon afterwards successively passed ordinances of secession. It had an opposite effect from that intended in the North. This section, hopelessly divided before, and inclined to permit the South to retire peaceably, was unified as if by magic, and sprang to arms as one man. The Stars and Stripes had been shot down! The flag must be run up again, and kept everywhere throughout the region of revolt—such was the universal feeling. That shot, to borrow the *môt* of Tallyrand, "was worse than a crime—it was a blunder." It made the difficult task of the Republican administration easier. All at once it became possible and necessary to defend the menaced Union by force of arms. Before, public opinion in the North would not have tolerated

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coercion. Now it demanded it. The change was amazing. Dough faces were turned in this magic oven into well-baked men. Democrats vied with Republicans in vociferous patriotism. Those who had favored a compromise became the most uncompromising persons in the community. Commerce stopped counting the cost, and subscribed millions for defense. Merchants who had done a Southern business, declared that henceforth they would sell their goods, not their principles. The churches sanctioned and echoed the cry, "To arms!" Wives, mothers, sweethearts urged their husbands, sons, lovers to enlist.

It was a spectacle of the moral sublime.

Such was the state of the publie mind when, on the 15th of April, 1861, President Lincoln issued his first proclamation calling for 75,000 men to suppress the rebellion. They were forthcoming in a few hours. The farm, the workshop, the counting-room, emptied themselves into the various local camps. It was a more difficult and a longer task to transport them to Washington. They had to be armed, drilled, and put in motion. In the meantime the South, which had been preparing for years stealthily, and for months openly, placed large armies in the field and threatened the Capital. The immediate duty was to secure Washington. Accordingly, such regiments of the militia as were available were hastily dispatched to the front.

At this crisis, Mr. Dodge shared in the common feeling. He turned, as men will turn who have gone vainly to the boundary of honor, with righteous indignation upon the traitors. He put himself with all he

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had at the disposal of the Administration. Phelps, Dodge & Co. were among the first and heaviest subscribers to a fund for the Union cause.—a subscription renewed as often as it was needed. His money, too, helped to transport the Seventh Regiment of New York to the seat of war in response to the cry from menaced Washington. One of his sons, Charles C. Dodge, (who proved a gallant soldier, and was eventually promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship), soon entered the army. He would have enlisted himself had he not felt that he could do better service in his own sphere.

The demand of the hour, after the relief of Washington, was for funds and for arms. For, as we already noted, the national treasury had been emptied and the United States arsenals had been despoiled. The money and weapons thus plundered had been used to equip the Southern troops. The New York Chamber of Commerce met on the 19th of April, eight days after the attack on Fort Sumter. Mr. Dodge proposed the formation of a committee to receive subscriptions for the outfit of regiments. The committee was at once formed and he was made its chairman. Two or three days later his committee, by a vote of the Chamber of Commerce, was united with the Union Defense Committee, which was appointed at a mass meeting of citizens held on the 20th of April. The city government, by a special ordinance, placed $1,000,000 in the hands of this general committee, in whose interest Mr. Dodge was requested to visit Philadelphia and Washington. He set out without definite instruction, the expenditure of money and management of agents being left to his

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discretion. At such a moment he could not take his wife with him, but he was particular to keep her constantly informed of his movements. From the Capitol in May, '61, he dashed off these lines to her:

"I have been twenty-four hours coming from Philadelphia, via Parrysville and Annapolis, in the Government train, all under martial law. My pass was *vised* four times, quite in the European style. This city is full of soldiers at every turn. I came to meet Mr. Lincoln by appointment this afternoon, and have had already to-day a long interview with the Secretary of War."

Money matters were thus looked after. How about the arms? They could not be extemporized—had to be gathered from far and near, and tediously waited for. In this connection a story is told of Mr. Dodge which is worth repeating. His punctilious observance of the Sunday was well known. He took care that it should be. Well, it seems that Colonel Legrand B. Cannon, who was General Wool's Chief of Staff, suddenly learned of some arms which could be secured at once, if Mr. Dodge would aid the effort. But it was Sunday. Would he act on that day? Colonel Cannon went to the house of a mutual friend on Fifth Avenue, and stated the case to him, and the urgency of it. He said to him substantially:

"You are well acquainted with William E. Dodge—his intimate friend. Our great need here is arms for our troops. I have found in Canada twenty-five thousand stand of arms, which we can get as a loan, if we give an indemnity bond for their return, or that they will be paid for. I can obtain all the signers *I* want, if Mr. Dodge will sign it. I know he would sign it on Monday, but I know how strict he is about

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Sunday. Yet, the matter is urgent. If I can get the bond ready to-night, I can have the arms here in three days. The friend undertook to go with him to Mr. Dodge. The Colonel stated his case there as eloquently as before, and Mr. Dodge turned to his desk and signed the bond, saying as he did so, 'I do not see how I can do a better deed on Sunday.'"

The Christian merchant felt that God's day was not to be profaned; but it was not too sacred for any deed of charity, mercy, or public necessity. The anecdote is characteristic.

When he was not in personal conference with the authorities, he talked with his pen. In May, 1861, he wrote to General Winfield Scott, then in command at Washington:

"Permit me to say that I fear that we are not sufficiently alive to the extent of the preparations making by the South. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, one of my partners has returned from New Orleans. He passed through all the States South, and informs me that in every direction troops are moving East. He saw three thousand five hundred leave Mobile in one day, all well armed and equipped, many of them at the expense of the merchants, some of whom have subscribed fifteen thousand dollars each for that purpose. Last week he passed up the river to Memphis. There were six hundred troops on the boat, said to be for operating on Cairo. He remained there for a day, and took another boat, also full of soldiers, who were left twenty miles below Cairo. After landing passengers at that city, the boat proceeded twenty miles farther up the river, and then stopped to put on shore seventy other men, who had been concealed before. My partner is convinced that more men and means are ready at the South than is generally supposed here. One of my sons has also visited New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Savannah, Charleston and Richmond within a few days,

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and he believes that we are not at all awake to the vast efforts making at the South, and the large number of troops coming East. On my way home from Washington I met several very intelligent gentlemen and ladies escaping from the South. They all unite in the conviction that there are more soldiers in the field than we have any idea of. This direct testimony from different sources leads me to suggest that, as there are so many of our own troops now ready, you would, perhaps, think best to have them moving forward at once."

Early in the next year (1862), he wrote to the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

"I trust you will appreciate my motives, and pardon the liberty I take in calling your attention to the fact that letters received by late arrivals from my partner in England, and from two valued friends in Paris, all go to show the deep impression existing there of the danger of English and French interference in favor of the South at an early day, and the conviction that nothing can prevent it but some decisive action on the part of the North—such a manifestation of ability to subdue the South as would result from a victory by sea or land, and such as is expected from our immense forces. I know the difficulties that have prevented the forward movement of our grand army. I am not one of the 'On to Richmond' party, nor would I venture to urge a movement in any quarter, but for fear that delay may induce action by England and France that will render all we have yet done by way of preparation of little value. My correspondent in France, who has done more, perhaps, than anyone abroad to give correct views of our struggle, and who has expended several thousand dollars, sent him by a few of us merchants, in printing and distributing documents, says: 'I repeat the urgent appeal for fortifications at Portland, Boston, New York and Newport. A French engineer, just returned, has reported to the government that Newport, R. I., is the most important harbor in the country, and should be the first seized in case of war between France and America;' and he

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adds: 'If you do not beat the Rebels in some great battle before spring, you may rely on an intervention to open the blockade of the Southern ports.' There is a growing fear among our merchants that unless we move very soon South or West, we shall never have an opportunity; and since the settlement of the 'Trent' affair, our merchants have been afraid to undertake long voyages for their ships, in view of the risk of English interference, which will bring on war with that country.

"Excuse this letter, and do not think of me as one of the fault-finders, for I have no sympathy with them."

Just before the outbreak of hostilities, Mr. Dodge terminated his active connection with Phelps, Dodge & Co. He remained in the firm, and was consulted upon matters of importance. But his outside operations were now so extended, and the pressure of national interests was so exhaustive, that he left details to his eldest son, William E. Dodge, Jr., and his nephew (the son of his brother-in-law and partner in England), D. Willis James—worthy successors, in whose hands the honor of the historic house has been held as a sacred trust. Later, others of the children and grandchildren were also admitted into partnership.

Being thus free from the routine of the office, this great-hearted man poured himself out like water to satisfy the thirst of his fellows. His thoughts turned wistfully to those brave soldiers whom he had done so much to marshal—out there on the perilous edges of battle, or let down into the demoralization of the camp, away from home, surrounded by temptation, and without moral safeguards.

An organization called the "Christian Commission" had been formed, whose object was to provide for the religious needs of the boys in blue; and whose dele-

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gates and resources were also employed without stint in ministering to the sick and wounded. Mr. Dodge at once identified himself with it, and acted as chairman of the New York branch. The Philadelphia Christian and philanthropist, George H. Stuart, was president of the National Society. These two men were drawn together in this work in delightful and coöperating intimacy. One day they visited a camp a few miles below Washington, and held a prayer meeting in the evening. Nine o'clock was the regulation hour for closing, but the interest was so deep that the Colonel of the regiment said: "Go on," and the meeting was prolonged for half an hour or more. At last ten o'clock had come, when the gentlemen prepared to return to Washington by carriage. But the Colonel said: "You can't go to Washington to-night. The guard is posted already (as nine was the hour for guard-mounting), and an order has been issued that no civilian shall have the countersign."

Imperative business required the presence of Mr. Dodge, and he said he must be in Washington before morning.

The Colonel said he would see what could be done. Perhaps the magic "word" would be given to Mr. Stuart on account of his position. He went to headquarters, and returning, soon whispered the "word" in Mr. Stuart's ear. Then he gave these minute directions:

"Drive out until you are near the sentinel's post—about two miles from camp; then leave the carriage and walk up to him. He will present his gun to your face and will call out: 'Who goes there?' You will answer: 'A friend with the countersign.' The

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sentinel will say: 'What is it?' You will then give the 'word' I whispered in your ear, and he will allow you to pass."

Well, they drove out in the darkness, and Mr. Stuart left the carriage at the appointed place, and advanced till the musket of the guard gleamed in dangerous nearness to his face. Then the questions and answers followed just as the Colonel had described, only, when the sentinel said: "What is it?" Mr. Stuart answered: "Beverly," and instead of this proving the open *sesame*, the sentinel cried, calling him by name: "Mr. Stuart, you have given the wrong word—that is not the countersign. I cannot let you pass. You must go back to camp and get the right word."

So back Mr. Stuart and Mr. Dodge drove, in the black night over the muddy roads. It turned out that the officer by mistake had whispered the countersign of the day before—it was changed every day. The mistake rectified, they started again, and again went through the programme. This time the word was "Massachusetts," and they were permitted to go on, but not before Mr. Stuart had turned and asked the soldier: "How did you know who I was in the darkness?" and the man answered: "About fifteen years ago I heard you speak to a Sunday-School up in New York State, and though I have never seen you since, I remembered your voice. If it hadn't been for that I should have shot you." Then said Mr. Stuart: "My friend, I hope you have the countersign." "I have." "What is it?" "The blood of Jesus Christ," was the reverent reply.[1]

[1] Mr. Stuart himself told the above story.

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While thus active himself in prayers and good works, Mr. Dodge was gratified when his son and partner, William E. Dodge, Jr., became an early and energetic member of the famous "Sanitary Commission," which played the part of the Good Samaritan in the camp and on the battle field throughout the war. He was, perhaps, even more pleased when, in addition to this charity, the younger Dodge, aided by a couple of friends, originated and carried out an army allotment system, by which soldiers were enabled to make provision for their families, by sending home, through official channels, a portion of their monthly pay.[1] Where is the Elijah who would not be made happier by the knowledge that the Elisha who should wear his mantle was his own son?

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[1] Memorials of William E. Dodge, pp. 85–86.

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CHAPTER V.

IN WAR TIMES.

WAR, in itself, is the worst of horrors. Tattered battle-flags, decimated regiments, acres of untimely graves, crowds of mutilated survivors, shattered homes, happy wives turned into weeping widows, helpless children made unprotected orphans, a nation intoxicated with blood, demoniacal with passion—hell on earth. Such is a tame picture of war.

The North always hated it, never sought it, tried hard to escape from it. We were interested in science, in trade, in art, in literature, in religion, which live and move and have their being in peace. For our people there was congenial occupation in digging wealth out of the earth, in making an errand-boy of the lightning, in harnessing steam to draw our loads, in bridging the ocean with ships, in music and the drama, and travel and the delights of the fireside. Our ideals were not military, but civil. We admired the founders rather than the destroyers of States—Washington, not Napoleon.

The South was different. The life there was hardier, more out of doors. The people rode horseback, handled fire-arms. Their social economy rested upon slavery—the black race kept under by the overmastering force of the white—disguised war all the time. Militarism was in the air. It exhaled from the social condition.

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Therefore, the South never understood the North, and the North never understood the South. Up here we pictured the people down there as a collective "Bombastes Furioso," like the hero of Rhode's burlesque opera. Down there they conceived of us up here as so many peddlers, wholly subdued to buying and selling. The North believed the South *would* not fight. The South believed the North *could* not fight. The war was a revelation. The old misconceptions disappeared in the smoke of a hundred battle-fields. It was mutually discovered that the spirit of 1776, of Sumter and Marion on the one side, of Greene and Schuyler on the other side, animated their descendants. The hostile sections were awed into a wholesome respect for each other's manhood and heroism and self-sacrifice. This was a great gain, almost worth what it cost. Add to this the utter destruction, root and branch of the abhorrent system of human bondage, which was the chief cause of bitterness between North and South—an industrial system inimical to civilization, the reproach of America, the weakness of the South, over the disappearance of which the South itself now rejoices, recognizing that slavery was the inevitable foe of union and peace. Here was a gain fully worth what was paid for it in treasure, blood and sorrow. It made union possible, honorable, permanent. The only reason for disunion ceased to exist and flaunt. North and South having learned the lesson of mutual respect, and having now a common interest, gravitate together, and, like long-estranged but at last happily reconciled sisters, fall into one another's arms.

However, this was still in the future. At present

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both sections were delirious with excitement. The angel of peace had unfolded her wings and soared away. Nothing was heard save the rattle of drums, the blare of trumpets, the tramp of departing regiments, the wail of separated or bereaved households, and, echoed from afar, the boom of cannon and the shock of battle.

In March, 1862, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge looked over into Dixie. They sailed to Fortress Monroe, on the Virginia coast, to visit their son Charles, who was stationed at Hampton Roads with the regiment of which he was then Major. Soon after their arrival they gazed across the ramparts and saw the engagement between the Confederate ram "Merrimac" and the little "Monitor"—a thrilling tableau, not expressly arranged for their entertainment, but holding their attention just the same. It will be remembered that two United States war ships, old-fashioned wooden frigates, the "Cumberland" and the "Congress," were attacked and sunk by the "Merrimac" before the "Monitor" arrived, while a third, the "Minnesota," was run aground. At a later day, a public reception was given to the survivors of these vessels, in the New York Academy of Music. Mr. Dodge made the parting address to the sailors, and, in the course of his remarks, painted a graphic picture of the battle, which we again hang and unveil:

"I feel a special interest in you all, for we have met before. I saw you the day after the engagement, when you came from your destroyed ships, looking very different from your appearance this evening.

"Never can I forget that Saturday when it was announced that the 'Merrimac' had passed Sewell's Point, and was making

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her way to Newport News. I was with General Wool at his headquarters. Soon the telegraph told that she had engaged the 'Congress,' then the 'Cumberland,' and then that the latter was sinking, with all on board! In less than an hour came the astonishing tidings that the 'Congress' had been compelled to surrender! All expected the victorious ironclad would next attack the 'Minnesota'—another wooden ship—aground not far distant; but the Rebel steamer moved off, disabled somewhat—as we now know—by your last shots. That evening, when word went round that the 'Monitor' had arrived, the air rang with shouts, and men who seldom acknowledge Divine interference were saying, 'How providential!'

"Sunday morning early, the 'Merrimac' was seen advancing towards the 'Minnesota,' near which the 'Monitor' had remained all night, and from which she promptly moved out to meet her enemy. Firing began, and for more than an hour the two vessels maneuvered back and forth, pouring their shots into each other as they passed, but with no apparent effect. At last the 'Merrimac' ran directly for the diminutive craft, and drove its ram up on to the 'Monitor's' deck, both vessels, in this close position, rapidly discharging their guns. It was an exciting moment! Soon the 'Merrimac' backed slowly off, and the report spread that she was sinking! Then from that old fortress what a deafening shout went up! But at last two Confederate gunboats hastened to the disabled ship, and towed her away.

"I want to say to these noble men who took part in that engagement, some of you just escaping with your lives as the 'Cumberland' went down: Look at this splendid audience, all gazing upon you, and longing to do you honor! Never forget, when again you go to sea in your country's cause, how many thousands are still watching you! Never think you are forgotten; stand by the old flag as you have already done. This naval battle, in which you have shared, will be part of our nation's history, and your gallant conduct will be known all over the world. May every blessing follow you, and may you all at last cast anchor in the haven of eternal rest!"

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Upon reaching the Metropolis from Fortress Monroe, Mr. Dodge resumed his patriotic labors. Honors which were in the nature of heavy responsibilities were thrust upon him. Chairmanships of this, that, and the other committee—chairmanships without number were urged upon him, most of them having reference to a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Just now there was great distress in the English cotton manufacturing county of Lancashire, caused by the stoppage of supplies of the raw material, which came mainly from the Southern States, at present under an embargo. Singularly enough, those poor operatives over there were the devoted friends of the North, although they handled the staple of the South. The truth is, they understood the nature of our struggle, and desired the American Union to exist as the rampart of liberty. The "masses" were wiser than the "classes"; wiser even than the coiner of that phrase; for Mr. Gladstone, since the apostle of freedom, was then, unlike his life-long friend, John Bright, a sympathizer with secession—a large blot on a bright sun. The Lancashire mills were shut down. The working people were shut out to freeze or starve. Yet, though face to face with death because of our troubles, and at an hour when the British government was scheming in connection with Napoleon III., of France, to recognize, if not aid, the independence of the Confederate States, these heroes never wavered, but co-operated with other friends of America in England to checkmate the plot of the aristocracy.

Apprised of all this through his English connec-

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tions (for the English branch of Phelps, Dodge & Co. was one of the most important channels of early and reliable foreign information then possessed by our country), and moved as well by patriotism as by the natural kindness of his heart, Mr. Dodge initiated the movement which resulted into the securing and forwarding of ample supplies of money, food and clothing to the Lancashire sufferers. He was chairman of the Executive Committee of Relief, subscribed in the name of his firm $5,000 towards the international fund, and through agents superintended the distribution of the cargo of good-will on the other side. It is pleasant to record that the aid was received in the spirit of its tender. In Liverpool and in Manchester mass-meetings were held, at which appreciative resolutions were passed, and the laboring populations pledged themselves to remain on the side of human freedom and popular government.

One evening Mr. Dodge attended a dinner given to a distinguished English visitor, while these events were transpiring. Being called upon to say something, he alluded, for the benefit of the guest, to the assertions of the enemies of the Union at home and abroad, that the country was "ruined":

"I am sure our honored friend, as he passed from city to city in our land, saw no evidence of such 'ruin,' but everywhere witnessed rapid growth and increasing prosperity; and I beg him to carry with him across the sea the fact that in no three years of our history have we made such material advancement as during the past three. Our home and foreign trade, in the midst of civil war, is a wonder to ourselves, the imports being equal to the largest years when cotton formed two-thirds of our exports. Our internal traffic has been beyond all precedent,

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and the receipts of our railways and canals have been more than doubled. We ask our distinguished guest, on his return to his own country, to tell the merchants of Liverpool and other English cities that we are not 'ruined,' *but that American merchants are ready to be, if it is necessary to save our Union.*"

But as the war continued there was, as might have been expected, a reaction from the intense feeling exhibited at the outset. The Union forces fought at a disadvantage—were raw hands, often unable on entering the army to tell the breech from the muzzle of a rifle — unaccustomed to their environment—marching through a strange country—confronted by a war-like people who were battling on and for their own soil. "They need time and experience," remarked Mr. Dodge, one day, "to get the hang of the thing." While they were getting this, the South was scoring success after success, in Virginia, along the Mississippi, on the coast line of the Carolinas—all over the field. Despondency settled like a gloomy, ominous cloud over the North. The expenses of war carried on over so vast a territory, and of the maintenance of the most extensive commercial blockade ever known in history, piled up a mountain of debt. Taxation became onerous; the tax-gatherer inquisitive and exacting. Specie melted out of sight, and gold went kiting up to a premium of 280. Paper money was made a legal tender, and was popularly regarded as on a par with the Continental scrip which stirred the contemptuous wrath of the men of the Revolution. Volunteering, in the absence of enthusiasm, fell off, and the largest bounties failed to call forth recruits. Worst of all, the voice of disloyalty, over-awed in 1861 by the splendid spectacle

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of a nation's fury, began now at first to whisper treason, and then to proclaim it loudly and widely. Finally, the government resorted to conscription, in order to fill up the depleted ranks of the army. Then a storm of dissatisfaction burst upon the administration from the rear, to reinforce the storm of steel and lead raging at the front.

Presently, this storm in the rear changed from a mere rain of censure into a cyclone of riot. Mobs paraded the great cities of the country, on pretext of resisting the draft, but really to give aid and comfort to the South, by starting a campaign of terrorism and spoliation at home. The City of New York was actually captured and held for several days by these "lewd fellows of the baser sort." Negroes, guilty only of not having a white skin (as to whiteness of soul they might have safely challenged comparison with the mobocrats), were hung on sight. The warehouses and residences of prominent and wealthy Union men were threatened — Mr. Dodge being specially honored with execrations and singled out as a target for treason to shoot at. How he and his escaped is a miracle. It was not without vigorous action on the part of the authorities, aided by the personal efforts of the better classes of citizens, that the city was recaptured by law and order—retaken by fierce battles in the streets and the healthy bleeding of the rioters.

Through all these trying experiences, whether local or national, Mr. Dodge acted in the spirit of Milton, after the restoration of Charles II., and the downfall of his party, when, though blind, in poverty, and under the frown of the throne, he said :

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. . . . . " I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer right onward."

His courage was infectious. His activities were unsleeping. His counsel was sought and followed at the White House as in the Chamber of Commerce. A great part of the time he was like a bird on the wing—in Cliff Street, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, in Chicago, at the Capital in conference with Secretary Seward or Secretary Stanton; everywhere by starts and nowhere long. It is a wonder that he did not break down. But God had still much for him to do. In his own class, a timid class, a selfish class, an unpatriotic class, as a rule (wealth and trade are certainly self-centered), his influence was wholly good. He did much to create and maintain loyal sentiments on Wall Street and along Fifth Avenue. The Union League, a club originated for the distinct purpose of pledging and holding the higher social elements to an unwavering support of the government, secured his patronage and enrolled his name. Other bodies, with a similar patriotic purpose, were certain to receive his countenance and support.

In February, 1863, Mr. Dodge acted in conjunction with the venerable General Winfield Scott as chairman of a great meeting held in the New York Academy of Music under the auspices of the "Christian Commission"—the object being to win public support.

A year later a similar gathering convened in the same vast audience room, at which he presided. The bloody battles of the Wilderness were in progress, and the smoke from the conflict seemed to fill the air. In tones faltering with emotion, he said:

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"We are met under circumstances few anticipated. Probably thousands of our fellow-citizens are to-night bleeding and dying—our fathers, our brothers, our friends, who have gone out in our stead to breast this terrible rebellion! Ah, go to your own home! See that beloved one on a bed of sickness and anguish! See how love—tender, compassionate love—watches every symptom; how the physician comes and goes; how everything is done to bring relief! Multiply that loved one by all that are in this house; then multiply it again ten times over. They are not lying in that comfortable room, on that soft bed, nursed by the tenderest care. They are out on the field; they are down along the road-side; they are away in the woods. They are alone, striving to stanch their own wounds; thirsting, looking, calling for help—dying for us! And now we are here to-night, in the midst of our own comforts and blessings, to ask what we can do for these noble, suffering men."

His precient mind also foresaw and provided for the necessities of the future, when the pen of history would make up the record of these war times. Accordingly Mr. Dodge united one or two other patriotic citizens with himself, and despatched to influential persons in Europe, and to the chief libraries, copies of the "Rebellion Record," consisting of documentary evidence, gleaned from all sources, bearing upon the issues involved. He desired posterity to know how right this nation was, and how wrong the architects of ruin.

Well, at last the morning came—the storm began to roll away. President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, issued on the 22d of September, 1862, gave the first glimpse of the outbursting light. The victory of Grant at Vicksburg (a Fourth of July gift to Uncle Sam), the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg

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(another of the same sort), the swinging march of Sherman to the sea—these were so many added views of the serene blue caught through the rifts. Finally, under the famous Appomattox apple tree, the sun broke completely through the scurrying clouds, and flung a rainbow to span the long-embattled sections into peace and unity.

Previously to this last auspicious event, and hastening it, the presidential election of 1864 occurred, in which Abraham Lincoln was reëlected by an unprecedented majority, his opponent, General George B. McClellan, receiving but 21 votes out of 242 in the Electoral College.

As an incident of this general battle of ballots, Mr. Dodge was elected to the National House of Representatives from the Eighth Congressional District in the city of New York.

The nomination was unsought by and unknown to him at the time. Neither his personal tastes nor his multifarious activities gave him any relish for local politics. He had little respect for office-seekers, but much sympathy for office-holders. He despised those politicians who live by whispering in Washington what they would not for the world have known at home, and by whispering at home what they would not for the world have known in Washington, and who are politically dead the moment they are equally well known in both places.

Mr. Dodge was in Worcester, Mass., attending the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, when he received the official announcement of his nomination. It ran, in part, as follows :

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"Your fellow-citizens of the Eighth Congressional District believe that you are the only man in it who can carry the district in the interests of good government and union. On this account we have made bold, against your knowledge and wishes, to use your name. It has been received in every quarter with the highest commendation."

This district was now represented by Mr. James Brooks, whose principles were in his brains, of which he had plenty. He was an influential leader of the opposition to the war both in and out of Congress. From the editorial *Sanctum* of an important metropolitan newspaper (since converted to better views) he championed the "rights of the South," and played the part of Benedict Arnold towards the North. Mr. Brooks held the district, and had done so at three previous elections, by the grace (not of God), but of an ignorant and unscrupulous constituency. To displace him seemed a forlorn hope. But victory was in the air. The union elements in the district were intensely desirous of redeeming it. Laying aside all minor differences, they combined to recognize Mr. Dodge as their White Plume of Navarre.

The Eighth Congressional District was bounded on the south by Fourteenth Street, on the north by Forty-second Street, on the west by Fifth Avenue, and on the east by the East River. It was at once the most respectable and the most disreputable quarter of the city. Included among its voters were every grade and variety of men, from the kid-gloved denizens of Murray Hill to the thugs of "Mackerelville"—a medley of millionaires and loafers.

With great reluctance, out of a sense of absolute

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duty, Mr. Dodge accepted the nomination in the following letter:

"GENTLEMEN: Your note of this date, informing me of the honor done me by the Union Convention in nominating me as their candidate for Congress, is received. You truly state that the position was neither sought nor desired by me. It is a grateful and unexpected tribute of confidence from my friends and neighbors. Did I consult those dictates of personal comfort and private interest which you seem to think should be disregarded at this time, I should refuse the nomination; but when so many are perilling their lives for our common cause, I have not the courage to refuse any duty, however laborious, to which I may be called. If my fellow-citizens deem that my voice and influence in the National Congress can contribute to the support of that Government and Union, by which alone our existence is made sure, that influence, whatever it may be, shall not be withheld. I should at least hope to serve somewhat the commercial interests of the city with which I have been so long identified."

The canvass was spirited—a canvass of lies and mud on the part of Mr. Dodge's opponents, who fought after the manner of their kind. The election took place. A total vote was cast in the district of twenty-two thousand. Returns brought to police head-quarters gave Mr. Dodge a majority of above seven hundred votes. But Mr. Brooks, yonder in his editorial *sanctum*, hocus-pocused the associated press reports, and flashed over the country a bogus majority for himself of about one hundred and fifty. The result was a vexatious and wearisome contest for the seat, of which more anon.

At the close of 1864, Mr. Dodge served on a general committee to provide a testimonial for Admiral

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Farragut—*Admirable* Farragut, as a school boy got it, truthfully enough, when he went up to the naval hero to present the respects of his classmates. This was a service rendered from the heart; for the merchant was an admirer of the grand old salt who had himself lashed in the rigging of his flag-ship, and so directed the storm of shot and shell which helped to wreck the rebellion.

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SEVENTH DECADE.

(1865–75. ÆT 60–70.)

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CHAPTER I.

AFTER-MATH.

LEE surrendered to Grant on the 9th of April, 1865; so that the war lasted within three days of four years, counting from the assault upon Fort Sumter. Again the nation went mad—this time with joy. Men embraced one another on the streets. The United States uniform was a passport anywhere, everywhere. Northern disloyalists made haste to get a new name or to hide their diminished heads. Nothing succeeds like success. Suddenly it appeared that everybody had always favored the suppression of the rebellion at any cost! Webster's famous utterance years before in reply to Hayne, "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever!" became the universal motto. It was decided to commemorate the salvation of the Union on a scale which should signify the importance of the occasion. Mr. Dodge was a chief promoter and an efficient organizer of the giant demonstration which followed, and marked an epoch. In the midst of this joyous excitement he was not forgetful of his many other interests. Business was steadily looked after. Above all, his concern for the moral and religious welfare of men found incessant manifestation.

While the boom of Grant's victorious cannon sounded over the continent and across the sea, he

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went down to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street and made an address at the opening of the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association —a society always near his heart, and of which his eldest son and name-sake was then the president. Afterwards he was a large subscriber to the fund towards the erection of the palace in which the association is now housed at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. He was delighted to feel that the young men of the great city where he dwelt were so commodiously quartered. The association owes not a little to the efforts of the two Dodges, father and son. It does credit to their foresight and benevolence. It works now through eleven highly organized branches, planted at strategic points, North and South, East and West, on Manhattan Island. It sub-divides its work into various departments, religious, physical, educational, literary, social, entertainment, employment, visitation, and a dozen more. Under its auspices a young man may do anything that is respectable—learn a useful trade, get a situation, lead a prayer-meeting, play a game of ten-pins, attend a "sociable," listen to a lecture or concert, study a language, enjoy an outing, practice in a gymnasium, secure a lodging, lounge in a superb reading room, draw books from a magnificent library, join a glee-club—why, he might come into the association as a dunce and graduate an Admirable Crichton, developed in body, mind and soul.

A few weeks after this episode, a loyal church in Baltimore asked Mr. Dodge to come on and speak in a course of lectures, undertaken in the hope of freeing it from debt. A liberty-loving church, in an unsym-

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pathetic community, almost under the hammer of the auctioneer! What appeal could be stronger, or more certain to be heard and answered by such a man? Although over-weighted and pressed from all sides, he went. A splendid audience greeted him, for his reputation as a Christian merchant, philanthropist and patriot preceded him and acted like a magnet. As he gazed upon the upturned faces he beheld the best representatives of the commercial, ecclesiastical and loyal people of Baltimore. Mr. Dodge chose as his theme "The Influence of the War upon National Prosperity." As this was one of his most notable utterances, on a subject of which he was master, we reproduce some striking passages of the lecture.

After congratulating his hearers that they were assembled in the *free* city of Baltimore, and that Maryland was now forever delivered from the curse of slavery, he proceeded:

"Until this war began, I never was known as an Abolitionist. I was not indifferent to the evils of human bondage; but I had early identified myself with the colonization movement, and I also felt it to be the duty of the North sacredly to maintain the constitutional rights of the South. It was with these sentiments I went, in January, 1861, to Washington, as one of the delegates of the New York Chamber of Commerce and labored there to save the country from disunion. With the same feelings I entered upon my duties in the Peace Convention. I urged upon that body the necessity, if we would have peace and unity, of securing to the South all its constitutional guarantees; and I urged upon Southern members their obligation to yield to the great public sentiment of the country and of the world, and agree that slavery should be held within the bounds named in the Constitution. But all such efforts failed. The conflict was precipitated. The Constitution was trampled under

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foot. War, with all its unspeakable miseries, was chosen by the South.

"I never ceased to feel that the hand of Providence was in all this, that while individuals were none the less guilty, the same wonderful power that can bring light out of darkness and make the wrath of man to praise him, would bring out of this evil great and ultimate good. Nor, when we speak of material prosperity, do we forget for one moment the blood, the tears, this war has cost. More than two hundred and fifty thousand brave men have gone out from among us and met a cruel death, to preserve our inestimable liberties and hand them down to posterity. Let us cherish their memory, and feel that, under God, we owe to them all we have gained.

"At the first outbreak of the war many true lovers of their country doubted whether the means necessary to carry it on could possibly be provided; and when the Government decided to issue a national currency—the representative of coin, and a legal tender for past and future debts—it was an untried experiment. Its expediency was questioned. Many denounced the measure, and bespoke for it certain failure. If you go back to the winter of 1862–63 you will recollect the general depression over the land. There was want of public confidence, doubt of our ability to continue the war; and the deep dark cloud upon our finances did not give way until the amount of currency thrown into the volume of circulation had begun to be felt in the increase of business. The Government well knew that the prices of material for the war would be enhanced and the debt swollen; but they saw that if the heart of the nation—the great manufacturing, commercial and agricultural interests—were depressed, the struggle could not be maintained. The impetus given to trade helped the Government to sell its bonds. The wisdom of its policy was vindicated.

"Let me call your attention to a remarkable interposition of Providence. The crops in 1861, 1862, 1863, particularly in the West, were unusually abundant, and at the same time the crops in England and on the Continent were below an average. For ten years previous two-thirds of our exports consisted of cotton;

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but this was now entirely out of our hands. How could the deficiency be met! A drought in England and Europe in 1861 and 1862 opened foreign ports to receive in those two years a value of over two hundred millions of the products of our soil. The balance of trade was turned in our favor, and in those years England sent us more than sixty millions of gold. And look at the variety of these exports! To mention a single instance: The firm with which I am connected in Liverpool have within the last three years received and paid over to a house in New York more than eight hundred thousand dollars for sewing-machines, sold for one company. The amount for Yankee clocks has not been quite as much, but it has been very large; they are ticking all over England.

"But there are those who still continue to prophesy ruin. They look all around, and are angry because the country refuses to be ruined. See what great interests have received a stimulus from the war. Look, for example, at the marvellous development of our mineral productions during the past four years. Our coal, iron, gold, silver, lead, copper and zinc mines have attracted attention never before known, and millions have been invested in working them. Our coal and iron industries are taking a position that will soon make us independent of England. Mining and other companies and undertakings are projected constantly, and the people have the money to take hold of them. Our gigantic war debt swells up its vast proportions; and yet, by the blessing of God upon our land, how easily we handle and carry it! When General Jackson, as President, vetoed the old United States Bank, the whole country stood aghast at the prospect of twenty millions being withdrawn from circulation. Now we take a loan of five hundred millions in a few weeks—three millions a day of voluntary subscription to Government securities; and not by the wealthiest class, nor mainly by banks and insurance companies, but by the people—two thousand applications daily, in sums less than a hundred dollars! Every man who invests his money in this way takes hold of the Government, and he is going to hold on. And still those who all through the war were saying, 'We cannot get the men! We

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cannot get the money!' are crying out, 'We can never pay the interest on our great debt!'

"The kind Providence who has been watching over us and preparing us for this crisis, schooling us in the art of agriculture until the fields almost plough and plant themselves and gather their own crops—the same beneficent Hand has supplied us with these untold deposits of gold and silver, and the production of gold to-day is reduced to a science. There is no more shaking out of gold-dust by a rude 'pan.' Quartz-crushing mills, with immense stone buildings and costly machinery, are in use; and though at present this machinery must be carried long distances by teams, we shall see in less than ten years railroads ascending the slopes of those mountains, and passing from here to San Francisco right alongside of the gold and silver mines, and those dreary wastes will be dotted with towns and villages. Another as remarkable evidence of Providential care is to be found in the wealth which has suddenly sprung up from the bowels of the earth, where it has apparently been kept for ages to meet this crisis. Already petroleum forms a large item in our exports, and bids fair to become one of the prominent interests of the land.

"What has been the effect of the war upon our transportation system? In importance railroads stand next to agriculture. Take the actual increase of tonnage on the Erie Canal and the three leading railways, the Erie, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. We shall find, in four years, up to 1863, an advance of nearly fifty per cent. The passenger traffic on most of our railroads has also been beyond all precedent. The statistics of trade centering at Chicago alone would show a rate of progress singularly instructive. Or see what emigration has done for us since the war began—eight hundred thousand foreigners have come to our shores.

"These years have also brought to the people, as a mass, a large degree of prosperity. They are generally out of debt. This has extended to institutions. Hundreds of churches, burdened with debt when the war began, are free to-day. The amount of endowments to public and literary institutions of

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various kinds has been unequalled in our history. Our missionary boards, for which so many trembled, never before received such liberal donations. Recall also the millions expended through the Sanitary and the Christian Commissions, and the generous provision for the families of the soldiers.

"Yet, some insist we are to have a great revulsion. I do not believe it. A year ago gold was 280. To-day it is 180. With our success it will gradually decline, and the prices of labor and products will also decline. We cannot at once return to a specie basis, but we shall do as we have done before—adjust ourselves to the exigencies of the times. As soon as it can be shown that we can pay the interest on our debt, every man will want to keep his Government bonds, and our friends across the water will also be anxious to obtain them. Then the currency will slowly be absorbed and become part of our bonded debt, and in time all the Government indebtedness will be in the form of bonds. Our State National banks will fill up the vacuum of circulation, and we shall return to specie payments.

"Many who hear me will live to see the trade of the far East coming to our Western coast. Lines of steamers will make their regular trips to Japan, China and India, and their cargoes will cross our entire continent by rail, instead of going around the capes.

"The influence of the war, moreover, will advance the material interests of the South more decidedly than those of the North. The South will become equal to and greater than before, enjoying a prosperity it could never have attained under slavery. The masses there cannot but be stimulated by contact with the enterprise of the East and of the North, which will now be attracted to the South. Schools, newspapers, churches and books, will be more abundant. The children of the poor will be educated, the people will be elevated, and the negroes be taught to read and made more capable of intelligent labor. Manufactories will spring up, and a general and unprecedented prosperity will gradually be enjoyed.

"With the blessing of God upon our regenerated and united country, we may anticipate that the year 1885 shall find us with a

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population of sixty millions, stretching in unbroken lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Remember, all this was said in March, 1865. What now reads like history was then prophecy. Mr. Dodge seems to have borrowed for this occasion Isaiah's inspiration. The lecturer was a seer. Glance over again what he says about the Government bonds, about the carriage of freight and passengers across the entire continent by rail, about the advancement of the material interests of the South under freedom, about the education of whites and blacks in Dixie; and, in the last paragraph, about the increase of the national population; and then answer whether the speaker that night was not a prophet! But he did not content himself with mere predictions. He turned to and helped realize them. As Moses looked over from the summit of Pisgah into the promised land, so he was permitted to see the fulfillment of his words. There are two great classes in human society. One goes to work and does something, the other lies down under a juniper tree and says, "It can't be done." And when it is done, asks, "Why didn't you do it in some other way?" Mr. Dodge belonged to the first class.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Grief bursts in on joy and turns it to mourning. While shouts of triumph rend the air, and congratulations are the order of the day, President Lincoln is struck down by an assassin! Who that witnessed it will ever forget the 14th of April, 1865! The laughter turned into hysterics; the feeling of good-will curdled into hate; the commingled horror and consternation; the wild cry for vengeance, which found poor satisfaction in

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the death of the theatrical murderer; the world-wide sympathy expressing itself in appreciative eulogy—who can forget it? Mr. Dodge was one of the delegation of the Chamber of Commerce at the funeral. He knew Mr. Lincoln well; had been his frequent guest, his ardent supporter, his wise counsellor. He recognized under the uncouth personality God's prophet of humanity, who had called to the battle-field a million men, who had emancipated a race, and who, over a mighty graveyard of dead heroes, had spoken words sure to live and breathe through the ages.

Nor did he forget the living in grief for the dead. With other prominent citizens he united in sending to Vice-President Johnson an address of encouragement, as he entered the shadowed White House under such startling circumstances.

The statue of Lincoln, which adorns Union Square, in New York City, was cast and placed largely through the efforts of Mr. Dodge.

In the autumn of 1865 a wail of famine came from the South. The crops had been trampled down by both armies. The live stock had been the plunder alike of Union and Confederate foragers. Barns and fences were destroyed. The farmers were, thousands of them, in the grave. Two thousand millions of property had been transformed into self-owning men and women. There had been neither time nor opportunity for readjustment. The South was "like Niobe, all tears."

The "American Union Commission" was organized for the purpose of relieving the sufferers. In October, 1865, at a meeting held under its auspices, in Chicago,

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Mr. Dodge made an address creditable alike to his head and heart, saying, among other things:

"The North has been blessed with a bountiful harvest. It has been saved from the desolation which has swept over the South. We must no longer regard the people of that section as enemies. God has given the North power to make them friends. We rejoice in the recent triumph of our arms because it has given us a Union. But what is Union without friendship? Whether friends or enemies, when we see the people of the South starving, we must send them help from our overflowing granaries. Thousands of intelligent men there were, in heart, true to the Union, yet all now share the common need. In one day a single blast obliterated the entire Confederate currency, and with what else could they purchase bread? The object of this commission is not to pauperize the South, but to render judicious aid. We want to see them independent and self-sustaining, mingling with the North as they have never yet done. Accept the South as it is. Take their repentance as it is presented. State after State has formally acknowledged that slavery is dead, and they want no more of it. Let us help also to alleviate their intellectual destitution. The press and the school-teacher must go there. Intelligence must increase, and the whole people be made one with the North. Let us deal with them in a Christian spirit, and God's blessing will crown the effort."

A month later he was back in New York, participating in a public reception to General Grant, the modest hero of Richmond—the conquering sword, as Lincoln was the dominating brain, of the Union cause. Mr. Dodge had always been specially attracted towards and friendly to the Union men in the South, who had faced death for their principles; and when escaping that, had been meted and peeled by their secession neighbors. In 1866 a number of these loyal

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Southerners were welcomed to New York, at a great meeting held in Cooper Union Hall, and he addressed them :

"You may have felt at times that we of the North were not sympathizing with you in the terrible struggles through which you have passed, not only during the war, but worse, perhaps, since it ended. But we have not forgotten you. Nor have we lost our love for our common country. We want a Union that shall be permanent; no hasty Union without conditions from those who have striven to destroy our liberties. Four millions of lately enslaved men stand in new relations. The war, the act of emancipation, the amendments to the Constitution, have elevated them to be citizens. We insist that they shall have an opportunity to rise to the full privileges of citizenship. We are glad to have you who come from the South, pass through the land and see for yourselves that the Republican party is still alive, that it is undiminished in numbers, honor and influence."

There are few things more remarkable about Mr. Dodge than the number, variety, and even excellence of his occasional addresses. When we consider that he was a busy merchant, speaking often without preparation, always clearly and to the point, and that he had never specially trained himself for the platform, his success in this difficult and delicate sphere is the more noteworthy.

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CHAPTER II.

THE CONTEST FOR A SEAT.

MR. DODGE had no political ambition. He had accepted the nomination to Congress as a patriotic duty.[1] Having been elected he determined to serve. The incumbent announced his intention to retain the seat. He was one of those leech-politicians who hang on to office until they drop off from gorged exhaustion. This threw upon Mr. Dodge the duty of contesting it. Upon announcing his purpose, lo, the political slander-mill was started up. The outrageous lies of the canvass were ground out in a new grist. When the New Yorker reached Washington, at the opening of Congress, in the fall of 1865, he found Mr. Brooks in possession of the seat, entrenched behind a rampart of fraudulent pretension, supported by the full strength of his party, whose candidate for speaker he was at the organization of the House, and ready to defend his position by all the arts and wiles of parliamentary obstruction—a game wherein he had acquired marvellous skill by playing it against the administration during the whole course of the war.

Then Mr. Dodge learned, if he had need to learn, that possession is nine points of the law. He found how hard it is to get a man out when he is in.

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[1] See p. 169 sq.

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His evidence, accompanied by the memorial claiming the seat, went in regular order before the House Committe on Elections. He charged a conspiracy to secure the return of Mr. Brooks. This charge was sustained by a bill of particulars five hundred pages long, showing that the district had been colonized by thousands of non-residents whose votes were sworn in and counted; that the votes of soldiers were forged and accepted; that the ballots of legal voters, favorable to the Union nominee, were rejected; that books of registry were made defective with fraudulent intent; that canvassers sent in false returns; and that bribes and threats were the right and left hands of the sitting member. Mr. William Walter Phelps, the able and brilliant Jerseyman, who was afterwards himself a Congressman and the American Minister to Austria, acted as Mr. Dodge's attorney.

Mr. Brooks, realizing that the current Congressional term was but two years long, fought for delay, so that by holding the questions at issue in abeyance, he might continue to occupy the seat until the end of the session. Weeks, months elapsed before he could be brought to file his answer. When he did, he produced a volume of perjury as long as Mr. Dodge's book of evidence, and thus consumed more time in the investigation of his counter-charges.

His chief assertion, the one on which the changes were wearisomely rung, was that Mr. Dodge had used his immense wealth to buy up the Eighth Congressional District—that he proposed to make it a pocket borough and carry it around as a personal annex. Mr. Dodge, as claimant, was given the privilege of the floor to state his case, which he did in a

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dignified and unimpassioned speech, defending his character especially against the assassins who had broken into the house of his reputation. Mr. Brooks, exercising the rights of a regular member, pranced about constantly, was heard at every point, and was finally (all earthly things must come to an end) beaten at every point.

Chairman Henry L. Dawes (since Senator), of Massachusetts, brought in the report of the Committee, awarding the seat to Mr. Dodge. Here is an extract:

"The charge of bribery is not sustained by one scintilla of evidence; the most diligent search of nine hundred pages of printed matter fails to reveal a single particle of testimony that any money whatever had been used for any corrupt or unlawful purpose."

Mr. Henry J. Raymond, also a fellow-member of the House, and the founder and editor of *The New York Times*, the third of the illustrious newspaper triumvirate of that generation (Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett being the other two), in a letter written at the time, indignantly scouts the charge of bribery brought against the Christian merchant by Mr. Brooks—the cry of "Stop thief" uttered by the real offender to throw pursuit off the scent:

"I venture to say that there is not a man in New York, or in the United States, who knows the contestant, that will for one moment pretend or suspect his possession of large wealth is to be weighed against him in this or any other scale. It has all been acquired honorably, justly, fairly, without wronging any man. After acquiring wealth in this manner it is to his honor, and something to be said rather in his praise than against him, that he has it, and something still more to his praise and honor that

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he has expended it as liberally and nobly and honorably as he has acquired it. There is not a man familiar with the charities of New York, or the charities outside of New York, which seek that city as the field of operations for the recruital of their resources, who does not know that the contestant in this case is the first man to whom they all go, and the man from whom they come with the largest contributions."

Acting like himself, Mr. Dodge had kept his wife informed of the progress of the contest from day to day. Lying unsealed on his desk, at the moment when he went in and Mr. Brooks went out, was a letter, in which he described to her the closing hours of the tedious experience, and which he now opened to add this postscript:

"Five o'clock. I have just been sworn in—72 to 52. All right."

This was on the 6th of April, 1866—one year and five months after his election. The members of his family were naturally outraged by the length and nature of the contest, but felt glad enough to have it end so triumphantly. The Union people of the district, and of the country, hurrahed themselves hoarse over the result. As for the new Congressman, he probably felt that Charles Dickens had an eye on America when he described the English "Circumlocution Office," and told "how not to do it."

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CHAPTER III.

CONGRESSMAN DODGE.

FINDING that he must now pass some time at the Capital, our home-loving citizen made haste to get a roof-tree over his head. Then he called to his side his dearer self, and such of his children as still sat at the family fireside. The Washington house was situated on E Street—a large, comfortable mansion. Here he dispensed a wide and generous hospitality; but banished from his table all intoxicants. In that convivial town the absent decanter stirred comment. He was glad of it. This made his home a standing advertisement for temperance. It was peculiar. Well, a Christian ought to be peculiar.

Next, he found a church home, selecting the Presbyterian Church then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Gurley. Thence he circled out into the Sunday-Schools and religious assemblies of the city, and found or made a congenial environment.

Upon taking the seat which had cost him such a disproportionate outlay of time, patience and anxiety, Mr. Dodge discovered that he was in excellent company. Men already famous, and destined to become more so, veritable makers of history, sat before, behind, on either side. Here were Dawes and Boutwell, of Massachusetts, royal men; Blaine, of Maine, magnetic then as since; Conkling, of New York, the Prince

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Rupert of debate; Thaddeus Stephens, of Pennsylvania, the "great commoner;" Allison, of Iowa, a statesman already; and Windom, of Minnesota, learned in finance; all of whom, a few years afterwards, stepped across the Capitol into the Senate. Here, too, were Washburne and Kasson and Bingham and Schenck, who became eminent in the diplomatic service of the United States. Yonder sat Randall, of Pennsylvania, and Kerr, of Indiana, who later held the speaker's gavel. Three others of his colleagues, Banks and Rice, of Massachusetts, and Perham, of Maine, were soon to be Governors. While two more, Hayes and Garfield, of Ohio, were in training for the White House. These were the most conspicuous. Others were equally able and worthy, though they did not so fill the public eye. It may be doubted whether that Thirty-ninth Congress has ever been excelled in point of general intelligence and capacity.

How evanescent is fame! Many of these shining names have already dropped into oblivion. One recalls Byron's bitter epigram: "Fame consists in the having your name misspelled in the *Gazette*." In these fast times the evening journals of to-day render the news of the morning stale, push yesterday into the middle ages, and make the doings of the day before yesterday read like ancient history. It has been truly said that Americans are born in a hurry, live in a hurry, die in a hurry, and are carried to the cemetery on a trot. We have one consolation, however. In so far as accomplishment is concerned, we live longer in twenty-four hours than our forefathers did in twenty-four years. And the lesson of it all? It is summed up in the admonition of the Wise Man:

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"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

If the men around him were noteworthy, the questions they were discussing and settling were yet more so. These related to the restoration of civil government in the Southern States, their representation in Congress, the condition and rights of the freedmen, the relative power of the three coördinate departments of State—the legislative, executive and judicial. Other issues there were which had financial, commercial, international bearings. And all were clamorous, angry—a vast and conglomerate problem. Often those mariners of legislation found themselves on a wide sea of speculation, without chart or compass of precedent.

It speaks well for Mr. Dodge that, with no practical political experience, new to the rules and methods of the House (a technical body, impatient with newcomers), surrounded by celebrities, and face to face with vexatious questions, he took rank at once among the foremost—the peer of his peers. At a period of excitement, he was not excited. In the midst of self-seeking, he was not a self-seeker. Representing a party, he was not a partizan. He carried a serene common sense into the discussions of the House. Speaking often, he always spoke well; not always agreeably to his colleagues, nor, indeed, to his constituents. He loved to look at the issues which came up from the mercantile standpoint, as was natural in a merchant; but, above all, from the vantage-ground of broad patriotism and unaffected piety. When the House divided, he asked not, "Will

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my vote this way or that way aid my party?" but, "Will it help the country and please God?" A believer in parties, without which he understood that Republican government would be impossible, he nevertheless believed more in truth and righteousness. He knew that parties are not infallible. Hence, on one or two important occasions, he did not hesitate to oppose his party at the dictate of his conscience. Such a man was invaluable in such a place at such a time. He contributed just that practical element which was needed in speculative debate. And his conscientiousness acted as a moral tonic.

Scrupulous in his attendance at the Capitol, he was equally scrupulous in the attention he paid to those who had any claim upon his outside time or efforts. Any Negro wishing to interest him in the welfare of the blacks on the plantation, a territorial delegate craving his aid in the establishment of schools on the frontier, this Indian chief visiting Washington to secure the payment of bounties tangled up in the Interior Department, that messenger sent on to get a subsidy for some benevolent work—got his ear without danger of rebuff.

Other appeals to him there were, less exigent, but none the less demanding and receiving attention. One of his sons, writing from the inside, sketches a few of these with nervous pen:

"Inquiries, suggestions, remonstrances, applications for advice, introductions, or 'influence,' confronted him at every hour, in all places, under the most engaging or exasperating forms; some legitimate, some with the odor of 'jobbery,' all marked 'immediate,' and each expecting attention. Such requests as the following constantly found their way to his desk: 'Please

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push our railroad bill; we believe it to be a most righteous measure.' 'Shall I take my goods out of bond or leave them there? Answer by wire.' 'Should be obliged by a copy of the Medical and Surgical History of the War. I voted for you.' 'Thanks for your help in obtaining second lieutenancy; only needs active pressure to secure the further promotion to which I feel my services are entitled.' 'Am anxious to be appointed weigher in the New York Custom House.' 'Find myself in need of seeds from the Agricultural Department.' 'I have some claims for horses killed in the war.' 'I have a niece who is seeking a clerkship in the Treasury; her father was a soldier.' 'We sent an ingenious and useful invention to the Patent Office; cannot understand why it is refused.' 'I beg you to use your influence in obtaining my pension.' 'Please send all public documents; we are filling up our library.' 'Wish you would favor the bill to equalize bounties; also as to disposition of Government lands.' 'My son is a candidate for a cadetship at the Naval Academy; a line from you would be of great service.' 'I am a volunteer officer, seeking an appointment in the regular army. There is danger of my application being pigeon-holed.' 'I venture to request a letter of introduction to the Secretary of State; the Consulship at Trieste may soon be vacant.' 'I should be so gratified to have your photograph, with your own signature.' Appeals to his 'well-known benevolence' were based on political considerations, or urged from the benefit to the cause of a contribution from one in his public position."[1]

Obviously, a conscientious Congressman holds no sinecure.

There were two objects in Washington in which Mr. Dodge was particularly interested. These were the "Congressional Temperance Society," and the "Congressional Prayer Meeting." One of his colleagues[2]

[1] Memorials of William E. Dodge, p. 115, sq.

[2] The Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa.

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gives a chatty account of these and some other matters, which we transcribe :·

"A historical gathering was held in the Capitol, in 1866, under the auspices of the Congressional Temperance Society. Mr. Dodge read the names of forty-seven Senators and Representatives who were pledged to total abstinence. To perpetuate the influence of this great occasion, Mr. Dodge himself sent pamphlets of the proceedings and speeches all over the country. In the Congressional Prayer Meeting, where Senators and members of all sections and of every shade of religious belief met to supplicate the favor of the God of nations, Mr. Dodge was a prompt attendant and the animating soul. As a Christian gentleman his cheerfulness and uniform courtesy left an indelible impression upon his associates. The announcement of his name as a speaker or presiding officer would attract a crowded assembly. With the colored congregations of the city he was a special favorite as a speaker; and he himself found inspiration in their hearty 'amens' and stirring songs, which, in his mind, were more in accord with primitive worship than operatic airs given by a professional quartette.

"In the Standing Committees of Congress, as Mr. Dodge was not a member at the opening of the first session, he was not assigned to some positions for which he was eminently qualified. He served, however, upon the important Committees of Commerce and of Foreign Affairs, besides others, special and select,"

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CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HE SAID IN WASHINGTON.

Mr. Dodge made no claim to oratory. Yet he had several of the prerequisites. For one thing, he possessed a clear, ringing voice. All the great speakers have excelled here. Webster's voice was like a trumpet. Clay's resembled a band of music. Mirabeau carried a thunder-storm in his throat, rather than lightning in his thought. Wendell Phillips was nicknamed the "silver tongue;" and the Richmond *Inquirer* once called him "an infernal machine set to music."

Each of these orators carried his audience by storm more than once by the power of his voice. A friend of Mirabeau complained that the French Chamber of Deputies would not listen to him. The fiery orator borrowed his speech and electrified the members with the very words which they refused to hear from the other's lips. So Lord Chesterfield captivated the House of Lords by his argument for the Gregorian Calendar, though he was confessedly ignorant of astronomy, while a consummate scholar in the science, Lord Macclesfield, was heard with yawns.

For another thing, Mr. Dodge was a singularly persuasive speaker. This came from the directness of his nature and the intensity of his convictions. Here

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again he approached oratory. For what is the aim of the orator? Is it not persuasion? "Carry the jury at all hazzards," Rufus Choate used to say, "then fight out law questions with the judges afterwards."

The Merchant-Congressman had none of the arts of the advocate—would not have used them if he had. He was content to utter his thoughts in a simple, colloquial way; but he always got a hearing. Let us look over some of the topics he debated.

When he entered the House the "Civil Rights Bill" was under consideration. This was intended to secure for the freedmen the privileges enjoyed by other citizens, and to protect them against unjust discriminations. The measure was fiercely opposed within and without the two Chambers of Congress by those who inherited and retained the race prejudices begotten in slavery. It was as vehemently insisted upon by the blacks in the South and the Union sentiment at the North; and was carried by more than the requisite constitutional majority of two-thirds. Mr. Dodge cast his maiden vote for this law—a vote which gave him profound satisfaction, both as a Christian acting under the golden rule and as a lover of fair play.

National legislation was required in order to secure the scooping of a ship canal around Niagara Falls, which would expedite traffic. Certain metropolitan interests opposed this on the ground that it would benefit the West at the expense of New York. The clear-headed Congressman from the Eighth District favored it:

"Notwithstanding the fears of the Canal Commissioners of my own State, I shall cheerfully vote for this bill, because I

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believe the prosperity of the State and the city of New York is identified with that of the West. Just in proportion as Illinois and other Western States are able to produce, and then dispense of their products at a profit, will they traffic with the city of New York and use our canals and railroads. I shall vote with the firm conviction that the prosperity of the country is the prosperity of New York."

The Northern Pacific Railroad, begun by permission and under the patronage of Congress, had fallen into financial distress, the expenses having exceeded the estimates, and now asked for additional aid. Mr. Dodge supported this request:

"I presume, sir, when the Congress of 1864 granted the charter for the construction of this road, it was in view of the fact that its completion was calculated to advance the interests of the country. The Government not only had unproductive lands to improve, but it looked to the vast population settling on the Pacific coasts. It looked to Oregon, nearly a thousand miles north of San Francisco. It looked to the mineral resources which this road would open for development. Both the Central Pacific Railroad and the Northern Pacific should be completed. I have no hesitation in saying that the aid granted by Congress to the Central Pacific has done as much as any other thing to give substantial credit to our Government, both in this country and in Europe. People know there is in the center of this continent an immense deposit of the precious metals, and they know, if this road is built, that instead of producing, as we have in the last ten years $1,000,000,000, we shall get out for ten years to come, $2,000,000,000; and we shall have this gold and silver as the basis not only for circulation in our own country, but to pay our bonds here and in foreign countries."

The superb Post Office Building in New York was secured measurably through his efforts. As a metro-

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politan merchant and citizen it was a matter of pride and of interest to him that the stupendous mail service should secure proper accommodations on Manhattan Island. Touching a bill for this purpose, he said :

" Mr. Speaker, this matter of a post office in the city of New York is one of national interest. It is not merely a post office for the accommodation of citizens of New York, but for the benefit of the entire country. The building now occupied is the old Dutch Church, transformed into a post office, and is one of the most inconvenient places for such a purpose that can possibly be conceived for a city of the magnitude of New York. The vast increase of business in that city demands a post office large enough to do the business rapidly, conveniently, and economically.

" Only a few years ago we had our mails from Europe once a month by steamers. When they came tri-monthly we felt that it was a great increase. We now have our steamers almost daily from various parts of Europe; and I noticed that on Saturday last there were twelve large steamships cleared from the city of New York, each of them carrying a mail. Within the last ten years, in the city of New York, the daily mail has increased from thirty to a hundred tons.

" The property now offered by the Corporation of New York to the United States Government for a post office, and for the United States Courts, at the nominal sum of $500,000, would sell at public auction to-morrow for from three to five million dollars. It is an opportunity such as the Government can seldom obtain. It is the most feasible, the most eligible spot in the city for the purpose ; and although there is great objection to using a portion of our public park for a post-office, yet such is the necessity, and such the desire to accommodate the United States Government, that the Corporation has yielded a plot of ground at the lower end of the public park equal to twenty-six lots. It is such a favorable opportunity that I trust the House will see the importance of embracing it without delay."

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Singularly enough, this Importer of Metals was a tariff man. His personal and business interests all lay in the direction of free trade. As a matter of patriotic conviction he insisted upon maintaining the tariff. While he sat in the House, the debates on this subject were frequent and prolonged, and he spoke several times on one and another phase of it. His position is stated by himself in the following remarks, made at the close of the entire discussion; an opportunity secured by the courtesy of the future president and martyr, Garfield, in yielding a portion of his time:

"Brought up in my youth in a village which was the seat of a cotton-manufacturing industry, I early learned to sympathize with what was known as 'the American system;' and from that day to this I have witnessed great excitements and predictions of ruin to commerce whenever a new tariff has been produced. And yet we have continued to prosper under each successive change; for whenever any one article manufactured here gained such a position as to supplant the foreign competitor, some other article was found to supply its place in the list of imports; and thus the total amount of importations from abroad has gone on increasing, until now, under the present tariff, which was denounced as prohibitory, we have imported a larger amount the last year than in any previous year. I am impressed with the conviction that the commercial interests of the city I in part represent will be promoted by the prosperity of the agricultural and manufacturing interests, and by the ability of the people, on account of this prosperity, to buy and pay for the vast amount of imports which, I am confident, notwithstanding this tariff, will continue to flow to this country.

"The increased duties on wool and woolen goods will undoubtedly stimulate the growth of wool here to the general advantage. If in time a portion of the coarser fabrics are shut out, there will be increased ability in the South and West to purchase the finer foreign goods.

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"The duty on flax will not only encourage the manufacture of the cheaper grades of linen, but furnish means to pay for the better article made abroad.

"The duty on iron will stimulate the making of rails in the West and on the banks of the Mississippi, and thus save the cost of transporting wheat twelve hundred miles by railroad, and then three thousand miles across the Atlantic, to purchase rails to build roads in the very vicinity of immense beds of coal and iron, the manufacture of which will create a home market for the wheat.

"There are many things in the bill which I think should have been amended. The duties on many articles are unnecessarily large, and could have been reduced without any detriment to the country. I trust they will yet be adjusted; but in view of the state of our finances, and under the conviction that the increased tariff will, notwithstanding the predictions to the contrary, secure us an amount of revenue equal to the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury, I shall vote for the bill, although I had hoped it would be recommitted, with instructions to report at the next session of Congress."

Two questions lifted themselves at that time into exceptional prominence, and provoked acrimonious debate from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf—a continental controversy that voiced itself hotly in the wings of the Capitol. One of these was the impeachment of President Johnson. The whilom tailor of Tennessee had not turned out well as the successor of Lincoln. He proved to be self-willed, ignorant, despotic. Upon pretense of defending Southern rights and executive dignity, he antagonized his party, vetoed the most important bills passed by the Republican majority in Congress, and usurped the functions of the legislative and judicial branches of the Government. A wit of the period put it thus: "He does not believe in the con-

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centration of power in the House of Representatives, but holds that it should be safely diffused throughout the hands of one man, viz. A. Johnson!" Party passion flamed like the seven-fold heated furnace of Nebuchadnezzar. The would-be tyrant of the White House was solemnly impeached. The impeachment was seconded and urged by the Republican majority in Congress, and by an exasperated, coöperating public opinion.

Mr. Dodge shared in the contempt for Andrew Johnson—he respected the President. The executive was wrong; but his powers were defined by the Constitution, and might not be invaded or curtailed. The little knot of Republicans who coincided with these views defeated the impeachment; but they brought upon themselves a storm of adverse criticism, and were for a time regarded as the political friends and defenders of the weakest and most despicable of American Presidents—always excepting the "public functionary" who sat still and saw the secessionists plunder the national house without attempting to resist, or even shouting "Stop thief!" In the lapse of years, however, public opinion has changed. It is now quite generally conceded that the Senators and Representatives then so reviled were wiser than their critics, and saved the Republic from an impolitic and dangerous precedent.

The other question over which the country got red in the face, was that of reconstruction. It concerned both North and South. Its settlement would save or lose the whole harvest of the war. As a whole, Mr. Dodge supported the measures of his party—measures which time and experience have proved wholesome.

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But on one occasion he sided again with the opposition, and pleaded against the passage of an act which proposed the perpetual disfranchisement of all who had taken the oath to the defunct Confederacy. Said he:

"The bill proposed here, with the amendment, provides that every man who was twenty-one years of age in 1861, and who has engaged in any way or held office under the so-called Confederate Government, or who has taken an oath to support that government—which, if I understand it, includes all the private soldiers in the Confederate army—shall be disfranchised. They are to be deprived of all civil rights, and to be placed in the position of aliens. They can only acquire the rights of citizenship, not as foreigners acquire them—by giving notice of their intention to become citizens in five years—but by taking an oath, under the most fearful penalties, that from March, 1864, until the close of the war, they would have been ready, if opportunity had offered, to do anything to bring the war to a close; that they had no sympathy with the war after that time; and that they would, if opportunity had presented itself, have accepted the amnesty offered by President Lincoln, and left the Confederate Government. How large a proportion of the Southern people could come forward and honestly take that oath? The result of the passage of this bill, if it shall become operative, will be to disfranchise nearly the entire white population of the Southern States, and, at the same time, enfranchise the colored people, and give them the virtual control in the proposed organization of the new State governments.

"I submit as a dictate of common sense, taking mankind as we find them, as we know they are, is it natural to suppose that the passage of such a law as this will be calculated to promote increased friendly relations between the North and the South, to create a better feeling between the white and the colored population? I assume that that should be the object of the laws which we pass, as well as to protect in all their civil rights

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the loyal white man and the freedman. I can see nothing either in the original bill, or in the proposed substitute, which is calculated to increase or create any good feeling between the North and South. It is not natural that they should love us while we are putting them under such a ban."

Once more the strict party men shouted "renegade!" and tried to whip their independent colleague back into the traces. But he resisted coercion; and now, as before, appealing from the present to the future, he lost the verdict of to-day, but gained the judgment of to-morrow.

As a temperance man, Mr. Dodge was peculiarly careful to inspect any measures which related to the manufacture and sale of liquors. When it was proposed to diminish the taxation of the distillers, he promptly checkmated the move:

"Mr. Chairman, all that we require in regard to this question of whiskey is a law sufficient to find out the small distilleries. I fail to perceive the force of the suggestion made by the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means that a small tax of twenty-five dollars will induce men who are carrying on an illicit traffic in cellars and garrets, to come forward and make known the fact that they are engaged in this business. I hope, sir, that we shall fix a tax so large and frame a law so stringent that every manufacturer of distilled spirits, whether he makes a thousand gallons a day or five gallons a day, will be found out, so that the Government shall receive from him the entire amount of revenue contemplated by the law.

"We may rest assured, sir, that a tax of twenty-five dollars will never bring to light men who are seeking to carry on an illicit traffic. If the tax is fixed at $1,000 or $1,500, there would be an object in finding them out. In the city of New York we have now a law fixing the license at $200 and $150. Last year when only a small tax of ten dollars was required for selling

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liquor, there were in that city more than nine thousand places in which intoxicating drinks were sold. Under our present system, where it is an object to detect every individual selling liquor without a license, the city is receiving $1,000,000 of revenue annually from this source. If men will manufacture, if men will sell, if men will drink alcohol, let them pay the tax which the Government imposes."

A Congressman is an animated pipe-way leading from his own district to the halls of legislation—the medium of inter-communication. He is often called upon to present memorials, appeals, what not, with which he is not in sympathy. As a rule, however, the matters to which Mr. Dodge called attention met with his personal approbation. Their name was legion. Scrutinize the list: A resolution requesting the President to communicate information respecting the action of the Papal authorities in forbidding public religious worship at the American Embassy in Rome (conduct since rendered impossible by the unification of Italy); a bill for the reëstablishment of light-houses and other aids to navigation along the Southern coasts; a memorial urging an appropriation for the payment of the officers and crew of the "Kearsage" for the destruction of the rebel cruiser "Alabama;" a petition praying that books imported for literary institutions and the encouragement of the fine arts be admitted free of duty; a plea from the Chamber of Commerce for the preservation of the harbor of New York; a presentation of concurrent resolutions of the New York Legislature asking for the continued use of government ships for hospital purposes at Quarantine; a prayer of dealers in leather, and in sugars, and of manufacturers of stoves,

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calling official attention to their needs; a petition of the Fire Insurance Companies of New York to obtain exemption from oppressive internal revenue taxes; a bill relieving from tonnage duty certain vessels trading from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands (where were the California Representatives?); a petition from the workingmen of New York engaged in Italian marble yards, complaining of excessive duties on that article; a bill not to increase the duty on "crash" made by the peasantry of Russia, and largely used for toweling by the poorer classes in America—which he personally carried.

He also helped to pass over President Johnson's vetoes a number of bills which he considered vital, chief among which were: One regulating the tenure of office; one extending the elective franchise in the District of Columbia, so as to include the Negro residents; and one to admit into the Union the States of Colorado and Nebraska.

This rich man had once been a poor man—a fact he never forgot. Whatever tended to help the poor he was sure to favor. It was proposed to add the United States tax on horse-railroads in the cities of the country to their rate of fare. Mr. Dodge opposed and defeated it. He said:

"The remarks of my colleague from New York (Mr. Hotchkiss) may be very correct in regard to the railroads in the smaller towns and cities; but we find in New York that our street railroads are very oppressive. They have obtained a right to run through our streets. They have secured valuable franchises, on the condition that they would transport people from the lower to the upper part of the city—the poor men that the gentleman refers to, the mechanics, the men who cannot

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afford to walk two or three miles to their business. They were granted these franchises because they agreed to carry passengers at a given fare. If this amendment passes, they will be authorized to add to this two and a half per cent. tax upon all these poor persons. I hope the amendment, as far as horse-railroads in the large cities are concerned, will not be adopted."

When we think of the wide reach of these measures, and consider the subjects of his speeches—not the mere shells of debate, drum-and-trumpet declamation, dry law, or mere selfish bickerings about trade, but matters frequently of profound interest and touching the core of statesmanship; and then recall the brief term of his service, cut in half by the fraud and usurpation of his predecessor; we may ask whether any Representative before or since has done so much or so well? "Long after he had left Congress," remarks a relative, "he was heard to say that the words then spoken were uttered in the fear of God, at times against party policy, and that, after years of mature deliberation, he would not wish to erase one sentence."

Notwithstanding those gusts of adverse criticism, to which allusion has been made, the essential honesty, the lofty integrity, the political capacity of their Congressman were so highly appreciated by the voters of the Eighth District that they gave him a unanimous renomination in the autumn of 1866. He declined the honor; and at the expiration of his term, heaved a sigh of relief as he took the train for New York.

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CHAPTER V.

MONUMENTAL OCCURRENCES.

THE ex-representative's interest in and connection with political affairs did not end with his official withdrawal from Washington. We shall find him patriotically alert as ever, quick of eye to discern and ready of tongue to enforce wise measures—no longer, indeed, as a legislator, but as an enlightened citizen.

His first act, however, after reaching the metropolis was to get back into touch with mercantile life. Mr. A. A. Low, whom he had succeeded in the Presidency of the Chamber of Commerce, had just returned from a visit to China. On the 18th of September, 1867, the Chamber gave a dinner in honor of the event. Mr. Dodge was in his happiest mood—felt like an emancipated school-boy. In the course of his remarks he said :

" It was peculiarly appropriate that our honored guest should have made the voyage across the Pacific on the first of the line of steamers between San Francisco and Hong-Kong. These vessels have inaugurated a new era in the history of our commerce. The mind staggers at what may grow out of near connection with the millions of China and Japan. A nation before Rome was founded, China had attained in 1813, according to the native census, a population of over three hundred millions ; yet we have considered ours a great country with its thirty-five millions. And we have looked upon our Erie Canal as a large undertaking ; but China had one twice its length before Colum-

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bus was born. We have well been proud of our noble Mississippi; yet China can boast of her Yangtse-Kiang, nearly as long, with better water, with steamers replacing junks, already ascending fifteen hundred miles, and a commerce far exceeding that of our own great river. We possess special advantages for securing the largest share of trade—trade with these intelligent and industrious nations. May we not hope also that their more intimate intercourse with us shall be the means of turning them from the worship of dumb idols to serve the living and true God?"

The keen man of business, always on the lookout for investments, resumed his Railroad interests and extended them into the West and South. The International and Great Northern Railroad now welcomed him into the board of directors. He also helped to build, and soon became president, of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad. These enterprises were intended to connect with lines existing or prospected in Mexico, and thus to open the sister Republic to Yankee commerce. In these busy months, too, he put money and energy into the elevated railroads, which have done so much to develop upper New York City by solving the problem of rapid transit, and bringing the Battery and Harlem River into neighborly relations.

Meantime, the presidential term of Andrew Johnson was drawing to a close. The question of questions was, Who shall succeed the outgoing tenant of the White House, installed by the bullet of Wilkes Booth? Many eminent men were "willin'," like Barkis, in "David Copperfield." Others were off on a presidential fishing excursion—as likely to be successful as one who should expect to fish out of the

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Atlantic ocean with a pin hook a ticket calling for the capital prize in a lottery to be drawn in the moon. One name was upon all lips, that of the victorious soldier who had saved the Union. Mr. Dodge was conscious of General Grant's lack of civil experience. Nor did he share in the American foible of considering a successful man competent for everything. Does a man achieve distinction in one direction, we hail him as a universal genius and endow him with a faculty for all work. A mechanic invents a new stitch in a carpet-web; straightway he is sent to Congress. A *literateur* writes a brilliant history; he is despatched to the Court of St. James. A lawyer argues an india-rubber case ably; on the strength of that he is made a governor. It should seem that a moment's reflection might disclose the absurdity of it. Success in one sphere is reason enough for concluding that the right man should be kept in the right place, and not shoved into the wrong place. Let the mechanic continue to invent, and the literary man continue to write, and the lawyer continue to plead. Why spoil a success in one field to make a failure in another field?

Mr. Dodge felt thus. Nevertheless, he strongly favored the nomination and election of General Grant. Himself a man of peace, he was not attracted towards him because of his martial exploits. It would never have occurred to him to hook a candidate out of a sea of blood under the dazzle of "glory," as the Whig party did in the case of General Taylor. But this quiet, modest commander never paraded his epaulets. His splendid services, his serene composure in danger, his Saxon grit, his equality to the occasion, his charm-

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ing home life, his religious proclivities—these were the qualities which won and held the admiration of William E. Dodge. He regarded Grant as the third in the historic trio to whom America was supremely indebted, and was persuaded that he must ever stand upon the pedestal of immortality with Washington and Lincoln.

Well, when the victor of Appomattox was victor at the polls in November, the Union League Club invited him to New York, and dined him a month later in royal fashion. The occasion was brilliant and memorable. All the high mightinesses of politics, literature and commerce put their knees under the mahogany and hobnobed around the table. Mr. Dodge was one of the postprandial orators. His speech is chiefly remarkable for the seriousness of its tone and its recognition of the Divine Sovereignty—sounding in that hilarious scene like a church hymn sung in an *opera bouffe*. Not that he lugged in untimely themes by the head and shoulders. No; such was the habitual mood of his devout mind. His toast was: "Congress, the Guardian of the People's Rights." He said:

"It is instructive to look back and mark the Providence of God, which not only guided in the establishment of our Republican form of government, but has so manifestly watched over it ever since. It was adapted to our wants when we were just emerging from colonial dependence, and it is found equally efficient now that we have three times the number of States, and four times as many representatives. The wise adjustment of responsibility between the legislative, executive and judicial departments, provided for in the Constitution, has continued to work harmoniously, and to meet every emergency. Although

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we have seen that a president, in striving to enforce his own views, can temporarily embarrass the proper functions of Congress, yet the people, in whom is invested the final appeal can place, and have placed, through their chosen representatives, a solemn veto upon such attempts."

Another occurrence in the following year (1869), gave the religious nature of Mr. Dodge the satisfaction given by the election of General Grant to his patriotic feelings. There had been a long and dismal schism in the Presbyterian Church. Good men had quarrelled over statements while agreeing in thought and purpose. The controversy had been embittered and precipitated by that ancient and chronic trouble-maker, the slavery question, now happily gotten rid of. One Church was existing in two dissevered branches, with a double equipment and at a double expense. By-and-bye the folly and wickedness of it were realized. At Pittsburg, Pa., the "old" and "new" schools (as they were called) came together. Being a Presbyterian, Mr. Dodge was present as a commissioner. He had been active and prominent in the overtures looking and leading towards this consummation. On the 12th of November, as hands were clasped, he gave vent to his emotions in a speech which was a psalm:

"If I attempt to say anything, dear brethren, it will be to give an outburst of my heart in the words of the Psalmist: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!'

"Hereafter our strong men, our honored professors, will not spend their time in attempting to find out whether we differ as a Church, but in the determination to stimulate us to the utmost capacity, so that every member of the United Church may go

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forward in the great work of subduing this dying world to Jesus Christ. I have no doubt we have honestly differed; but let us forget all those differences. We are a united country, and if we would be united in truth, North and South, and be one great country, we must forget all past causes of separation.

"More than twenty years ago two eminent merchants in the city of New York commenced business together poor, but they prospered year by year until each had rolled up a large estate. Upon one occasion they differed in regard to a matter of policy in business. The difference grew into anger; they separated, each believing the other intended to do wrong. The very next day there was a dissolution of partnership; and for ten long years they never spoke to each other, their business being settled through mutual friends. They grew gray in their differences. At last, as one of them was musing in his library, thinking of the origin of the separation, and of their pleasure in early life, the thought passed through his mind, 'Can it be possible that I misunderstood him?' He spent a sleepless night, and in the morning he went to a friend of both, and said: 'Go to my former partner, and see if he meant so and so.' The answer was, 'No; I never thought of such a thing.' When the merchant who had sent the message received this reply, he exclaimed, 'Can it be possible that we have suffered all this through these many years, simply because we misunderstood each other, or thought we did?' A reconciliation took place, and the two men were bound together again as long as they lived.

"Let this union of ours be one that shall never break. Let us never separate because we think we differ on certain questions of policy. What we want now is to aid one another to the utmost of our ability. Let all the past be forgotten, and let us go forward."

Under the spell of these words, the reunited body made instant overtures to the Southern Presbyterian Church, also split off by differences rising out of

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slavery. Mr. Dodge, with two distinguished clerical associates,[1] visited Louisville, Kentucky, where the secession brethren were in annual session, presented the Christian salutations of the Pittsburg Assembly, and urged the reunion of Northern and Southern Presbyterianism as a Christian duty. They were received kindly. They were heard patiently. Their words made a deep impression. But no action was taken. It was too soon. War memories still burned. It is harder for the defeated to forget and forgive than for the conqueror. The first movement towards peace and alliance came from the North—properly. Good seeds were planted that day in good soil. The crop of good will is sure to spring up and be harvested in eventual union.

The Pittsburg Assembly resolved to commemorate the disappearance of the "old" and the "new" schools, and the reappearance of a single church by the raising of $5,000,000 for the advancement of Christianity. Mr. Dodge was made treasurer of this memorial fund. As Andrew Johnson a few years before had "swung round the circle" for political effect, so Mr. Dodge now made a circuit in the interest of this trust, speaking frequently and effectively; so that the $5,000,000 asked for became $8,000,000 given before the books were closed—a magnificent monument memorializing a transcendent event.

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[1] Rev. Drs. J. C. Backus and H. J. Van Dyck.

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CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOLING THE BLACKS.

WHEN Parliament voted to extend the franchise in England, a few decades back, Robert Lowe leaped to his feet and said, "Now we must educate these new voters; the safety of the realm is at stake." Mr. Dodge felt as the British statesman expressed himself with reference to the Negro race; chattels yesterday, citizens to-day. He had long since laughed the colonization fallacy into the limbo of exploded humbugs. Since these people were here, here to stay, Americans by birth and now in privilege, what other duty was comparable to this of Negro education? He meant by education not a mere intellectual development. Education is a comprehensive term. It properly includes the moral as well as the mental faculties—the whole being. Intellectualism alone is as dangerous as ignorance itself. It needs to be balanced by spiritual culture. Strange, that this merchant should have been wiser here than many scholars. For he understood what some scholars do not, that mere literary proficiency is a delusion and snare. Many of the *literati* are more heathenish than the heathen—more Philistine than Goliath of Gath. In Athens the literary period was precisely the epoch of grossest degeneracy. Demosthenes thundered, but the people quailed and surrendered to Philip. They knew which

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way a Greek accent should slant, but neither knew, nor cared to know, how to right up fallen humanity. They worshipped pictures and statues, poems and orations, and despised men and women. What is true of Greece is likewise true of the middle ages. The dreariest midnight of servility and immorality occurred when literature was most flourishing under Pope Leo X., and the Florentine Medici—times in which a Cardinal could and did say: "I had rather have my part in Paris than in Paradise!"

Take the Paris of to-day. It is a beautiful body without a soul, like Hawthorne's hero in "The Marble Faun." Letters and art are there lofty as Mount Blanc, while morality is as low down, in comparison, as the Vale of Chamouni. Art labors to decorate vice. Letters exist to pen *bon môts* against virtue.

Mr. Dodge had no desire to import and impart such models. He believed to the center of his being in education; but it must be Christian education, culture of soul as well as mind. Accordingly, he began while the civil war was raging, to devote time and means to the establishment or enlargement of such institutions as would school upon this principle the Negro race. This work grew upon him as the years passed, until he diverted the larger part of his educational fund into the new channel. He was aware that others would care for the whites, both North and South. He now made the blacks his wards, with the special object of providing intelligent teachers and preachers for the colored people.

Such a school he found already in existence, although struggling against wind and tide, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, within an hour's ride by rail-

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road of Philadelphia. It was then known as "Ashman Institute," but afterwards became "Lincoln University," the "pioneer in the liberal education of colored youth, its charter dating ten years before the act of Emancipation." The president, Dr. I. N. Rendall, in an interesting letter, recently written, describes the interest in and work for it of its chief benefactor:

"Mr. Dodge was elected a trustee in 1862. At that time the property in the hands of the Board reached a value of about ten thousand dollars, with accommodations for sixteen students. It has now, in endowments and buildings, a property worth nearly three hundred thousand dollars, and there are two hundred and fourteen students. In all the steps of this development Mr. Dodge had a most effective part. The dark days of the civil war was a notable time to enter upon the higher education of the Negro. But it was at that time when the good design was necessarily an experiment, that Mr. Dodge gave to this work the encouragement of his name, and the help of his counsel and of his gifts. The Rev. Dr. John M. Dickey, founder of the institution, told me that the first contribution given to build the first edifice here was from Anson G. Phelps; and from that time the largest single and aggregate contributions towards the enlargement of our work have come from the members of that household—the total amount being not less than fifty thousand dollars; and Mr. Dodge's direct personal influence secured from others as much more. Of his own gifts, twenty thousand dollars founded the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric, three thousand made up a deficiency for the Chair of Latin, and a large part of the remainder has been given for the annual support of students. It is noteworthy in our experience that the professorship founded by Mr. Dodge has been the one through which the most appreciated effects of our system of education have been produced. The course in rhetoric here is more prominent than in our Northern colleges for white

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students. In our public meetings, held in New York City and other places, it has been as practical orators that our graduates have made the deepest impression upon the friends of Christian education. Some of the students, supported by Mr. Dodge, have become our most influential representatives. The work he promoted here was an expression of his mature judgment as to what was needed among the freedmen, and of the sympathy he cherished for them in their needs. In advancing this work here and elsewhere, he was self-denying, generous, and indefatigable. His hope of lifting up the degraded to Gospel heights rested on the use of the Gospel means."

Another school of which Mr. Dodge became a patron was "Zion Wesley College," at Salisbury, in North Carolina; a Methodist institution, but none the less needy and worthy in the thought and heart of this Christian philanthropist. What specially attracted him here was the fact that it was an African College, in the faculty as well as in the undergraduates—wholly within their own control. What experiment could be more interesting or more hopeful? He aided bravely in securing for it a suitable endowment, and gave his own check for $5,000 to make up the required amount.[1]

[1] With regard to the body, one of whose institutions Mr. Dodge thus aided, Judge Tourgeé says, in a recent number of the *Forum*: "The African Methodist Church (which has not a white man among its members, or any organic relations with any white church organization) reports in 1889 a membership of 460,000; has 12,000 places of worship; numbers 10,000 ministers; counts 15,000 Sabbath-Schools; supports its own denominational papers; has missions in the West Indies, Mexico, and Africa; while its reported contributions foot up more than $2,000,000 annually for the support of church work."

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In a word, wherever any honest, earnest effort was made either for or among these poor and needy orphans of humanity—whether it was "Hampton," "Howard," "Atlanta," "Biddle," no matter what the school, his voice was raised to cheer and his hand was outstretched to bless. Nor did he stop in the present. Providing for the future, he was careful to write down in his will liberal bequests, sometimes $5,000, sometimes $10,000, to these various institutions; besides leaving a fund of $50,000, "the income of which should be applied to the education of young colored men for the Gospel ministry; so to continue (he said) the plan which I have carried on for years" —bequests which his executors have conscienciously discharged.

It is pleasant to add the testimony of a competent witness, "that of all the students, white or black, who were aided by his gifts, it is not known that more than three or four ever proved themselves unworthy of his confidence."[1]

Is it possible to conceive of any work more important than this? more unselfish? more telling in the present? more influential in the future? If men and women are the best fruitage of States; if the foundations of the Republic must be laid broad and deep in general intelligence and moral worth, what shall be thought or said of those who, like William E. Dodge, plant schools and churches as farmers plant corn?

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[1] The Rev. D. Stuart Dodge.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE ABORIGINES.

THE original American was a red man. He was at once a savage and a poet. His sonorous names designate our

> " . . . hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,
> The venerable woods, rivers that move in majesty,
> And the complaining brooks."

His traditions hover like spirits loath to depart around our lakes and waterfalls, from Winnepissiogie to Minnehaha. Why is his light canoe no longer seen at daybreak flitting over the waters? Why is his dusky form no longer visible at the falls of the rivers at the season when the salmon and the shad ascend the stream? Why does the deer no longer bound before him, hardly outstripping him in the chase? Civilization has preëmpted his hunting-grounds. In this there is nothing to regret. But, alas, that the chapter recording our dealings with him should be so treacherous and bloody—so nearly on a level with his own barbarism!

Men who have seen the Indian in his native ugliness—as unlike Fennimore Cooper's romance as a generous friend is unlike a rattlesnake!—entertain no

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sentimental fondness for him. But why, after two hundred years of civilization on this continent, is he yet a savage? What keeps him a dangerous and expensive nuisance? The thoughtless answer: "His native instincts." Stop! Do we not libel God when we assert that he has made a race incapable of civilization? Were it not wiser to conclude that the fault lies with us rather than with the Creator?

The truth is that the whole story of our connection with the red man would be a farce if it were not a tragedy. Our agents of civilization have been gunpowder and whiskey. Our policy and practice have perpetuated barbarism. We have bought Indian lands at our own nominal valuation, and in numberless instances failed to pay even the stipulated pittance. By treating the Aborigines as a foreign element, race antagonisms have been bred and fostered and made unnecessarily to clash. We have placed them on reservations this year only to remove them the next year, when their territory became attractive to the eye of greed. By these frequent removals they have been held within the moral miasma of the border, in contact with white frontiersmen worse than themselves—the sewerage of humanity. With such models, we have marvelled at their unwillingness to accept Christian civilization off-hand! Because they have not done so, it is loudly proclaimed that the only possible solution of the Indian question is extermination!

Well, the policy of extermination has been tried ever since 1620. The government has spent $1,000,000,000 since 1789, when Washington took the oath as first President of the United States, because this nation would not believe the red man was a human

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being. It costs $1,500,000 to kill one Indian! Literally, a while ago the Cheyennes smeared their faces and started on the war-path. They were four hundred and eight warriors strong. They covered the frontier with fire and blood, and like the Frenchman and savage of Colonial days, ran the boundary with the fire-brand and the scalping-knife. The settler's wife hugged her babes in terror to her breast, and every pale-face hurried to the protection of the forts. At the close of twenty-eight months the Cheyennes washed the paint off their faces, declared peace and came in four hundred and two strong. We had spent three years, nearly, scores of lives, $9,000,000—and killed exactly six Indians! This is the policy of extermination.

If we pass to the other side of the great lakes and contrast it with the English method in Canada, a lesson may be learned. When England meets a tribe she does not push it before her at the point of the bayonet, like Uncle Sam; she throws around it the arms of her civil laws—abolishes the frontier, isolates barbarism within a gracious environment of civilization. If an Indian commits a trespass, she does not dispatch a regiment after him on the double-quick, like the Solons at Washington; she sends a constable. If a red man has a complaint, she does not wave him away to a colonel at the nearest military post, as we do; she points him to a justice of the peace.

With what result? For ninety-seven years no Indian has lifted his hand against a subject of the Queen. With a large Indian population, naturally as ferocious as our own, there is yet not a spot in Canada, since the war of 1812, marked by white blood

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shed by Indian hands.[1] For nearly a century the Crown has not spent a penny on the Indian question. To-day an Englishman may vault into the saddle in Montreal and ride west to the Pacific without a revolver—safe from Indian interference.

Observing these facts, and marking this contrast, President Grant, as soon as he entered the White House, announced a moral change of front in the national programme. "I will favor," said he, "any course towards the Indians which tends to their civilization, Christianization and ultimate citizenship." Singular that it should have been left to a soldier to inaugurate the policy of peace! At first he substituted army officers for Indian agents throughout red-man-dom. This was a gain; but it still kept the Indian in contact with military rather than civil influence. Next, the Executive transferred the management of Indian Affairs to a board of ten commissioners, selected "from men eminent for their intelligence and philanthropy," who would serve without pay.

William E. Dodge was requested to become a member of this board, as were also Messrs. the Hon. Felix R. Brunot, of Pittsburg; William Welsh and George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia; John V. Farwell, of Chicago; Robert Campbell, of St. Louis; E. S. Tobey, of Boston; the Hon. H. S. Lane, of Indian-

[1] The late troubles in Manitoba between the Canadian Government and the half-breeds may seem to discredit this statement. But those difficulties originated, not in race antipathies and white greed, but in the ambition of a demagogue and would-be political leader.

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apolis, and Nathan Bishop, M.D., of New York—the ten most illustrious names, in their spheres, in America. Would they, could they serve? Mr. Brunot, who became chairman of the Commission, writes, regarding its formation:

"Few of these gentlemen at first seemed to think acceptance possible, owing to the magnitude and pressure of their private duties. Only the reasonable request accompanying the official letter, asking that no adverse reply be made until a meeting for consultation could be held at Washington, prevented Mr. Dodge and several others from declining the honor at once. But when, after full consultation with the President, the Secretary, the Indian Committees of Congress, and with each other, they were convinced that the opportunity presented itself to prevent the threatened Indian war, to reform the long corrupt Indian administration of Indian affairs, to change the policy of injustice and wrong, and warfare and extermination, for that of honesty and fair dealing, and to inaugurate practical measures for the civilization, education and Christianization of the Indian, they felt compelled to accept the trust."

Having been organized, how did the Commission work? Listen on this point to Mr. Thomas K. Cree, the original secretary:

"The members, in consultation with the President, divided up the seventy Indian agencies among the different religious denominations, giving a fair proportion to each. The missionary boards or some kindred authority were asked to name the seventy agents, who in turn had the appointing of some nine hundred subordinates. Thus the management of two hundred and seventy-five thousand Indians—civilized, half-civilized and barbarous—was handed over to the Church, every branch of which was asked to assist in the work. The intention was that all the employees should be Christian men and women, with

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salaries ranging from six hundred to fifteen hundred dollars per annum. The call was for doctors, teachers, farmers, blacksmiths, millers, etc. Thus it was expected that nearly a thousand Christian men and women would go among the Indians, and by precept and example Christianize, civilize and educate them. It was the grand opportunity of the Church. Unfortunately the Church failed to see the great opening. In some cases men who were not even professing Christians were named as agents, and it was exceptional where the subordinate positions were filled by Christian men; some of the agents were appointed by local and political influence exerted upon the mission boards; some could not resist the opportunities so abundantly offered for making money dishonestly, and the subordinates were often men of no character whatever. Yet this system, grand in its conception, but imperfectly carried out, secured agents who were, as a class, honest, and went with the intention of doing what they could for the service and for the Indian."

Mr. Dodge was, of course, new in this special field. But he did as he always did, made the work a matter of conscience, allotting to it more time and attention than he could well spare. He was on each of the more important committees, where his services were highly valued by his colleagues. With the Executive Committee, which shaped the policy of the board, and with the Purchasing Committee, which supervised the buying of Indian supplies (fertile field of immemorial peculation), his connections were intimate. His business capacity and experience in philanthropy, a veteran in each, gave his words authority and his decisions conclusive weight.

In the summer of 1869, wishing personally to inspect the ground, Mr. Dodge, with two of his fellow-commissioners (Messrs. Brunot and Bishop),

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pushed into the Indian territory, thirty days beyond the reach of mails. Could a city man give better proof of his interest in a cause than by voluntarily on its behalf cutting himself off from postmen and railroads and telegraphs and morning newspapers—and dividends?

Nevertheless, the coterie had a good time of it, a regular picnic, with plenty of buffalo meat and venison and birds in the larder; with lofty mountains and rushing rivers, recalling the headlong Alpine torrents, and lovely, sequestered valleys to decorate the landscape; with cool nights to sleep in, their feet stretched down towards the twinkling camp fires; with tonic air, the very ozone of the eternal hills, to fill their town-accustomed lungs; and, at last, with Indians, thousands of them, to look at and talk to—picturesque in their native wildness—in villages that were only camps—the men, women, children, each with a horse or pony—life nomadic and primeval.

Several council fires were lighted, the pipe of peace was smoked and passed (Mr. Dodge smoked by proxy), and the Commissioners freely voiced their wishes and hopes, the New York merchant being their usual spokesman. In this way the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Commanches, were approached and exhorted—getting, perhaps, in these three Commissioners their first view of a pale-face warm with Christian kindliness. On one of these occasions Mr. Dodge said:

"We have come a great way from the East to see you. We are not Indian agents. We live at home and have our own business; but the Great Father sent us to see you. We have not come to make treaties or to make presents. But the Great

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Father has heard many stories. There are good Indians and bad ones; good whites and bad ones. We are come to hear what you have to say, and will report it to the Great Father. He and all the good whites want the Indians to do well, and to come and live here on their reservations, and they will be protected; but if the young men wander off and go on the war-path into Texas or elsewhere, they must be punished.

"The Great Father does not want to give you guns or powder, but wants you to have clothing, food, and farming implements, and to help you to raise corn and support yourselves. He will be careful to send you good agents hereafter, who will give you all that is promised. He wants you to cultivate your lands and become a part of this great nation.

"Bad white men have given whiskey to the tribes of the East, and they have all perished from it. Keep it away from you."

The Commissioners reached home in the middle of September. Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Brunot accompanied the party throughout the trip.

In the golden days of October Mr. and Mrs. Dodge set out for Pittsburg, to attend the annual meeting of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." The traveller, fresh from the plains recited his experience to the crowds in attendance, and thus concluded:

"We came back with the conviction that the time has arrived when the Indians, driven from their accustomed haunts on the plains and in the mountains, must seek some different location, where, under the fostering care of the Government, they may be tutored in the habits of civilization by the aid of schools, which the Government has promised to establish, and by the efforts of Christians throughout the land.

"Remembering what God has done for us, and what we have just heard he is now doing among the Dakotas, we

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believe the people of the United States must awaken to a sense of their responsibility to do something to save these men—many of them wild as the savages on the plains of Africa—poor wanderers, so long oppressed, neglected, abused, and feared; so long standing in the way of the settlement of our borders. They are the last remnant of the aborigines of our country. Let us rescue them from extermination. We are convinced that they may yet become a blessing to us and to the nation."

Of the work of the Commissioners during the five years of Mr. Dodge's connection with it, Mr. Brunot says:

"An examination of the five annual reports—comprising more than a thousand printed pages—the files of the Record Office at Washington, and the columns of the public press during the years of this service, show the extent and importance of the gratuitous services of the members. Performing many onerous duties, working out important reforms, and forwarding by every means in their power the wise and beneficient policy inaugurated by President Grant, the Board was continued, with but few changes, as at first organized, until 1874. Five years of trial had proved this policy to be a success beyond the anticipation of its friends. The country had been almost entirely saved from Indian wars. Millions of money have been saved to the Government and to the Indians by the breaking up of rings, the discovery and prevention of frauds, the unearthing and dismissal of dishonest agents, the scrutiny of contracts and accounts, and in many other ways. It is a cause of gratification to the friends of the deceased members, as it is doubtless also to the survivors of the original Board, that their recommendations have in the main been adopted as the avowed policy of successive Administrations. Humane and just treatment of the Indians, no more making and breaking of treaties, education and industrial training in schools, individual ownership of lands, the protection of civil law and amenability to its

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requirements, and the rights of citizenship as soon as they can be prepared for it, are now demanded by the general public sentiment of the country as the solution of the Indian problem."

Mr. Dodge withdrew from the Commission partly because he could not permanently bestow the labor required, but chiefly because an unsympathetic Secretary of the Interior, who held a kind of veto, exerted himself to thwart the efforts of the Board, while favoring the old Indian ring, enraged by the loss of their wonted plunder. His interest in the cause, however, did not lapse. He watched eagerly, aided liberally, the efforts being made to educate Indian boys and girls, particularly those at "Hampton" and "Carlisle." And he felt persuaded that he had witnessed the dawn of a happier day for the red man and for the pale face; that the immemorial policy of extermination had been buried in the grave with other relics of barbarism, and replaced by a method whose right hand was the Bible and whose left hand was the primer.

That millenium has not yet arrived, but is on the way.

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CHAPTER VIII.

EYES AND EARS WIDE OPEN.

HAVING gone into the South, after the battle flags were furled and the armies were disbanded, for philanthropy, Mr. Dodge also went down there for business. His practiced eye discovered both the opportunity and the need. The opportunity, for the South was bursting with the raw materials of wealth. The need, for these raw materials were undeveloped, waiting to be worked up. That section was like a drunken man in a brawl—dazed, uncertain whether to continue the fight, or to submit and go to work again. Business is sometimes the truest philanthropy. Who helps men so effectually as he who teaches them how to earn an honest livelihood? Who shall contradict the saying of Adam Smith, the English Economist: "He is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before?" This the industrious and intelligent man does. Wherever such an one goes, though it be to barren waste or pestilential morass, health and abundance follow, if any regard for the common weal sanctifies the civilization. Those divinities whom the ancients worshipped—Ceres, Pomona, Flora, who strewed the earth with grains, fruits, flowers, have in modern times domiciled themselves among men, and have

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exchanged their divine titles for plain professors of chemistry, and we now call them agriculturists and horticulturists.

Realizing that the perishing requirement, in a business way, of the South was capital, and a vigorous hand to rub it in, the Cliff Street merchant selected the Empire State of Dixie, Georgia, as his field of operations, and expended large sums in the purchase and working of yellow pine lands. He erected a spacious saw-mill on St. Simon's Island, near the town of Brunswick, which was a port of entry and the county capital. Back of this site, away and away, loomed the giants of the forest. Soon a humming village grew up in that wilderness, with its trim church, its school-house filled with the murmur of children, its rows of comfortable houses for the workmen—civilization sawed out of pine logs.

The generous Southerners were quick to appreciate and respond to such practical friendship. They repaid it in kind. The Legislature of Georgia, in 1870, set off from several counties the district in which most of the New Yorker's interests lay, and created a new county, to be known as *Dodge* County, and sent him an authenticated copy of the enactment. This mark of esteem touched Mr. Dodge as few compliments had ever done. He remembered the past. He got new hope for the future. At Eastman, the county seat, he erected, at his own expense, a beautiful county-house and presented it to his namesake, going to Georgia in person to make the presentation. We clip from a Macon journal a notice of the event:

"The Court-room was crowded with people from all parts of the county, and Mr. Dodge made an address, in which, after

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acknowledging in graceful terms the honor done him, he spoke at length of the resources and advantages possessed by the people of Georgia over most other portions of the United States—the mild climate, particularly salubrious in the pine woods district; the fertile soil, capable of high cultivation; the variety of productions and industries; the proximity to the seaboard, and other favorable features; all of which argued that the day was not far distant when immigration would set in from the North and from Europe, and Georgia, with her sister States, would become prosperous and powerful beyond any present conception."

It used to be said of Mr. Dodge that he rode hobby-horses. Perhaps he did. Men who accomplish much do. At any rate, it cannot be charged that he rode one to the exclusion of the rest. The stalls in his stables were full of them. He exercised them all. And it is noticeable that every one travelled in the direction of the public good. Now, for example, while he was aiding in the development of the new South, he was likewise keeping a sharp eye upon the free schools in his own city. He valued these schools. They meant so much, did so much. They meant common intelligence—the basis of Republican institutions. They rubbed prejudices of race and creed, and narrow class conceits out of their scholars at the plastic age, and made sturdy merit the test of standing. This they did. Supplementing the narrow means at home, the fundamentals of education were secured to every boy and every girl in the community.

Millions were annually spent and wisely spent upon these schools. Politicians were always prowling around these moneys, itching to finger them. A centralized Church hated the system just because it

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inevitably educated the young out of superstition and into independent thought and action. Now and again the Pilate of politics and the Herod of Romanism would agree to crucify the free schools. This was the case in 1870. Up at Albany adverse legislation was pending. A mass-meeting was held in Cooper Union Hall to cry check-mate—and did so. The venerable and venerated Peter Cooper presided. Mr. Dodge was one of the speakers. His remarks explain the situation :

"It is the glory of our land that here every man and every sect may worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. All their ecclesiastical affairs may be managed as they please, provided they do not infringe upon the rights of any other sect or people, nor insist upon special privileges in a way to interfere with the system intended for the good of all. There is no disguising the fact that we have in our midst a sectarian element, which in all its past history has been opposed to the education and elevation of the masses, and which claims to be the true and only representative of the religion of our Saviour. The great body of its adherents have come to this country to escape the oppression and poverty of the old; but they still acknowledge ultimate responsibility and allegiance, temporal and spiritual, to a foreign power. Ignorant and superstitious, trained to rely implicitly on their religious advisers, with little or no appreciation of our form of government, they are yet, in a short time, admitted to all the rights of American citizenship. Now, if these persons, taken into partnership with us in this noble inheritance, purchased for us by the toil, blood and treasure of our fathers, would become truly American, there would be less danger; but we all know that the Catholics in the United States are an actual part of the great Papal power, with its center at Rome, and, whatever they may claim as Americans, they are the subjects of the Pope, and through their priests are bound with chains stronger than iron to the dictates

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of a foreign power always antagonistic to the principles of our popular government and popular education. We have only to look at Spain, Italy and Mexico, to see what America would be—and will be—if they can succeed in destroying our common schools. We welcome them to all the privileges of our free and happy country. We throw around them the protection of our laws. We offer them a liberal portion of our landed inheritance without money or price. We agree to educate their children free of cost, and to give them facilities our fathers never dreamed of. We wish to train them in Christian morality, to cultivate in them a sacred regard for justice and love of country, to instil into their minds the grand and liberal principles upon which our institutions are founded. We would instruct them in frugality, industry, temperance, and the universally binding moral law of the Scripture. But they say, 'No! You teach our children the Bible, you allow them to read history, which may tell them what we do not wish them to know. You do not give a "religious education." What we want is to have our children trained according to the dogmas of our own church, so that we can make them as good subjects of a foreign power as if they had been born there; so that we can hold all our people by the strong hand of sectarian influence. We demand, therefore, that all other sects shall be taxed to support our church schools.' If we should offer to substitute the Douay Bible, it would be no more acceptable, unless we should allow Catholic priests to teach it, and with it the tenets of their church. No! It is the influence of our public schools and their democratic features, free from sectarian bias; it is the mixing of their children with ours—the tendency of these schools to promote the true type of American character, and the probability that children sent to them will break loose from ecclesiastical authority; this is what they fear. They know, moreover, the advantage of holding their people in one mass, and being able to offer them to whichever political party shall do most for them as a sect. They make no secret of their power in public affairs. It is triumphant in our city, and they do not hesitate to boast that in fifty years they will secure in the entire

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country what they have gained here. They understand how and when to use their influence. We are met to see if anything can be done to arouse the city, the State, and the whole land to appreciate the danger, and if possible, to avert it. Shall we allow our noble system of free schools, supported by all, and for the education of all, to be destroyed? This is the issue. Once let Roman Catholics have a portion of our fund raised by general tax to sustain their sectarian schools, and every sect may demand the same."

The globe, like the back of a man's head, is a ganglion of nerves. Interests are no longer national, but international. Our war showed this. The Franco-Prussian war was added evidence. Who does not remember, who can ever forget that war? Its cause in the vanity of Napoleon III.? Its progress paved with French defeats? Its denouement in the total discomfiture of one nation, and in the rise of another, transformed from a huddle of principalities into the dominating empire of Europe?

Prostrate France sent a wail of distress across the water. She was in the condition of the South at the close of the rebellion—threatened with famine. She had not behaved like herself during our struggle, or rather her Emperor, fearing the success of free institutions, had schemed to our disadvantage. No matter. France was now starving. In 1871 Mr. Dodge, representing the New York Chamber of Commerce, addressed the Corn Exchange in advocacy of a plan of relief:

"We will not stop to consider the folly or responsibility of France in provoking and bringing upon herself this fearful result. Our duty is simple and clear. We have food, they are starving; and at such a time, forgetting her position in our late

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struggle for national unity, we may go back to that earlier war for our national independence, and remember how manfully France stood by us, and gave us arms and men, and better than that, her hearty sympathy and encouragement. Yes; we owe her a debt of gratitude, which, I trust, in her hour of need, we shall not be slow to repay."

Immediate shipments were made. The most needy sufferers were relieved.

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CHAPTER IX.

DOINGS AND SAYINGS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THOSE vessels which sailed away to France cargoed with fraternity in the practical shape of food and clothing for the hungry and naked victims of war, were soon followed by Mr. and Mrs. Dodge in person. They went abroad on this occasion partly drawn by commercial and social bonds, but mainly for the purpose of realizing a wish long felt—that of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land. Landing at Liverpool they proceeded thence down the Mediterranean to Alexandria. Here they were in the primeval East. From Cairo they rode out to gaze at the Pyramids, from whose grey summits forty centuries looked down upon them, as upon Napoleon when he battled with the fierce Mamalukes under their grim shadows. Pilgrims from a land which slept behind the veil of impenetrable waters for thousands of years after the Pharaohs were gathered to their fathers, they mused upon the vicissitudes of human life as they rode over the blistering sands, or crossed the turbid flood of the historic Nile, where Moses was hidden from the inquisitive tyrant, and thanked God devoutly that they came from a land where knowledge was a common birthright, and not a prerogative of royalty and priestcraft, as it had been here, until Cambyses came down from Persia and thundered across Egypt, trampling it out beneath his horse's hoofs from

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battered palace and crumbling convent into the light of day.

From Egypt they proceeded to Palestine. What joy to place their reverent feet in the steps of thunder-robed old prophets, to companion in thought with the apostles right here where they mended their nets beside the Lake of Galilee, or where they planted the Mother Church of Christendom in Jerusalem, and, best of all, to be near the scenes immortalized by Jesus himself—Bethlehem, where he was born; Nazareth, where he was trained; Capernaum, where he resided after the beginning of his ministry; Bethany, where he was wont to sit with Mary, Martha, Lazarus, interchanging experiences with the dear trio; and Calvary, where he opened his arms to enfold the world!

They went from Palestine to Beirût, Syria, to visit their son, the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, who was an honored and useful professor in the Syrian Protestant College. Here, with his son at his side, while the mother also was just at hand, Mr. Dodge laid the corner-stone of a new collegiate building—a structure which his contributions had helped to make possible.

Returning by easy stages to Europe, the husband and wife stopped in Berlin, where they received special attentions from the United States Minister to Germany, the Hon. George Bancroft, patriarch of American letters; and in Vienna, where the Hon. John Jay, our Austrian Ambassador, gave them a hospitable welcome. At Rome they were present at the famous dinner, still talked of, which Mr. Cyrus W. Field gave to the International Telegraphic Conference.

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At this period certain Russian Christians were being persecuted in the Baltic provinces. Mr. Dodge acted as one of the American delegates of the Evangelical Alliance to petition the Czar for their relief. His Russian majesty was now visiting Germany, tarrying at Friedrichshafen. He did not accord the delegation a personal interview, but accredited his prime minister, Prince Gortschakoff, to receive the appeal. Garbled accounts of this interview were cabled to the United States. In a letter written from Paris on the 15th of August, 1871, to his life-long friend, the Rev. Irenaeus Prime, D.D., the editor of the *New York Observer*, and published by that correspondent in his journal, Mr. Dodge corrected these misstatements, and gave an inside view of what was said and done. We quote:

"In your issue of the 20th ultimo, I regret to find you have been misinformed by the telegraphic reports in reference to what took place at our interview with Prince Gortschakoff, and I am confident serious injury to the cause we advocated will result if these statements remain uncorrected.

"It is there stated that the Imperial Chancellor expressed the sympathy of his sovereign with the object of the petition, and said that on his return to St. Petersburg the Czar would attend to the request of the deputation, and introduce religious reforms throughout Russia, and that Protestants should be placed on an equal footing with the members of the Greek Orthodox Church, by the repeal of the coercive laws existing against them.

"I am sure this will strike all who were present as an unfortunate statement of what actually occurred. We were received in a familiar, conversational manner, with the distinct understanding on the part of the minister that the interview was not to be considered official. We remained more than an hour,

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and were treated with extreme politeness; but the skill of the experienced diplomatist was shown in the reserve of the Chancellor. He heard all we desired to offer, but did not commit himself or his sovereign to anything further than that he would present our views fairly. He was most careful to say that, in his opinion, no government in the world was more tolerant than Russia; not only were all religions permitted, but the State paid for their support, as it does in the case of the Greek Church. He wished it understood, however, that the Emperor could not for a moment admit of interference; whatever he did must be the result of his own wise judgment. The laws were still in force which forbid the return to the Protestant faith of any who have once joined the Greek Church; but all who are Protestant have every liberty.

"In these and other remarks during the interview, Prince Gortschakoff made no statement such as the telegraph reports have led you to suppose.

"I may add that while we did not secure all we asked and desired, we did come away with strong conviction that much good might result from this interview; but if erroneous accounts of the occasion are circulated, and find their way back to Russia—as they undoubtedly will—any favorable results will be greatly hindered."

The outcome of this intervention was alleviation, but not the complete religious liberty for which the delegation asked. Despots never like to concede liberty, even of conscience—it might prove contagious!

In England, the New Yorker and his wife were the recipients of marked social favors. The United Kingdom Alliance entertained them at breakfast (an English institution), after which Mr. Dodge gave a detailed report of the progress of temperance in America. At Richmond, the British branch of the Evangelical Alliance tendered them a dinner, (a universal institution), with the President, the Earl of

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Chichester, in the chair. They also spent three or four charming days at Croyden, in Buckinghamshire, the superb country-seat of Sir Harry Verney.

The Americans reached New York, pleasantly tired with sight-seeing, in the spring of 1872, after the longest and most extensive of their trips abroad. What they specially admired over there was the manner in which British Christians avowed their principles. They were aggressive. Ladies distributed tracts while riding on top of a stage-coach. Engineers hung up religious mottoes in the engine room of steamboats. In London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, young men patrolled the sidewalks on Sunday, and invited pedestrians to adjacent churches. Since it is now the fashion for our golden youth to imitate English styles, and to nurse the head of a cane with the remark, "It's English, you know!" why not, they thought, carry the fashion to the extent of imitating the brave Christian propaganda of the tight little island? But fashion is too insane for that!

The first Presidential term of General Grant was about to end. An election would be held in November, 1872. It was the well-nigh unanimous wish of the North that Grant should succeed himself. A laughable coalition had been formed against him, and was headed by Mr. Horace Greeley, aided by several eminent and respectable Republicans, disgruntled with or without reason. Mr. Greeley had been a bitter and formidable opponent of the Democratic party from the commencement of his public life; as also had been his coadjutors in this singular campaign. Yet that party gave him its nomination for the Presi

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dency, and ate crow with a wry face through all the months of the most absurd canvass ever known in our politics. A mass-meeting of business men was held in the Cooper Union Hall in the spring of 1872, just after Mr. Dodge's return from Europe, and he was among the speakers. He said, in recommending the renomination of Grant:

"We are assembled frankly to express our impressions in regard to the manner in which General Grant has fulfilled the expectations of the party which elected him to his high office. In common with many others, I confess I had apprehensions that his previous training might not have fitted him for the responsibilities of a position to which he was elevated, on account of his success in leading our armies to victory. The result of his administration for three years has dissipated my fears. When has our country, as a whole, experienced more general prosperity? When has our national credit, at home and abroad, stood higher? When have our laboring-classes been more widely employed or better paid? The heavy burden of taxation, made necessary by the war, has been steadily lessened, and our stupendous debt itself reduced, to the astonishment of the nations of Europe. It could not have been anticipated that the great social and political changes following the war would be adjusted without trouble and friction at the South. That there has been more or less cause for complaint, we do not deny. Yet the difficulties have mainly been the natural result of this transition state, and President Grant should no more be held accountable than the whole Republican party; nor should they be made responsible for the adventurers who went to the South to profit by the chaos there, and who, in many cases, under the guise of Republicans, misled the freedmen for the purpose of carrying out their own personal ends. It was only natural that men just emancipated should seek the counsel and leadership of others than those who had held them in bondage; nor could it be ex-

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pected that they should at once be able to discern the true character and aims of the unscrupulous men who were seeking to lead them astray."

Mr. Dodge despised the "carpet-baggers," who in the name of Union were creating disunion in the South; and rejoiced when, one after another, the Southern States side-tracked these engineers of spoliation. But he felt that the time had not come for a change of administration—least of all for the inauguration of the piebald opposition, whose David was Greeley, with the *Tribune* for a sling. Hence his course. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention, held in Philadelphia; and also one of the New York Electors, casting as such his vote for Grant and Wilson in the Electoral College.

But it was not the South alone which was at this time the feeding ground of political cormorants. These birds of prey held New York City in their talons, and were burying their evil beaks in the metropolitan body-politic. True, they were Republicans on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, and Democrats in the Empire State. What of that? A politician is—a politician always and everywhere, with the same selfish nature and the same instinct for plunder, and with as many *aliases* as "Dick, the Crib-cracker."

The head of the New York gang was William M. Tweed, a man of low birth, but *large acquirements*. Beginning as a ward politician, he pocketed everything within reach in the way of offices and emoluments, until one day he appropriated the position of Deputy Street Commissioner. In this capacity he formed the "Tammany Ring," composed of rascals

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like himself, members of the political society called "Tammany." The scheme was to plunder the city under the pretext of "improvement." Streets were laid out a quarter of a century in advance of need; a Court-house was undertaken, which was to be erected at a stipulated cost of $2,500,000, but which ate up $8,000,000 without being completed; and dozens of similar "jobs" were contracted for—railroads to the moon, whose New York terminus was the pocket of the "ring." Contractors for "ring" work were directed to make out claims against the city for all manner of imaginable services. These fraudulent bills were audited by Tweed, or his confederates, and approved. Vast sums were paid in this way out of the city treasury, of which the "ring" received sixty-five per cent., Tweed's personal share being twenty-five per cent. In order to extend and protect their schemes, the robbers made Tweed grand sachem of "Tammany," President of the Board of Supervisors, and State Senator, in addition to the Street Commissionership. He was thus enabled to create an indefinite number of political positions, active and sinecure, in which he quartered an army of heelers. He mastered the State as well as the City government, carried a Governor in his vest pocket, the legislature in his coat pocket, and rattled judges between his fingers as a boy might a set of clappers. At every turn you came upon Tweed under the alias of "Mayor Hall," "Comptroller Connoly," or "Commissioner Sweeney." He was the get-all and end-all. This scoundrel became at last as swollen in purse as in person (he weighed 250 pounds), and openly boasted that he was worth $20,000,000.

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The people were indignant, but, for awhile, powerless. How prove the rascalities? When they complained, Tweed snapped his pudgy fingers and cried: "What are you going to do about it?"

Well, one day a clerk, employed in the auditor's office, stealthily copied the secret account of the "ring" moneys, which was kept in the safe of the auditor. This precious document "gave away" the whole plot. It was published in the journals. The city was aflame. Public meetings were held. The most prominent and influential citizens organized committees to corral the thieves and punish them. It was a revolution. The creatures of Tweed who masqueraded as governors, commissioners, and judges, were struck and slain by the cannon ball of public opinion, while their puffy chief, after adventures which recall the exploits of Claude Duval, finally disgorged himself thin, financially and physically, and died in jail.

Through these years and experiences, Mr. Dodge was at first an outraged spectator, and at last an energetic prosecutor, of the "ring." He acted in conjunction with the "Committe of Seventy," and stoutly supported the efforts of Charles O'Conor, the great lawyer who unearthed the villany and convicted the villains. But this is never ending work. The temptation is omnipresent. And the breaking-up of one "ring" is no sooner forgotten than another is formed. "The difficulty with municipal government," remarked the late Henry Ward Beecher, putting it in an epigram, "is that there are too many heads with too little in them, and too many pockets with too much in them."

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In the fall of 1873, while these matters were yet a public scandal, and required his vigilant attention, Mr. Dodge was forced to devote a good deal of time to other more congenial work. An International Convention of the "Evangelical Alliance" was to be held in New York. As President of the American branch, manifold duties of preparation devolved upon him. For one thing he was desirous that the delegates should be pleasantly entertained in the Christian houses of the city. As these numbered more than five hundred, with above one hundred from over the sea, and some fifty from British America, this was no slight task—particularly in New York, which is not noted for its religious hospitality. Strangers are often *taken in*, but not agreeably. Mrs. Dodge came to her husband's rescue on this occasion. Day after day she ransacked the town for entertainers. Of course, she succeeded. How could such a woman fail? The large body forming the "Alliance" never before or since lodged so delightfully, which suggests this hint: Why not put the social part of all convention work in the hands of women? What men do bunglingly, they would do deftly. This lies in their sphere.

In an address delivered at the opening of the convention, Mr. Dodge fitly welcomed the delegates, and outlined the objects of the "Alliance:"

"FELLOW CHRISTIANS, MEMBERS AND DELEGATES: It becomes my pleasant duty, as president of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance, to call the Conference to order, that the necessary steps may be taken for permanent organization.

"In response to our invitation you have come from different

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parts of the world to attend this General Conference in a land to many of you new and strange. In the name of the American branch of the Alliance, I extend to you again this morning a cordial welcome to our shores, our homes and our hearts. We trust the separation from beloved friends and from pressing duties—with all the toils and perils of travel—may find some compensation in the joys of a Christian fellowship that only such an occasion can afford, and in the new and riper views of Christian obligation and privilege which such discussions as are now before us promise to unfold.

"To those who have crossed the ocean for the first time there will also be an opportunity to become more intimately and personally acquainted with the life and features of this new world. You will find here vast numbers from your own lands who have come to adopt this as a home for themselves and for their children; you will learn something of the form of civil government, which distinguishes this from other countries; you will notice the various religious organizations seeking no support from the State, but only demanding protection in the full enjoyment of religious liberty. You will, perhaps, be astonished at the growth and prosperity which have been attained in so short a time. The population of this city in which we have convened has, within the life of men now upon this floor, grown from seventy thousand to nearly a million, while the United States has increased from six to forty millions.

"Americans who travel abroad gaze with interest upon the growth of centuries—ancient cathedrals, castles and cities of historic fame; here we can only point you to what has been accomplished chiefly during a single century. We hope many of you may visit our Western States, cross the great inland seas, and witness for yourselves the marvelous changes in progress there.

"We meet as Christian brethren, and laying aside for the time distinctions which separate us into sects and parties, we rejoice to greet each other as children of a Common Father, assembled to deliberate upon the mighty concerns of His kingdom, and to consider how we can best promote the great

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principles that bind us and all true believers together. The topics to be discussed are most timely and important, and we trust that the conclusions reached will fully vindicate the wisdom of convening such a body of men. Permit me to remind you that the summoning of this Conference, composed of representatives from almost every land, and well-nigh every department of Christian thought and activity, has awakened wide interest in our own country, and, I doubt not, in other lands.

"The eyes of God and of men are watching us. Let us enter upon our duties with a deep sense of our entire dependence upon that wisdom which is from above, and with earnest prayer that the Divine Spirit will guide all our deliberations. Animated with such feelings, and blessed with such aid, it cannot but be that our assembling shall redound to the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow men. Years hence it may be one of the happiest memories we shall cherish, that we were permitted to have even a humble part in the proceedings and decisions of this Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. May it do much towards preparing the way for the relief of those still persecuted, for righteousness' sake, in the various portions of the globe; may it give an impulse to the growth of religious liberty everywhere, and may it bind together Christians of every name more closely, and help also to strengthen the growing sentiment in favor of arbitration in the settlement of international difficulties, and lift up among all people a victorious standard in the face of modern scepticism, rationalism, the claims of the Papacy and every other false system."

"Dodge Hall" was as full of good things during the Conference as a turkey on Thanksgiving Day. The house was largely given up to guests, and became (what it was quite in the habit of being) a free hotel. European celebrities abounded—gentlemen whom the Dodges had met abroad, like Sir Charles Reed, M.P., and the Rev. Dr. John Stoughton, honored alike as a

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writer and a preacher. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge opened their doors on one memorable evening to the "Alliance," and received their guests to the number of eight hundred. The scene recalled the day of Pentecost. Here were "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians"—all speaking of the wonderful works of God.

In the midst of this orderly confusion, with the harmonious jangle of these cosmopolitan voices ringing through the rooms, some one remarked to Mr. Dodge that he had stayed his roof up with all the pillars of the church. "Yes," was the quick retort; "but I agree with my friend, Mr. Moody, 'that the church has too many pillars—we want more lights!'"

While these events were transpiring, and for months afterwards the envied merchant was stretched upon the rack and undergoing torture as truly as though he had fallen into the hands of medieval inquisitors. His commercial reputation had been flawless for half a century of business life. The house of which he was now the head had gone through crisis after crisis and come out like Bayard, "without fear and without reproach." Early in 1873 Phelps, Dodge & Co. were charged with fraudulent dealing. How? Why?

The charge arose from certain revenue regulations. Without going into an analysis of dry laws, or encumbering these pages with technicalities, suffice it to say, that all importations were ordered by the United States Government to be invoiced (an invoice is a

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written account of the various items of merchandise delivered) at the cost price. They were likewise to be sworn to before the American Consul at the port of departure as at exact market value when the vessel carrying them weighed anchor. On reaching this country these two prices, the one in the invoice and the other in the sworn statement, were compared. If they agreed, well and good, if they disagreed in the smallest item, the whole cargo was subject to confiscation. The owners lost the whole, beside incurring the odium of an attempted swindle.

Now, here was the difficulty. All large importers contracted for their goods months before they were shipped. Market values were constantly changing. How, then, could importers be sure of an agreement between the price paid and the price current on the day of shipment? As a matter of fact, they never were sure. The revenue laws went further. They ordained that one-half of the value of the cargo should be divided *pro rata* between the informer and the Custom House Nabobs. Thus it was made to the advantage for every clerk to be a spy upon his employer. And it meant a fortune to the Collector as often as an importer was mulcted. In this state of affairs the government was put in the position of bribing clerks to betray those who paid their wages, and the Custom House officials were enriched as many times over as they might interrupt a cargo. This system, human nature being what it is, provoked fraud, and paid a bounty on blackmail. Perhaps the importer knew nothing about the matter, which was in the hands of his subordinates. He might be entirely innocent of any purpose to defraud. A

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marked change in values might have taken place between the buying and the shipping price. No matter. If the invoice and the sworn statement were not in absolute accord when the cargo arrived, if a rascally clerk had manipulated the papers in order to secure the booty of an informer, look you, the importation was instantly seized, condemned, sold and the owners were branded as swindlers across the continent!

Well, so it occurred with Phelps, Dodge & Co. It was alleged that certain small items in various invoices were undervalued. The shipment of which they formed a part was confiscated, and the firm suffered serious loss both in pocket and prestige.

But only for a time. See the value of character! The well-informed in such matters scouted the charge. The honored firm which was assailed, scattered the facts broadcast, asserting and proving their innocence. The Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce in the great cities, aware of many similar cases involving the good name of the most trustworthy firms, passed resolutions condemning the revenue laws, and appointing committees to go to the Capital and demand their repeal. Mr. Dodge himself visited Washington as a member of the New York committee, and made a statement, clear as truth, convincing as sunlight, before the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives. Many of those who heard him had been prejudiced in advance, but saw and acknowledged their error when he was through. In 1874 the House repealed the iniquitous regulations by a unanimous vote, the Senate concurring in a ballot equally emphatic. The New York Chamber of Commerce then reëlected Mr. Dodge to its presidency for

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the eighth time; by this unprecedented honor putting upon record its sense of his unsullied merchantile character.

Thus his loss was a universal gain. The boomerang reacted upon the hurlers of it. Phelps, Dodge & Co. stood, as they had ever stood, without a stain. Throughout this strain Mr. Dodge's behavior was superb. His manner was as easy, his smile as pleasant, his voice as cordial, as though he were a stranger to suffering. Casual observers saw no difference in him. Only his intimates knew of his grief. But it was his nature to face peril without fear. He thought that God had a purpose in this trial, and that when it was subserved, He would vindicate him. The trust was well placed![1]

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[1] This affair made a great stir at the time. But the outcome of it was as above related. The documents in the case are all on record, and are open to the examination of any interested. The Hon. D. A. Wells, late Commissioner of Revenue, made a detailed report, covering every question involved, in which he fully exhonerated Phelps, Dodge & Co. This, too, is accessible.

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EIGHTH DECADE.

BROKEN.

(1875–83. ÆT. 70–78.)

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CHAPTER I.

AT THE FIRESIDE.

THE home life of William E. Dodge was singularly happy. It was clouded, of course, by those occasional griefs which are impartial visitors. Outside, fierce storms often raged. But within, in joy or sorrow, the atmosphere was serene.

He was an early riser. After dressing, his invariable custom was to enter his private library, an apartment off the bed room, where he spent a half hour in devotion. He regarded as supremely important the sacred reservation of stated hours, and, if possible, places, for these seasons of communion with the unseen Eternal. Thence he descended to the common library, a spacious room on the first floor, and led the entire household, servants included, at the family altar. Breakfast was served at eight o'clock. From the table he went into the reception room, to see such early callers as might be awaiting him—usually applicants for aid of one sort or another. Then "good-bye" was said for the day, and the home saw him no more until the late afternoon. At six o'clock he reappeared, found that reception room the Mecca of a new batch of pilgrims, to whom he gave his ear, and if possible his aid, and then sat down to dinner—the joyous occasion of reunion and good cheer. At this end sat the husband and father, at that end the wife and mother, on either side the sons, with here and there an intermingled guest; for rare were the

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days when "Dodge Hall" was not the resting place of one or more visitors. The great-hearted merchant had at least one of the qualifications of a bishop: he was "given to hospitality." This meal, like the breakfast, was always preceded by a blessing, asked and received—for does not Jesus say, "Ask and ye shall receive?" There is no condiment with which to season food equal to a heart-felt grace. Sometimes, it must be confessed, the dyspeptic viands that load the table sadly need it, aside from all consideration of the persons around the board.

The evenings at "Dodge Hall" were, alas, too frequently for the happiness of all concerned, broken in upon by callers or by an imperative summons from without to attend a public gathering. But when free to do so, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge gave their time to one another and to their children with hearty satisfaction. He was the best of readers; she the best of listeners. Many and delightful were the hours they passed, the literary excursions they took, the authors they conned, he on one side, she on the other, of the library center table, the books on the shelves looking their approval. Before ten o'clock the household reassembled, evening prayers were offered, and soon after all retired.

How poor and wretched is the home, however externally prosperous, though wealth fresco the ceiling and luxury carpet the floor, and taste adorn the pictured walls, and culture smile from the library, and summer breathe from the fire-place, and plenty laugh in the larder—where there is no God; and which, while making room for Oriental voluptuousness, can spare no space for the family altar. How enviable is the home, however hard and bare with

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poverty, in which Jesus finds a welcome, as with Mary and Martha, and Lazarus, in Bethany; and where, from parental tones of reverence, and looks of love, and simple words of prayer, the children are taught piety, as they are taught to dress and eat and sleep.

Can a day be more fittingly begun than by invoking the blessing of God to rest upon its labors, petitioning for the household bread, praying for deliverance from temptation, and asking for the spread of Gospel life and light? Could it be more becomingly ended than by gathering the loved ones at the family altar, the duties of the day all done, and with grateful heart and reverent tongue, returning thanks to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," for continued life, and measurable health, for food and raiment, and things convenient, for the deliverances and benefits of the waking hours? What deprivation is equal to that of a prayerless home?

But in "Dodge Hall" Sunday was the day of days —its coming anticipated, its advent hailed with enthusiasm. This was preëminently the family day. Public worship was scrupulously attended, and by all. After this, however, hours of delight remained. The world was barred out. Quiet meditation, sober conversation, marked the day. The supper hour was six o'clock. At five o'clock the children were called to their father's side, in their younger days, and taught the Catechism, which was made simple and attractive by copious explanations and illustrative anecdotes. Then the Bible was read, gravely, as the words of Eternity let fall into time should be. And then hymns were sung—"My faith looks up to Thee,"

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"Oh, could I speak the Matchless Worth," or others as dear, and always to familiar tunes; while the rich bass of the father, the soprano of the mother, and the children's treble mingled in harmony. In the prayer which followed each member of the circle was specially remembered, beginning with the wife, and so on, through the list—without the mention of names, but with sufficient distinctness. After the evening meal Mr. Dodge retired to his private library, on the second floor, for an hour of personal communion. When he returned, his tearful eye but smiling face revealed the sweet secret of his absence, its what and where.[1]

One of the most noticeable features of this family life was the absolute unity of husband and wife. They realized the conceit of the poet:

> "Two souls with but a single thought;
> Two hearts that beat as one."

They literally shared each other's life. He had no secrets kept from her. She hid nothing from him. Their mutual confidence was lovely. Even his business affairs he talked over with her, and she helped him untangle many a snarl. She contributed what Lord Bacon calls "dry light"—brought in a fine feminine tact and impartiality vastly helpful. They also and always counselled together touching all topics of common concern and family interest. Well-meaning and fondly attached husbands and wives often make a sad mistake in these regards. Because they are preoccupied, or out of a foolish notion of not bothering one another, they live apart

[1] Memorials of William E. Dodge, p. 276.

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in their thoughts, and so separate their lives, besides depriving each other of the brave help and comfort which might come to both through candor.

They were always lovers. He kept up after marriage those delicate attentions which were so delightful in courtship. It was, "My dear, can I fetch you this?" "Can I do anything for you to-day?" He observed and commented upon her appearance, her dress, her actions—not critically, but as a lover would. And he often accompanied her on her rounds of personal shopping, bringing to bear on her behalf his old-time acquaintance with dry goods. She—what was she not to him? Sweetheart, counsellor, comforter, helper, feet to run on willing errands, hands to minister, heart to feel, companion to share—in one word, *wife!*

Their bearing towards their children was equally exemplary. The little ones were never shoved off upon nurses or tutors, as though they had been nuisances to be tolerated, but not associates. They identified themselves with their offspring, entered into their life, joined in their games when young, and in their studies or employments when older, descended to their level, and thus led them up to their own. When the children attained manhood, they increased their watchfulness, and Mr. Dodge laid off upon them such business interests as they could carry, or associated them with himself in one or another of his diversified enterprises. One of them bears this testimony to his Christian faithfulness: "However much he might do for their happiness in other respects, they can never recall a time in the lives of any of them when it was not transparently evident that the supreme desire of

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their father's heart was bent upon their religious welfare. In every plan he made for them, in all his frequent and loving counsels, in the ordering of the family life, this was the first consideration."

"Dodge Hall," as years passed, came to be so well known, its hospitality was so severely taxed, its inmates were so run down by applicants, that the heads of the household found it increasingly difficult to rescue and enjoy what leisure their health and family claims demanded. Accordingly, in 1861, Mr. Dodge had purchased a country seat on the Hudson, at Tarrytown, whither, during the remainder of his life, the household regularly removed upon the advent of warm weather, and where they remained until the frosts of autumn. Here life was freer. Casual visitors were left behind. Those whom they desired to see were never reluctant to make the pleasurable exertion required to reach the spot. Indeed, "Cedar Cliff" (as it was named) became as renowned as "Dodge Hall" for its open doors and warm welcome. Christian friends were always and unstintedly entertained. First and last, hundreds of the best men and women on both sides of the Atlantic were among the guests, coming with delight and leaving with regret.

But in the home by the Hudson as in that on Murray Hill, there was the same cheerful, unaffected domestic atmosphere; nor did the country make any change in the piety manifested in the city—or if it did, it only made it more tonic.

If Mr. Dodge was an example in business, a model in benevolence, worthy of commendation as a citizen, he was preëminently admirable as a husband and father. His home was a model.

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CHAPTER II.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

On the 24th of June, 1878, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge celebrated their golden wedding. The occasion was so unique, the bride and groom were so widely known and loved and honored, that the New York city press gave columns of reports. From these we select the following graphic description of the place, the scene, the persons :

The boom of guns fired in the afternoon from two yachts, the "Skylark" and "Florence Witherbee," lying at anchor in the Hudson, off Tarrytown, awoke the inhabitants of that somnolent village to the fact that their most prominent townsman, Hon. William E. Dodge, was celebrating with appropriate ceremonies the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding with Melissa Phelps. For weeks the approaching festivities had formed the one theme of neighborly gossip, and the day of their culmination was regarded as a sort of general *fête*-day for the village. Nearly a thousand invitations had been issued, and guests began to arrive in the early morning from all parts of the country, though the majority of them were from New York. The Dodge mansion, with its spacious grounds, is high on the hill-side overlooking the Hudson, and half a mile south of the village. The view

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from the veranda is magnificent, embracing wide sweeps of the broad river, and the blue western hills beyond. The grounds are a happy mingling of close-cut lawn dotted with groups of noble trees, brilliant beds of flowers, and smooth, gravelled walks and driveways. The house is of brick, many gabled, roomy and comfortable. Its chief beauty is in broad verandas that completely encircle it. Yesterday it was one mass of flowers and aromatic evergreens within and without. Flowers were everywhere; they were twined into arches over the door-ways, they filled vases and baskets, and stood in great fragrant bunches wherever room could be found for them. Many floral designs of exquisite taste and workmanship, appropriate to the occasion, were scattered about the house in lavish profusion. The verandas without were masses of flowers, and the warm air was heavy with their perfume. Midway down the long drive, between the house and the entrance to the grounds at the head of a tiny lake, was a triumphal arch of evergreens, flowers and flags, under which all guests passed on their way to the hospitable mansion. In immortelles, on either face of the arch, were the figures 1828 and 1878.

A similar decoration, wrought in roses, was over the steps leading to the main entrance of the house. On the lawn a handsome *marquée* had been pitched. Above the wide porch was another cushioning of green, and here the initials of the old-time bride and groom were worked out in flowers—W. E. D. and M. P.

The formal reception hours were from 2 until 7 P. M., but at noon the members of the family, relatives and intimate friends gathered in the drawing-room.

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There were Mr. and Mrs. Dodge and their seven sons with their families. There are fourteen grandchildren in all, but only nine were at the celebration. The intimate friends present were the Rev. Dr. M. R. Vincent, of the Church of the Covenant, Mr. Dodge's pastor; the Rev. Drs. William Adams and H. Eaton; E. C. Stedman, who is a nephew of Mr. Dodge; Hon. William Walter Phelps; Mrs. E. C. Kinney, Mr. Dodge's only surviving sister; Mrs. James Stokes, Mrs. Charles F. Pond, Norman White and Mrs. Thomas Egleston. The last five persons named were also present at the wedding. Norman White acted as groomsman.

The ceremonies of the golden wedding-day began with the christening of the youngest son of Mr. Dodge's youngest son, Arthur, an infant only six or seven weeks old. It was named Murray Witherbee, after an old college friend of its father. This ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, an uncle of the child, the water being held in a silver vessel by another of the family. Beside its mother stood its grandfather, on her side, ex-Postmaster-General Jewell.

The short but beautiful service was followed by an adjournment to the dining-room, where a collation was spread.

After the christening-breakfast had been eaten, the family party gathered in the drawing-room again. William E. Dodge, Jr., being the eldest son, acted as master of ceremonies, and after a few words of congratulation to his father and mother, asked Dr. Vincent to pray; and then William E. Dodge, Sr., spare in figure, with white hair and whiskers, but erect and

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full of vigor, told the simple story of the wedding of fifty years ago:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN AND FRIENDS —We have invited you to join with us to-day in a tribute of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for the special mercy which has prolonged our lives and permitted us to look back upon a married life of fifty years.

"Our song this morning is—'Bless the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all his benefits.' 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives.' We feel that under God, we owe all we are to the tender, faithful care of our Godly parents, who from infancy dedicated us to God, and by constant Christian watchfulness and prayer, brought us up in His fear, and rejoiced to see us in early youth consecrate ourselves to His service—both uniting with the church in the same year.

"The intimacy existing between our families led to an early acquaintance and interest in each other, which ripened into an attachment long before the formal engagement that resulted in our marriage on the 24th of June, 1828. As we had never known any other attachment, ours was one of real affection; and we can truly say to-day that however strong it was then, these fifty years of married life have only tended to increase it from year to year. It has grown brighter and brighter to this golden day.

"We have not passed through these long years without our trials. There have been days of darkness and affliction; but we desire to-day to record our testimony to the goodness of the Heavenly Father that he has never left nor forsaken us. We have always found the mercy-seat our place of resort and refuge, and God a 'present help in trouble.'

"And we say, for the sake of our children and grandchildren, that from the beginning of our married life we have always been frank and open between ourselves in all our Christian experience, talking freely to each other, and often praying together for special blessings upon ourselves and children; and as we now look back we feel that this loving Christian confidence has been one of the very precious features of our married life. It may

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also be proper on such an occasion to say to our dear descendants that as we think of these happy fifty years, there has never been anything in our intercourse which to-day leaves a dark spot we would wish to forget. It has been a life of true devotion to each other, so that long since we have come to act and almost think as one. We early learned to respect each other's opinions and judgment, and to avoid all kinds of disputes and contentions for our individual views, consulting together in regard to all matters in which each had an interest. We have always watched, even in little things, to do all in our power to add to each other's happiness, and never allow even an impolite word or anything to dampen our mutual respect and love. We have thus been able to sympathize with each other and bear each other's burdens; and in reviewing the past, we are bound in gratitude to God to state, that while we have not, as a general thing, had those rapturous seasons of heavenly anticipations with which some have been favored, we have for the most part, during all these years, enjoyed a firm hope and steady confidence, trusting alone to the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. Our daily Bible and devotional reading have become more and more precious to us as each year has passed; and we have found it a great comfort and joy to talk together respecting the portions of Scripture we were reading. Next to my hope in God, the great blessing of my life was the providence that gave me a companion, who, by her even, loving, tender disposition, was just calculated to meet the need of one naturally earnest, nervous and driving like myself. Her affectionate interest in all that concerns me has made life's cares, which otherwise would have been too heavy for me, comparatively light. I feel it due to her to say to-day that in all these fifty years not an unkind word has ever been spoken to me by my dear wife; and what I am, under God, I owe very much to our sweet intercourse together."

Appropriate remarks followed from the sons. Anson G. Dodge, of Georgia, who came North especially to attend the golden wedding, told of the

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affection and respect with which the citizens of that and other States always mentioned his father's name. The Rev. D. Stuart Dodge alluded with a smile to what he termed the mythical story of the descent of the family from the royal race of the Stuarts. He was quite willing, he said, to take his patent of royalty from the last generation. Turning to his mother, he told a story of a little boy, who, hearing the adage, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," exclaimed, "No, no; my mamma is the noblest work of God!" General Charles C. Dodge spoke of the reverence and affection that had always been felt by his brothers and himself towards their father. He was followed by Mr. Arthur Murray Dodge; and then Mr. William E. Dodge, Jr., read a poem written by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Kinney. It was printed in gilt letters, and handsomely framed. The writer prayed in closing:

> "Thus may such length of days be given
> This pair beloved, revered, that even
> Their own lives rounded this side of heaven
> Complete a century!"

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, was the next speaker. After adding his tribute to the character and example of his uncle, Mr. Dodge, he quoted from Bunyan the narrative description of Christian and his wife. He said that with this as a text he had prepared some verses, which he read as follows:

"CHRISTIAN AND CHRISTIANA.

> "Who has not read—what man that loved
> Good English, pious speech, and valiant deed—
> The rare old book in which John Bunyan proved
> His poet's heart alive beneath his creed?

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" Who has not in his fancy travelled long
With Christian on that ancient pilgrimage—
Shared all his fears, and lifted up the song
After the battles it was his to wage?

" Or with brave Christiana followed on,
Choosing the path her lord had trod before,
Until the heavenly city, almost won,
Shone like a dream beyond the river's shore?

" Well, 'tis a goodly tale, we think; and close
The book we have from childhood read, and say:
'The age of miracles is past! Who knows
The joyous saints, the pilgrims of to-day?'

" 'No light,' we say, 'like that which was of old!'
Yet still serenely shine the midnight stars;
And there are wonders left us to behold
If we but think to look between the bars.

" Even now before our eyes, his large heart warm
With the fine heat that shames our colder blood,
Stands Christian, in as true and living form
As that in which old Bunyan's hero stood.

" Long since this happy pilgrim, staff in hand,
Set out; yet not alone, for by his side
Went Christiana also toward the Land
Anear whose boundaries they now abide.

" Each day less distant from the City's gate,
Through shade and sunshine, hand in hand they pressed;
Now combating the foes that lay in wait,
And now in pleasant meadows lulled to rest.

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" Early the Palace Beautiful they found,
Where Prudence, Charity and Faith abide;
The Lowly Valley little had to wound
Their gentle hearts devoid of scorn and pride.

" The Darker Valley of the Shadow of Death
They passed; but with them One they knew was near,
Staid by whose rod and staff the Psalmist saith
The toiling pilgrim shall no evil fear.

" And many seasons afterward they dwelt
In Vanity's great city; there, apart
From all things base and mean, they humbly knelt
With prayer upon their lips and pure of heart.

" He, too, has fought with giants—those that lurk
In fastnesses of want, despair and sin;
By day and night he did his Master's work,
Hoping a house not made with hands to win.

" And Christian from the outset took
Sweet Mercy for a guide and bosom friend;
And sought with her the poor in every nook—
Giving as one that to the Lord doth lend.

" Together thus they climbed above the pass
Where from the Hill Delectable 'tis given
To gaze at moments through the Shepherd's glass,
And catch a far-off, rapturous glimpse of heaven.

" Sorrows they knew; but what delight was there,
Led oftentimes where the still waters flow,
Or in green pastures guided unaware
To trees of life that hung their fruitage low!

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"Now, ere the pilgrimage is ended quite,
Its weariness forgot, they seat them down
In Beulah, in a country of delight,
And rest a season ere they wear the crown.

"Here, after a half century, they breathe
Air fresh from Paradise; and here renew
Their wedding vows, while unseen watchers wreathe
O'er each a chaplet, sprayed with golden dew.

"Blessing and blest, amidst their household group,
Christian and Christiana here await
Their summons, knowing that the shining troop
Will bear to each a token, soon or late.

"And we who gather near—ourselves too blind
To see undazed the light of Heaven's grace—
Their well-loved visages behold, and find
A bright reflected glory in each face."

In commemoration of the day, Mr. Dodge afterwards presented to his wife a large painting, by Daniel Huntington, N. A., illustrating the story of Christiana and her children.

The Rev. Dr. William Adams, and the Rev. Dr. H. Eaton, of Palmyra, N. Y., both old friends and former pastors of Mr. Dodge, tendered their congratulations in brief speeches. A poem written by a neighbor, Mrs. Bottome, read by William E. Dodge, Jr., ended the exercises.

By this time the friends from the city began to arrive. They came by a special train, which had left New York an hour before.

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One by one the carriages whirled up the gravelled avenue under the arch, and deposited their gayly dressed loads at the main entrance of the house. Several hundred persons were soon scattered about the grounds and in the house. They were gradually collected in the flower-decked drawing-rooms, where, in front of a great floral screen bearing their names and the date of their wedding-day, stood the happy pair, in whose honor the festival was given.

At noon the sky had been overcast, and rain was threatening. But when the guests arrived, filling the house and overflowing through the broad piazzas into the grounds, the clouds had disappeared, the sky was blue, and the sun shone out brightly. A portion of Thomas's orchestra sat under the trees and furnished music. Relatives, and the more intimate friends of the family, sufficient to make a gay party, remained through the early evening and enjoyed the fireworks from the yachts, the illumination of the groves, and the open-air concert of the band. During the day nearly six hundred guests tendered their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, and wished them long life and continued prosperity.[1]

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[1] By courteous permission the foregoing account of the golden wedding has been abbreviated from "Memorials of William E. Dodge" pp. 282–89.

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CHAPTER III.

TOWARDS EVENING.

AGE is a matter of feeling rather than of years. If a man feels old, he *is* old, even at forty. If a man feels young he *is* young, even at seventy. Mr. Dodge both felt and acted like one in middle life, though that tell-tale golden wedding babbled the truth. He agreed with Holmes, who says: "It is better to be seventy years young than forty years old." Hence he went on in business, benevolence, Christian duty, with the old-time bouyancy of spirit. On public occasions he was in constant demand. As an after-dinner talker his fame increased as his hair whitened. An English M. P. was in New York, a Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter, and a complimentary dinner was given to him. This was in November, 1879. Mr. Dodge spoke felicitously referring to the decadance of American shipping and to some differences between Mr. Potter and himself on the question of free trade:

"I am confident the visit of our esteemed friend to this country will promote the best interests of both nations, and I am happy that he has had the opportunity of visiting the West and seeing for himself something of the extent and capabilities of this country. He will return to England, I am sure, with the conviction that our cheap and fertile soil will enable us to produce at so low a rate that it will be impossible to continue much longer the present system of agriculture in Great Britain, and that great changes must ere long take place in that land. Let me also say that I sympathize deeply with the mortification of Americans, that our laws make us dependent on other

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countries for the tonnage by which our vast products are sent over the ocean; but it must be a satisfaction to our friends abroad that, while they are under the necessity of taking our surplus food, they can carry it away in their own vessels. If I cannot agree with our distinguished guest in all his views of free trade, I am at least a strong advocate of such modifications of our laws as will enable us to compete with other nations in building ships for our own trade; and I believe the day is coming when we shall send out better, faster, and cheaper steamers than any yet constructed. I trust the two countries will continue to vie with each other in everything that can advance their mutual good. Nothing certainly will hasten this more than the visits of such men as we have the honor of entertaining this evening."

But while sufficiently active in commercial lines, he redoubled his efforts (if that were possible) to promote the great causes he loved, in this afternoon of his career. The condition of immigrants, their peculiar perils, their needs, their safeguard—were subjects of thought and solicitude with him. When any movement looking to their welfare was set afoot he was certain to coöperate.

In the same general direction, the organized propaganda for city evangelization commanded his hearty support. With the "City Missions" Society he had been identified from the start. Each year his name appeared in the list of subscribers, and he secured its interests in a liberal legacy.[1] When it was proposed

[1] This society, under the energetic superintendency of the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D., the vice-president, is doing a grand work for New York City. It is one of the very most important civilizers, as well as Christianizers, on Manhattan Island. Let many imitate Mr. Dodge, and remember it while living and provide for it when dead.

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to hold evangelistic meetings in Cooper Union Hall on Sunday evenings, he at once countenanced and aided it. Any individual struggling up out of the perdition of sin, and desirous to warn and rescue others in the grip of Satan, met with his instant recognition. There was Jerry McCauley. He was for years and years a river thief—a human wharf rat. At last he was converted. He went to work among his own class, the most vicious and abandoned of either sex. At first down in Water Street, afterwards further up in West Thirty-second Street, Jerry conducted a mission of his own. Mr. Dodge stepped to his side without hesitation. His support made it the fashion to help Jerry McCauley. Other wealthy and distinguished gentlemen, bankers, lawyers, clergymen, grouped themselves among his supporters, paid his bills and led his meetings. It was one of the sights of New York to visit the "Cremorne Mission," and watch the converted pirate with his constituency of thugs and magdalens bowed in prayer, or singing "Salvation 's Free," while eminent divines, and well-known merchants, seated on the platform, framed the picture with respectability.

Repeated reference has been made in preceding chapters to his regard for the Sunday. He held this to be the old Jewish Sabbath transferred by the authority of inspired apostles to the first day of the week, and as, therefore, carrying the self-same sanction of the decalogue which hallowed the seventh day under the Mosaic dispensation. He viewed with growing apprehension the widespread assaults upon this interval of sacred time, God's stop day, made by the vast foreign population, aided by Europeanized

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Americans and knots of infidels. In his conception, a continental Sunday was imminent in the United States. Hence he bestirred himself to resist the innovation. One of the founders of the railroad system, connected with railroads more variously than almost any other man, he used his influence to withhold them from Sunday traffic. Two of these companies with which his relations were most intimate, he succeeded in stopping on Sunday to the last, viz., the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and the Houston and Texas Central. Even when a change of gauge was necessary, in one case for three hundred miles, in another case for three hundred and sixty miles, he saw to it that not a stroke of work was done between Saturday night and Monday morning. In cases where his protest was vain, he resolutely drew out of the offending corporations, surrendering his interests and clearing himself of all complicity. In October, 1879, Mr. Dodge, at serious personal inconvenience, went to Boston to attend a Sabbath convention. Here he made one of his most eloquent speeches. It is well worth quoting and reading:

"Railroads have wrought wonders in the rapid development and general prosperity of our country during the last half century. They have become the great highway for the millions, have vastly increased travel, brought the distant parts of the land together, given to commerce a new impulse, equalized values of the soil and manufactory, and made a journey of thousands of miles scarcely more than a pleasure trip. They have become every day more and more an absolute necessity.

"With thousands of millions of dollars invested in them, and hundreds of thousands of our citizens employed in building and running them, or in providing their equipment and sup-

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plies, with the vast number of stockholders and the great travelling community, their influence is beyond calculation.

"But if railroads cannot be conducted without changing the habits and customs of our people, and trampling on the right of the community to a quiet day for rest and worship, training up their armies of employees to desecrate the Sabbath, and rushing past our cities and towns and peaceful villages, screaming as they go, 'No Sabbath! No Sabbath!'—then they will become a curse rather than a blessing. The fact is, the railroad interest has become the all-powerful, overshadowing interest of the country, and every year adds to it. Railroads will double in the next twenty years. What is done must be done promptly.

"The question of the day for every one who loves his country, and believes in the value and importance of the Christian Sabbath, as we in America have honored and maintained it, the great question is, shall this mighty railroad interest become one of the chief instruments in transforming our American Sabbath into the continental holiday, or—as it is fast growing to be—a day like all the others of the week? I have no doubt it is within the power of the intelligent lovers of the Sabbath, associated with the Christian stockholders in these roads, to bring about a change that shall stop the transit of freight trains, and reduce the passenger traffic to such an extent that the influence shall tell on the side of Sabbath observance. I have no question that if Christian men, when about to invest in the securities of a railroad, would ask, 'Does this road run on Sunday?' and if so, refuse to put money there, it would go far to settle this problem. But if the only inquiry is, 'Does the road pay regular dividends?' no matter how they get the money, do not be too sure of your dividends. Those overworked engineers, conductors, or brakemen may lose all interest in their duties, become discouraged and careless, or incapable of that prompt action necessary in the moment of danger, and an accident may occur which will not only send many into eternity, but cause a loss that will make a dividend impossible.

"Railway managers determined to use the Sabbath as any

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other day, must either drive the Sabbath-loving employees from their roads, or so demoralize them that they will soon come to feel, if there is no binding force in the fourth commandment, there is none in the eighth! Stockholders will find they have a pecuniary interest in so conducting their roads that men can be employed who believe they have a right to claim the one day's rest which God and nature demand."

Now, too, he gave many hours each week to temperance. "Parlor conventions" were held in "Dodge Hall." Distinguished gatherings were addressed by prominent leaders, such as Governor St. John, of Kansas; Governor Colquitt, of Georgia; Chief-Justice Noah Davis, of the Supreme Court of New York, and Bishop Potter, of the Metropolitan Episcopal diocese. At the Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, in 1880, Mr. Dodge read an elaborate and powerful paper on this subject, which commanded the attention and plaudits of the assembly, and echoed far and wide beyond those confines. On this occasion he said, among other things:

"Having watched the progress of the temperance reformation from its beginning, and the several crises which have from time to time secured fresh public attention, and in each case carried the cause forward, I am now fully convinced that the next great battle is to be for prohibition. This principle of the suppression of the traffic by popular vote, either through constitutional amendments, State and National, or by local prohibition, is the question which the friends of temperance in this country are bound to press until public sentiment shall secure the result.

"It is not claimed that prohibition will prevent all intemperance, but it will go far towards it, by removing the public temptation, which is now the cause of so much intemperance. The license-system is the chief object in the way. It gives a

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kind of legal respectability to the business. I desire to secure the active coöperation of the church in the greater work of prevention, by closing up the fountains from which all this misery flows—to the work of awakening public attention to the sin and folly of granting men licenses to sell the poison, and then trying to rescue those who are being destroyed by the very thing we have made it lawful, and hence apparently right, to sell and use.

"As Christians and citizens we have responsibilities which we must so discharge as to promote the best interests of society, and not simply to carry out plans, which in almost all cases are arranged to secure the influence of the rum-seller and the votes of his customers. The time must come when no Christian can maintain his standing in the church who will manufacture, sell, or use intoxicating drinks, or vote for any party favoring income from license to sell poison. Christians have it in their power almost to remove wholly the source of this fearful evil. Let it once be understood by political managers that Christians will no longer support men for office pledged to license this traffic, and there will be no difficulty in obtaining the adoption of the principle of prohibition."

Although a total abstainer, and an advocate of total abstinence, he eagerly coöperated with those who were neither in any practical movements in which they would lend a helping hand; going with them as far as they would go, and then treading beyond and without them when they cried a halt. "I am for the prohibition of the dram shops," said he to the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, "but I am willing to work with anybody who is honestly trying to curtail their number. If I cannot obtain all I want, I will get all I can." In this spirit he went upon the platform of the "Church Temperance Society," composed of men holding moderate views, and captivated them in a speech

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which, while not compromising his own principles, urged them to go on and up.

At the close of the Civil War, he assisted in organizing the "National Temperance Society," of which he became president—a position which he retained until death removed him. This was his favorite agency; and its history, illustrious with energetic and effective labors for the enlightenment and salvation of mankind from drink, is his temperance biography.[1] Not once only, but many times, were his scruples respected in miscellaneous social circles, the decanter being banished and the wine glasses turned down. From such bodies as derived a portion of their income from the sale of intoxicants, as was the case with several clubs with which he had been allied, he quietly withdrew, in order to avoid the appearance of evil. Thus he shaped his life into noble consistency.

Mr. Dodge retained his political interests down to old age; not in a partisan sense, but sufficiently to lead him to do what he believed good citizens were under obligation to do—go to the ballot-box and indicate a choice with regard to public rulers. Thus, in 1876, he had supported Hayes for President; and in 1880 he voted for his old friend and former Congressional colleague, Garfield. But politics were side-issues in his life, from which he quickly, gladly turned into more congenial walks.

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[1] He left this organization $20,000 in his will.

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CHAPTER IV.

REST.

It was in the spring of 1881 that the merchant, with his inseparable companion and other self, visited Europe for the last time. Travelling leisurely through Great Britain, now as familiar to them as America, they crossed the chop-waves of the channel and remained through the hot months and on into the fall upon the continent.

In England they were kept busy in social and philanthropic ways, receiving and returning visits, attending meetings, making the acquaintance of dignitaries in church and state—New York transferred to London.

Indeed, these two were now like birds on the wing. For they had hardly landed in the United States, before they were off again, this time not across the sea, but over the continent. Combining pleasure with business (an old habit, and one of the secrets of his health and elasticity under enormous pressure), Mr. Dodge and his wife (free as air, for the sons were now all grown and out of hand), went to take a look at California. From Santa Fé, *en route*, he dropped this letter to one of his sons :

"We have been here for three days, amid the strange sights of this, the oldest city of our country. We attended the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, and had a large temperance meeting

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in the evening. We have visited the schools and mission of our church; and one day drove out to the Indian village, some ten miles away, and saw the poor, deluded creatures belonging to a people who for three hundred years have been under Catholic influences, and not one in twenty can read, or has any more general knowledge than their fathers three centuries ago. We have met friends at every turn. The Judge of the Supreme Court here is from Flushing, Long Island. When Senator, at Albany, he acted for our Chamber of Commerce, and he showed me a finely engrossed vote of thanks, signed by me as president. At the close of the temperance meeting the Governor of the Territory introduced himself as an old attorney of our firm. We subsequently visited him at the 'Palace,' or Government House, now three hundred years old, where he has a wonderful collection of curiosities. At the temperance meeting also a lawyer and his wife came up to greet us, and he introduced himself as a son of our old friend, Judge ——. A fine looking young man followed, who said he was once a member of the Rivington Street Church, in New York, and had been five years in Mr. Booth's office. We are all well, and enjoy every moment."

On reaching the Yosemite Valley, he wrote again:

"We reached this most grand and remarkable spot in the afternoon of the second day, and the sight was beyond anything I could have anticipated by descriptions. The rocks rise five to six thousand feet perpendicularly, with every form of peak, and with streams twenty feet wide falling sixteen hundred feet in one sheet. As we came down into the valley, which is only some mile or so wide, and full of majestic trees, it looked like a fine English park."

Upon turning homeward, they stopped over at Salt Lake City, and thence diverged to glance at Denver and breathe the air of Colorado. The summer of 1882 they spent at "Cedar Cliff," on the Hudson. The indefatigable travellers confessed to themselves that the re-

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treat was welcome. Here, beside the murmuring river, surrounded by loving friends, in the enjoyment of all necessary comforts, with hearts and hands open as ever to every claim, the autumn overtook them too soon; and the country-seat was exchanged for the city mansion.

Mr. Dodge resumed his activities, but continued to find his chief earthly solace under his own roof. On the Sundays he waited upon the House of God, and at his hearth turned over the *Observer*, the *Evangelist*, or some volume by Jay or Spurgeon. Sometimes he opened and read a book of sacred poetry to the wife seated there at his side. One verse, a fugitive verse, had struck him and imprinted itself upon his memory. He delighted to repeat it at home or abroad, because of the comfort it had given Mrs. Dodge and himself, because also his repetitions had carried consolation to others. Here it is:

"Build a full, firm fence of faith
All around to-day,
Fill it in with useful works,
And within it stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars,
Anxious for to-morrow;
God will help, whatever comes,
Be it joy or sorrow."

The week days were devoted to those affairs which had engrossed him for years, and always increasingly to good words and works; an annual meeting of the trustees of the Syrian Protestant College, of which he was the treasurer; a religious address at some outlying and worthy church; a meeting of the session of

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his own church, of which he was an active elder; a visit to a newly-established "Home for Inebriate Women;" a reception given in his own parlors; a great meeting in the Cooper Union Hall, in support of the Protection of American Industries, where he assisted his old and valued friend, Peter Cooper, to preside—his last public service.

One day, while making a benevolent call with Mrs. Dodge, he was seized with violent pains and returned to his home. The paroxysms yielded to treatment, but returned during the night and at intervals for several days. It was difficult to keep him housed, his habits were so active. The seventh of February he passed into his library, attending to certain complicated matters relating to his wife's estate, of which he kept a separate account. That night, through overwork, his pains returned, but relief came, and he fell asleep. Upon arising the next morning (February 8th, 1883), he looked reassuringly into the anxious face of Mrs. Dodge, told her that he felt much better, nearly completed dressing, and asked her to fetch his wrapper. She started to get it, but was arrested by a startled call, and turning, found him sinking to the floor. With his head upon her lap he breathed feebly once or twice, opened his eyes and looked about in a dazed way, and closed them—forever!

The physicians said it was a case of heart failure. It was the first and last time that the noble heart ever failed.

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CHAPTER V.

THE VERDICT.

When a man of world-wide reputation is on trial all ears are open to catch the verdict.

William E. Dodge was on trial, not indeed in a court of law, but in the vast court of Christian civilization, from youth to old age. What is the verdict? Let us poll the jury—a jury composed of the diversified interests among and for which he labored.

No financial earthquake followed his demise. That had been anticipated and discounted. For a veteran of seventy-eight years is, in the course of nature, near the grave, even in seeming health. But the withdrawal of Mr. Dodge from the arena of earth made a sensation. It did more. It plunged Commerce, Philanthropy, and Religion in a common grief. And with reason. Was he not the son and ornament of this trinity of influences?

His funeral, held in the Church of the Covenant, at the corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, at ten o'clock A. M., on the 12th of February, 1883, was attended by an immense concourse—hundreds being unable to gain admission. Here were those who had known and loved him, the most distinguished representatives of the mercantile, benevolent, and Christian communities. Services, tenderly impressive, were

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shared in by numbers of his nearest and dearest associates. The coffin was borne by his seven sons, and at the close the dear dust was laid away in Woodlawn Cemetery.

The press of the whole country voiced the feeling of common bereavement. Letters, which were testimonials, fell upon the family like a snow-storm ; each one reopening the wound made by death, and at the same time pouring in the balm of consolation. These various tributes would make another volume as large as this, were they collected and published. Out of the throng, a few shall speak for all. Let the utterances testify concerning the chief features of Mr. Dodge's complex character and work.

The value of his *example* is well expressed by the *Missionary Herald*, of Boston :

" It has been impressive to watch the tide of eulogy, which since his death has poured forth from all quarters, in memory of this follower of Christ. The secular press has vied with the religious in commending the life and character of William E. Dodge. Neither his large wealth nor his fine intellectual powers gave him the distinction he confessedly achieved. The secret of his fame is that he placed his possessions and his talents, in a very simple and consecrated way, at the service of the kingdom of God on earth. Both his heart and his purse were open, and his tongue was ready for any and every good cause. He did not live for himself. Even a selfish world honors him for this. It is an unspeakable blessing when any one exemplifies the law of love and loving service, as was done by this eminent Christian philanthropist. Better even than his legacies of money is this legacy of his example."

The *manner* of his death is thus noticed by the Rev. Dr. H. M. Field, in an editorial in the *Evangelist :*

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"His departure, though so sudden that it startled us all, yet was merciful in its instant release from pain and its swift ascent to a world where sorrow cannot come. It was preceded by no long-lingering sickness, attended by great suffering, by none of that decay of body or of mind, which it is so painful to witness in those we love; all his faculties were unimpaired to the last, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he was not, for God took him. Such a death seems like a translation when the life that now is glides so swiftly, with no interval of weakness and helplessness, into the life that is to come. Surely nothing was wanted to the completeness of such a life but that it should be closed by such a death."

His pastor, the Rev. Dr. M. R. Vincent, indicates the groundwork of his character in *personal piety:*

"It is much to say of any man, that he has passed over sixty years in a great center like New York, and most of that time in public life, identified with a great variety of public movements, and has always been found on the side of religion, morality, order, patriotism, and philanthropy. That, in brief, is Mr. Dodge's record. There is, however, a fact back of this, which is the key to the record. His life represents, beyond everything else, the religion of the Gospel. That was its basis, its inspiration, its controlling force."

What was the *primary object* of his life? According to the Rev. Dr. Irenaeus Prime it was:

"First, and before all else, the advancement of personal religion, the conversion of men, and the revival and increase of piety in the church and community. As a churchmember, a ruling elder, a Sunday-School superintendent and teacher, he was zealous and indefatigable. Endowed with gifts as a public speaker, unusual in a man of affairs, his voice was always eloquent for Christ. Among the poor in the city, and to the heathen afar, he sought alike to give the bread of life."

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There is no trait more rare, more essential to noble character, than *moral courage*. General S. C. Armstrong, who knew him intimately, is a witness on this point :

" Among the many shining lessons of his life to the youth of the land, for whom he did so much, and before whom he will doubtless always be held as an example, one of the brightest and most useful is the wisdom of sending your principles to the front, carrying your colors flying. Nobody was ever at a loss on which side to find him."

To the same effect is the testimony of Mark Hopkins, D.D., L.L.D., his associate for many years :

" Mr. Dodge's example was heroic. It was so because he had the fullest means at his command of personal gratification ; because it was opposed to the example and the spirit, almost universal, of those with whom he was associated ; and because it sprang from a heroic motive. There was not in him a particle of asceticism. No man was more cheerful or joyous, or enjoyed more perfectly those tasteful and beautiful influences which wealth can procure. No ; it was not from any asceticism ! It was because he felt that he thus gained a foothold which would enable him, when he reached his hand down to lift up a struggling brother, to do it more effectually. And it did give such a foothold ; and knowing this, it was the very spirit of Christ in him which induced him to sacrifice himself. He asked no abstract question ; but seeing that his influence here and now for good would be thus promoted, he adopted at once the principle of the apostle, that if meat would make his brother to offend, he would eat no meat while the world stood."

As to the dead merchant's *business ability*, a gentleman of wide experience and large observation remarks :

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"In the conduct of mercantile affairs he soon showed great capacity. It is the fashion with some to underrate the talent required for success in business as compared with that shown in the professions or in political life. But the management of a large business requires as much strength and clearness of understanding, as much sagacity and judgment, as to 'run' a department of the Government—indeed, more; for in State departments there are always the heads of bureaus, who have been long in the service, and know all the details, so that a department almost 'runs' itself, without the special supervision of its chief. But to build up a great commercial house, to organize its complicated mechanism, to anticipate public wants, and guard against the dangers which threaten commercial enterprises, requires a very high degree of administrative capacity."

To the same effect is the evidence of another friend, the Rev. A. C. Shaw, D.D.:

"There is no man to whom the phrase 'good luck' is more improperly implied than to William E. Dodge. His story from beginning to end is one of cause and effect; and the cause is always equal to the effect. He was a model business man. The man doing business on the most extensive scale, handling millions every year, could study him with profit; and the man whose business is limited to a few thousands—even the boy beginner to whom a thousand is an incredible sum—could not do better than to study his example. He had all the qualifications which insure contentment and progress amid restricted means and limited opportunities; knew how to live within a small income. It was with the savings of such an income that he laid the corner-stone of his vast prosperity. He knew how to accommodate himself to the disagreeable necessities of his lot; and if he could not do what he would, he cheerfully and heartily did what he could. It was the faithful errand boy who became the great merchant. Not less could he adapt himself to the largest undertakings, and easily bear up the heaviest responsibilities. He had all the qualities which win the regard

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and retain the confidence of men. In him the theoretical and practical elements were successfully blended; he could comprehend a vast enterprise, and at the same time perfect each one of its details, and then bring to the work the ceaseless vigor, the persistent force, the unresting push that achieved results. Withal he had an originating mind; he did not wait upon opportunity; he 'made his own opportunity.' He could see opportunities where others did not see them, and he was bold to undertake where others saw, but dared not venture. In nothing, it seems to me, was he more admirable as a man of business than in the harmonious adjustment and coöperation of his good qualities. His enterprise did not outrun his judgment, nor his judgment put shackles upon his enterprise. He had not too much zeal for his knowledge, nor knowledge at the expense of zeal. He was not a man who would do excellently in little New York, numbering one hundred and twenty thousand, but was out of place in the metropolis; nor was he one who could prosper in the great city, and not succeed in a small town. He was admirable in both.

"He was a Christian business man. By this I mean that he introduced the spirit of the Christian religion into his business life. He did business on the kind, the fair, the honorable, and the brotherly principles of that religion. There was nothing mean or cruel in his prosperity. It was not, unless I am mistaken, built upon the ruins of prosperity of others. It was not the triumph of the strong over the weak, of the fortunate over the unfortunate. He honored the old maxim—Live, and let live; he prospered through causing others to prosper; his good fortune was the certificate of the good fortune of those who had wrought for him. And as that prosperity rolled in upon him it served only to broaden and deepen his fraternal sympathy with all who were struggling with an adverse lot. Upon all his wealth he could look as that which belonged to him through the blessing of his Father in Heaven. That wealth had in it no reproaches, no sorrowful accusations, but benedictions and only benedictions. This is high praise; it is saying much in these days to affirm all this about a very rich man."

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The New York Chamber of Commerce is a competent witness as to mercantile capacity. At a special meeting of this body, called on the day following Mr. Dodge's death, the resolutions make this reference to his standing :

"In the successful career of this distinguished merchant we find an example of the results of sagacity, strict attention to details, and perfect integrity. He has always, here and elsewhere, through a long and eventful life, enjoyed the unfailing confidence of his fellow-merchants. This Chamber records with profound satisfaction its appreciation of his public spirit, of the philanthropy and unbounded charity with which he maintained the character of the American merchant."

Among the merchants who addressed the Chamber of Commerce on the occasion just referred to, was the Hon. S. B. Chittenden, himself an illustrious ornament of commerce, who said :

"Mr. Dodge has been an active, living force in New York for more than sixty years. His career as a useful man has been wonderful. He has witnessed the growth of the population of the Metropolis, including the suburbs, from a hundred and fifty thousand to two million, with all the wealth and power so grand an aggregation of human activities imply. In and through all this remarkable development Mr. Dodge has been a prominent and influential figure. It is hardly possible to exaggerate his activity, or to magnify too much his public and private virtues. His was the spirit of honest enterprise. He loved to make money, and had a faculty for the accumulation of property by right methods; but he also had, in larger measure, the higher and more enviable faculty for a wise distribution of property for the welfare of mankind. It is not the fortune of many merchants to make so deep an impress upon their times as Mr. Dodge has made. Let us hope that his merited fame will speak

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through many centuries, and that his example will be an inspiration to future generations of this Chamber of Commerce."

As to Mr. Dodge's *benevolence*, the Rev. Dr. Prime speaks again :

"The Christian benevolence of Mr. Dodge was remarkable even in this city and this day of large givers. In this one respect he was far in advance of others who had large possessions, and were equally free in bestowing their goods upon the poor. Mr. Dodge personally worked to do good ; like his Master, he went about doing good. He had more 'irons in the fire,' he was a more busy man, with a greater variety of engagements for each and every hour of the day, than any man we ever knew. Active, wiry, untiring, even down to old age, he went from one duty to another ; keeping memoranda of appointments, and a man to remind him ; despatching business with promptness, but not without careful attention. He literally gave himself to the world, the church, the poor—to Christ. His large heart took in every good work ; and no list of his charities, nor of the institutions which he founded or supported, will ever tell the extent or the nature of his deeds of love. How or where he began this living for others, it may be hard to say. That it ended only with his life, we know. That it grew with him as a part of his being, becoming a broader range of existence, more absorbing and diffusive, as means and years and knowledge of the wants of others were brought into the sphere of his acquaintance, was evident year by year until the end."

A close acquaintance refers to Mr. Dodge's *domestic* life :

"There is one point to which we feel a delicacy in alluding, and yet which seems necessary to complete the picture of a man whose goodness made him truly great—it is the beauty of his domestic life. In his early manhood he had given to him the best gift which God gives to any man—a noble wife, who

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was his companion for more than half a century, and who, instead of checking his too eager impulse and generosity, encouraged it, and so strengthened in him every kindly instinct, every generous impulse. While conceding to him all that was good and worthy of praise in his very constitution, we do not believe it would have been possible for him, or for any man, to become such a public benefactor but for the presence in his home and the constant inspiration of one who was in every respect worthy to be his companion. Never was there a more perfect union of minds, and wills and hearts. Hand in hand they walked on in life, feeling alike that the best use of wealth was to do good."

The Rev. Mr. O. A. Kingsbury, in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, has something to say touching Mr. Dodge's *manner :*

"One of the great charms of the late William E. Dodge was his geniality. He was always kindly to those with whom he came in contact. This was not a manner assumed for a purpose. It would not have had the fine flavor it possessed had it been put on even with the artfulness of the demagogue. The geniality of this good man was genuine. It grew out of a Christian heart, and was the expression of a benevolent feeling towards all mankind."

Mr. Dodge, as we know, was of the old Puritan stock. He was himself *a Puritan*, as the Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler assures us :

"He continued to be a Puritan to the end of his noble life, but without any sour, severe austerities. The solid rock was well overgrown with fragrant flowers, *but the rock was there.* In an age of increasing laxities on many questions of Christian practice, and exposed to the peculiar temptations of wealth and social prominence, the man never outgrew or even diluted the ingrained Puritanism of his boyhood. The world

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knew him most widely for his munificent gifts of money to innumerable objects; but after thirty years of intimate intercourse with him, I was never half so much impressed by his generosity as by his intense, immovable conscientiousness. So emotional in his temperament that he cried like a child under Gough's stories, or Sankey's songs, yet the central trunk of his religion was conscience. The word 'ought' always gave the casting-vote. . . . No one dared to look into his honest, loving eye and call him Pharisee. A God-honoring conscience was the tap-root of his character; and the loss of such a conscience is a sorer bereavement to this community and the country than the loss of his bountiful purse."

However, it was not single qualities that made Mr. Dodge the man he was, but rather the symmetrical union of these in a personality gracious and urbane. Listen once more to the Rev. Dr. Irenaeus Prime on this point:

"So fully rounded out with the virtues that adorn humanity, so free from the imperfections that often mar the character of the good, so full of usefulness and honor, crowned with love in public, social, and domestic life, it is hard to say what was his highest excellence, in what department of the world's work he was the most efficient, and where his loss will be the most sadly felt."

In this Dr. Prime is confirmed by President Hopkins, so long and so usefully the President of Williams College:

"He was remarkable for his combination of business and religion with all the amenities of social life. He was remarkable for his zeal in evangelical religion, without a touch of fanaticism. He was remarkable for his position on the temperance question, giving without stint for the promotion of the cause, fully apprehensive of the amazing evils connected

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with the liquor traffic, himself earnestly and personally advocating the cause, and everywhere consistent in his example, and yet with not one particle of denunciation. No man—and that is not common—ever heard him speak with unkindness of those who differed from him in regard to means of work; and the same is true in his advocacy of that fundamental institution in our Republican Government, the Sabbath—firm, consistent, but always Christian in his spirit."

That race, too, which he did so much to befriend and lift up, in a great memorial meeting held in Columbia, S. C., bore loving testimony to his efforts in their behalf, in a series of resolutions, one of which we quote:

"*Resolved*, That we, as representatives of the colored citizens forming an integral part of this great nation, believe we express their unuttered sentiment when we say that we shall ever cherish in our inmost hearts the memory of one who so unselfishly donated his life to the amelioration of the condition of the neglected and the unfortunate."

Thus do various and authoritative delineators paint the portrait stroke by stroke, disclosing, not a character marked (and marred) by brilliant eccentricities, but one expressive of what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light." Mr. Dodge never dazzles—he is content to serve, with *stewardship* for his right hand and *ministry* for his left.

In dealing with such a subject, the critic is at first perplexed. The smoothing of angular lines seems to imply a lack of virility—manhood faded out in amiable weakness. Presently this is discovered to be the repose of equilibrium. But the delicate balance of mental and moral power makes portraiture diffi-

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cult, and suggests the lines in which Dryden celebrates Oliver Cromwell (only in this case with much more truth, for the great Englishman was a man full of salient points and characteristic juts) :

> " How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
> To draw a fame so truly circular,
> For in a round, what order can be shewed,
> When all the parts so equal perfect are ? "

It might be thought that in this case, as in so many others, eulogy would spend itself in a first outburst of expression. But on the 13th of January, 1886, three years after the departure of our friend, his place was still so warm in the hearts of his associates that the Chamber of Commerce of New York erected and unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, upon a spot where it might proclaim " peace on earth, good will towards men," to the city where he lived and wrought, a life-like statue [1] of him whom they honored themselves in honoring.

The Christian merchant stands in an easy attitude on a massive pedestal, the water he so stanchly advocated trickling at his feet, the brow uncovered and uplifted, an expression of resolute goodness on his noble face—like a benediction embodied in bronze. As the hurrying throngs pass and repass, in the morning, at noon, or when the evening shadows begin to build a vault above the noisy thoroughfares that here converge, many are the eyes that rest lovingly upon that form ; and as the gazers recall the miracles of

[1] The work of Richard M. Hunt.

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Christian progress in which he bore a distinguished part, the mute lips seem to tremble into speech to say: "Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see; for I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." Then with a holier purpose, born of the vision, the wayfarers pass on, resolved like him to live for God and their fellow-men.

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